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THE TRUE WEST

Frontier Times

March, 1973

50¢

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST

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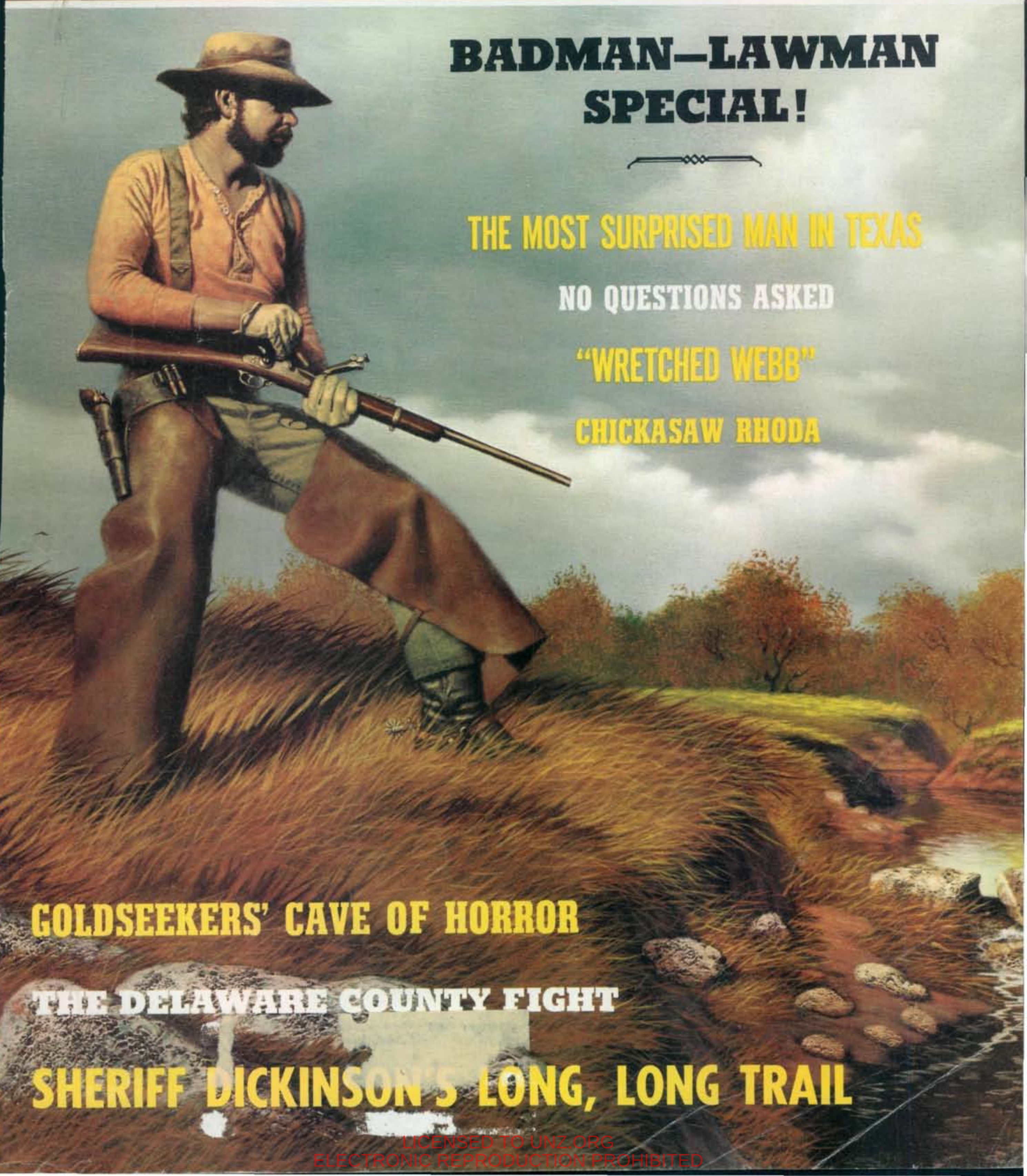

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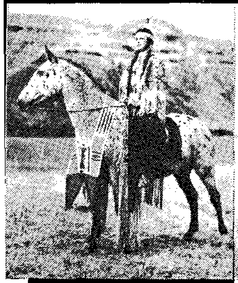
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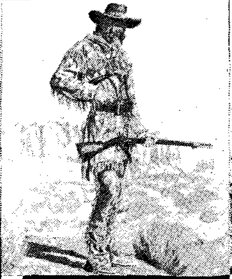
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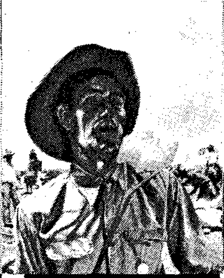
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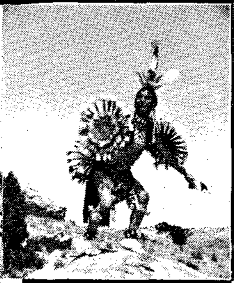
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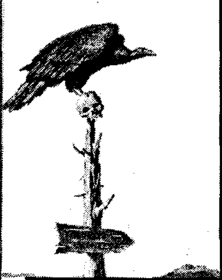
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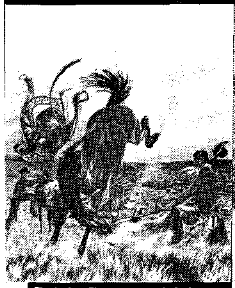
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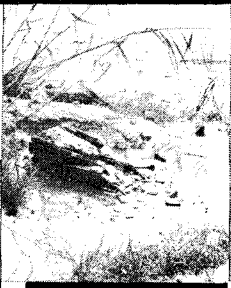
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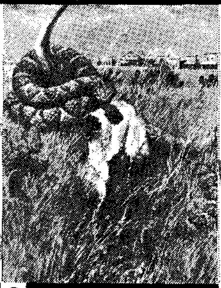
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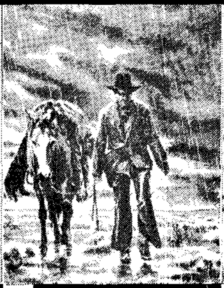
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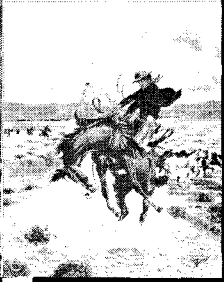
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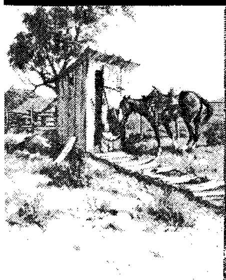
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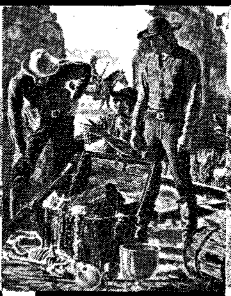
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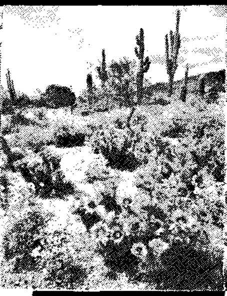
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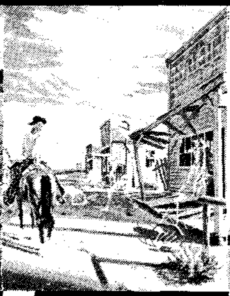
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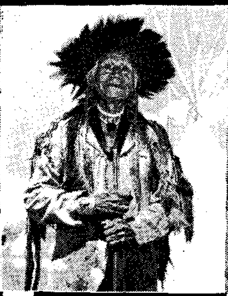
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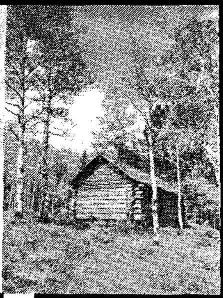
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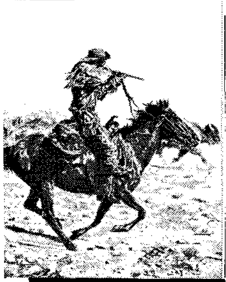
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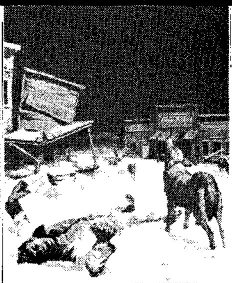
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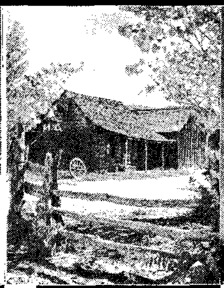
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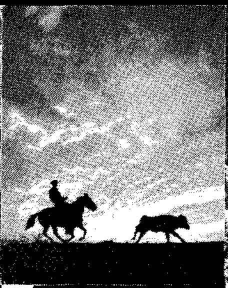
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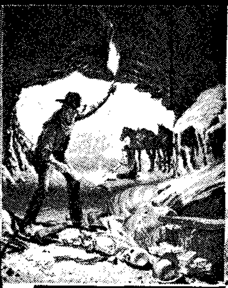
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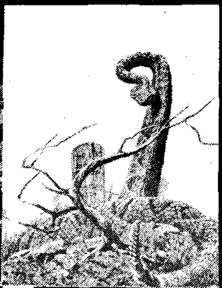
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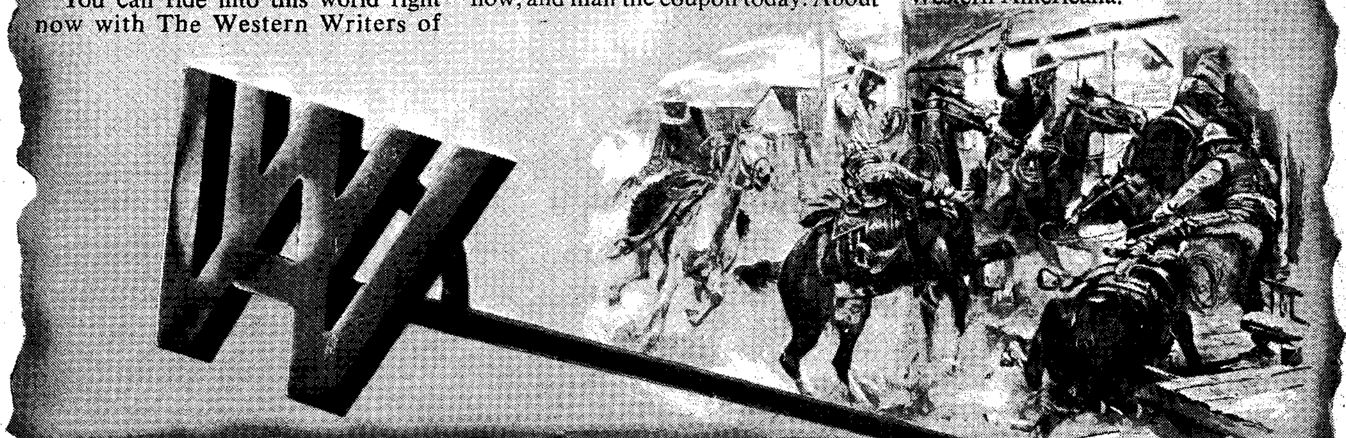

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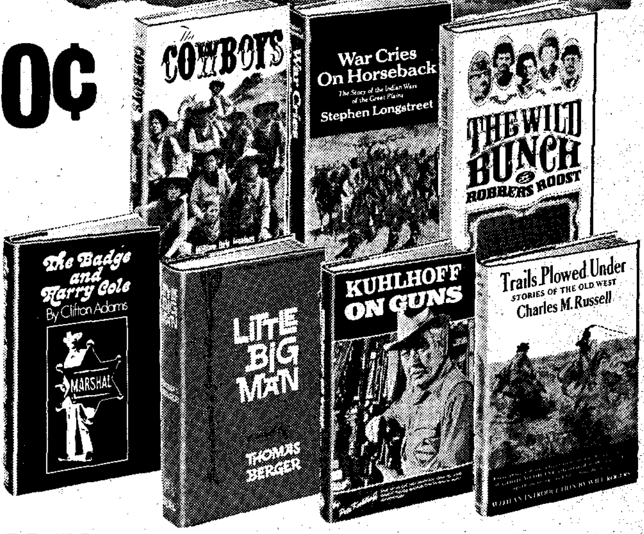

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FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

February-March, 1973
Vol. 47, No. 2
New Series No. 82

True Stories of the West!

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> *"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of grea historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."*—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Courtesy Rue de Lamar Gallery, Austin, Texas

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“ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND!”

'HE OLD FRONTIER TIMES that J. Marvin Hunter started in October, 23 utterly fascinates me. I am going quote from it in these pages from time time. The old-time style of writing ids a flavor we do not have today and ill never have again. When you realize at most of these stories were written *hen it happened*, or shortly thereafter, u can shed a hundred years.

Hunter, so the story went, kept a irrel full of the most interesting newsiper clippings. When he was ready to it an issue together he merely reached to the barrel, brought out a handful clips, and started setting type. As ith most stories, there was only a cerin amount of truth to this. I was in andera a number of years before the nal issue, and one time I asked Mr. unter about this old story. He smiled id motioned for me to follow him. Acially there was a barrel about two-iirds full of clippings but he explained iat it was not his complete “manuscript le” since he got material from many ources.

Some of his experiences so nearly arallel mine that I smile in rememrance. When I started TRUE WEST in 953 it was credited by top critics of the ation as being a new type of journalism -*true* facts about the old West presented ı an interesting manner, as well as other spects too lengthy to get into right now. Iowever, Marvin Hunter had preceded ıe exactly thirty years by presenting unique journal. TRUE WEST and our ther Western Americana publications, 'RONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST, re similar to his magazine in certain espects, but of course there are noticeble differences.

His statement in the following short ditorial about readers being afraid he vould run out of material parallels mine xactly. I received telegrams, letters, and hone calls to the effect that the first ssue of TRUE WEST was great but how n earth could we expect to make a regılar magazine of it and not run out of naterial!

In the January, 1924 edition of FRONTIER TIMES, J. Marvin Hunter wrote:

“Some of our friends have expressed he opinion that the material which goes o make Frontier Times so popular and he only publication of its kind in the vorld, will, in the course of a few months, e totally exhausted. We would admonish hem to have no uneasiness on this score. Already we have in manuscript, material enough to run for several years, and y a systematic plan new stories are being constantly received and filed for future use. Your grandchildren will read Frontier Times with the same degree of interest you manifested when you read your last number while your worthy neighbor across the way was waiting to borrow it so that he and his neighbor might learn of the daring deeds by those forefathers and mothers who wrested this fair land from the painted savage and bequeathed it to this generation. We have with us yet many of these brave pioneers, who, though bent with the weight of years, have not forgotten the hardships endured and the dangers courted to extend the bounds of civilization, and of them we would voice praises and freely use the columns of our Magazine to perpetuate the glory of their achievement. Verily our field is a broad one, and if you have any misgivings about the supply of material that goes into the make up of the Frontier Times, you have but to consider that for nearly one hundred years Texas has been ‘making history’ of the most thrilling kind, and we are in possession of almost every incident worthy of mention that bears upon the making of this Empire State; a record of indisputable fact, much of which has hitherto gone unpublished, from the time of the coming of the Spanish missionaries down to our present time—a record of deeds of brave men and heroic women whose names should be engraved on the scroll of fame.”

WE HAVEN'T made a tremendous production of trying to sell you on the old Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES since there would be one or two letters (and perhaps many more readers who would *think* this) to the effect that we are “money hungry.” Well, folks, you don't get into the magazine business these days if you are money hungry! You just try to survive.

Come April TRUE WEST, I am going to explain to you what the magazine publishing business is like right now. It seems people are fascinated with the actual facts. I had a physical recently and was asked by my doctor how the magazine business was coming along. (My blood pressure jumped like a scalded dog.) I could tell he realized immediately that he had made a mistake. However, I let him have a quick overall story. I won't spoil this forthcoming editorial by saying too much but a point or two needs fast action.

If you cannot buy FRONTIER TIMES, TRUE WEST, or OLD WEST at the places you have been getting them, ASK THE MANAGER WHY. Interests that have not been in the magazine business before are in it now; everybody wants a piece and this generally ends up in only the very strongest surviving with few pieces left. Then the *real* money hungry people have to look elsewhere for sustenance. In short, if I were to tell you how much money a company like ours must pay out in order to stay on the shelves of certain powerful chains, I don't think you would believe it.

People are surprised when magazines like *Saturday Evening Post*, *Look*, *Collier's*, etc. cease publication but most don't generally know the reasons. Some of our readers call it a “crying editorial” when I tell them the whys and whereofs. Other publishers are smart enough not to “cry” (or, in other words, explain the situation) so they just close down, get another job and the readers wonder what on earth happened to one of their favorite magazines.

Perhaps that is the way it should be—but it sure knocks the heck out of a lot of publications that really deserve to live but can't survive increasing costs, and downright racketeering in many cases.

If I don't stop, I won't have anything left for the editorial later. When you explain certain things to readers they invariably say, “I never *dreamed* all that was going on!” So it all comes out in April TRUE WEST.

Now, to a more pleasant subject. You have to know only a very little about land to appreciate some ads run in the classified section of FRONTIER TIMES in the January 1924 edition. Here are examples of a few:

“320-acre ranch, near town. Good range. Price $7.50 per acre.”

“500-acre ranch, 3 miles from town. Price $8.00 per acre. Terms.”

“1,128-acre ranch, 60 acres in cultivation; Good improvements; close to school house and post office. Price $9.50 per acre.”

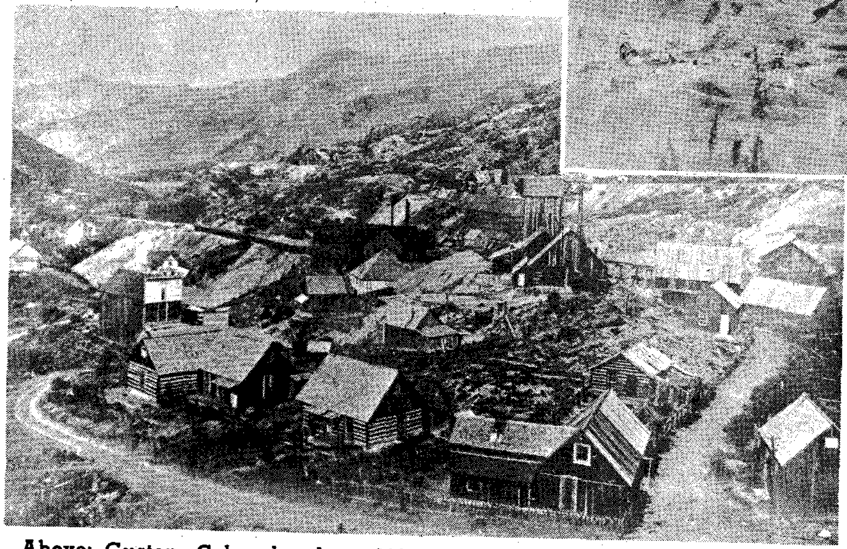
That will make today's land men want to wail like a lonesome coyote! I see another: “300 acres, right on the Medina river close to town; 55 acres in farm. Good improvements. Price $7000, Terms, if you want a real home see us.”

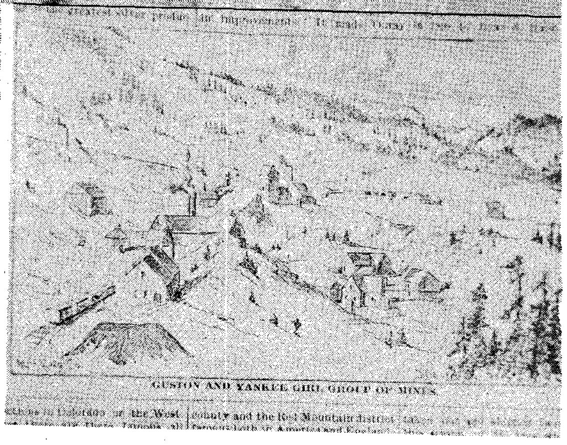
This type land is selling from $500 to $1500 per acre and up now!

This ad was run by Ethridge Real Estate Co., Bandera, Texas. Under the heavy borders of their ad Mr. Hunter had added, “Mention Frontier Times.”

Well, that's a good idea *still*.—Hosstail.

FRONTIER POST




GUSTON AND YANKEE GIRL GROUP OF MINES

Above: Guston, Colorado about 1895. Right: Mrs. Gregory believes this to be a distant view of Guston (top). Early drawing (bottom) from a newspaper.

The Guston Mine

When the September '72 issue of FRONTIER TIMES arrived with an old Guston mine building on the cover I couldn't resist sending you these prints of early days in that area. The larger picture seems to be a distant shot facing the whole area with Corkscrew Gulch and Red Mountain behind it. A brush fire back in 1939 burned off many of the old buildings.—Mrs. Marvin Gregory, Box 548, Ouray, Colorado 81427

Cuter Worral

You may recall publishing several months ago—it might have been a year—an article by Stella Polk about Voca cowboys in which Cuter Worral came in for considerable wordage. A short time later my letter telling about my experience with him was published.

Last spring en route to Texas I filled the gas tank at a Texaco station in Yuma, Arizona. I charged it on my credit card. When I filled up next morning in Casa Grande, my credit card was missing. I carried it in a cellophane pouch along with another gas credit card and two others from some chain stores in Southern California. That night I called my son Dan in Hollywood and told him to get in touch with the oil companies and the stores and have those cards voided. I had before me the carbon copy of the invoice for the Yuma purchase. I told my son that I might have left the pouch at Jack Neal's service station in Yuma. In about an hour he called back and said that I had left the cards at the Neal station. They were forwarded on to me at Coleman, Texas.

On my way back home, I stopped and thanked Jack Neal. Then in a week or ten days, I got a call from him. He said he just knew he had seen my name somewhere, so he looked through back numbers of your magazines and found my letter about Cuter Worral. He said Cuter was his uncle. We must have talked ten or fifteen minutes about Cuter and other people around Voca. He also said that Cuter was dead. You never can tell what you might find if you get out and move around a little.—Walter W. Gann, 31662 Scenic Drive, South Laguna, California 92677

Farewell, Duke of Muddy Waters

The Duke is gone. In the Lone Pine Hospital on September 27, 1972, John Ward Johnston, "The Duke of Muddy Waters," passed on to the big camp in the sky. Cy Babcock, "The Wildrose Kid" named him. Cy told me, "The first time I saw Buck was right after a summer cloudburst when he arrived at my Wildrose Station in Death Valley. Buck was drenched and was dripping clouds all over. Despite his rainy look he was smiles all over. I told him that anyone that went through hell and high water and still could smile must be 'The Duke of Muddy Waters.' "

The Duke, as far as my knowledg outside of ageless Harry Briggs, is th last of the famous Death Valley miner who became a legend in their own life time. When the Duke passed to th mysterious range beyond the clouds h joined other famous characters who i their two-fisted lives pitted themselve against Nature's most barren challenge In memory I have a vision of the Duk sitting by a big fire in the big camp i the sky circled by others of his vanishin breed—Death Valley Scotty, Ted Lang Shorty Harris, Silent George, Seldon Seen Slim, the Wildrose Kid and a thou sand others of their colorful image. Th Duke is dead—the desert trails will n longer feel his friendly footsteps or drin in his merry laughter. Farewell, Duke o the sagebrush, of the sand and wil winds, of the desert storms and flamin sunsets and of all that made life and th desert so beautiful.

The Duke was buried in Trona, California, October 2, 1972 with full militar honors.—Tom G. Murray, Box 398, Pal Desert, California 92260

Wrong Wagon—Our Mistake

I have read and enjoyed your publication for several years. I have even come across, on three occasions, articles and stories which I knew were true. I mean Coburn country.

You fouled your loop in the September

(Continued on page 44)

ANOTHER UNBELIEVABLE FIRST FOR D-TEX

ALL NEW D-TEX "COINSHOOTER"

ositively Differentiates Between Trash and Treasure.

Bill and Lorraine Kueter with 6 of their 8 children test the new D-TEX "COINSHOOTER". Coin hunting is their specialty with over 13,000 coins plus numerous rings and other jewelry found in the last 15 months. They are members of The Prospector Club of Southern California. Camping and coin shooting is the family hobby. After testing, Bill says the "COINSHOOTER" is the detector for him.

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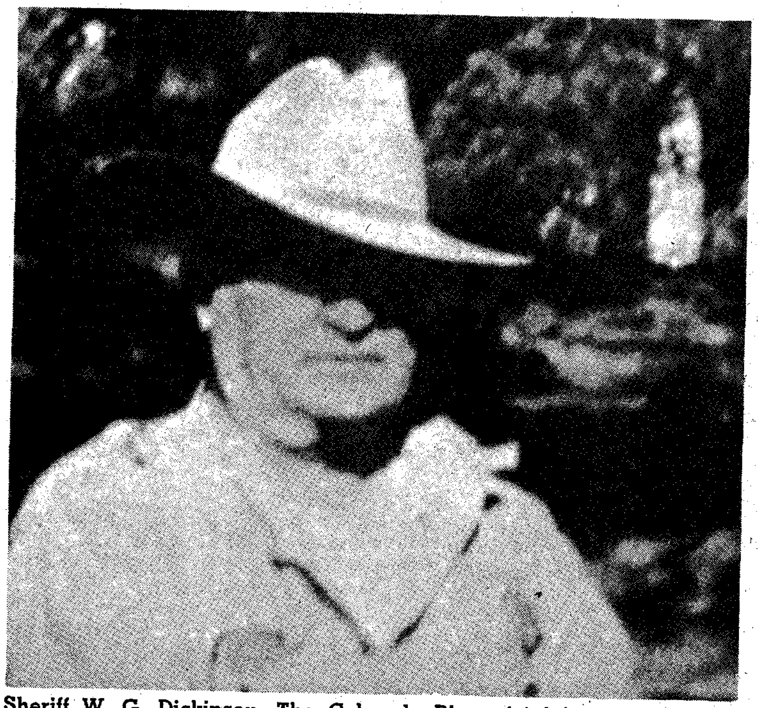
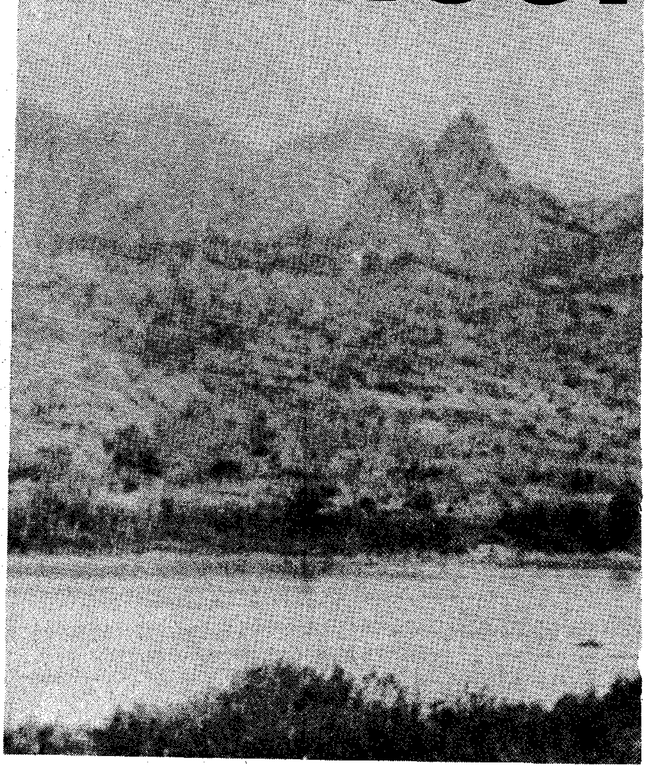
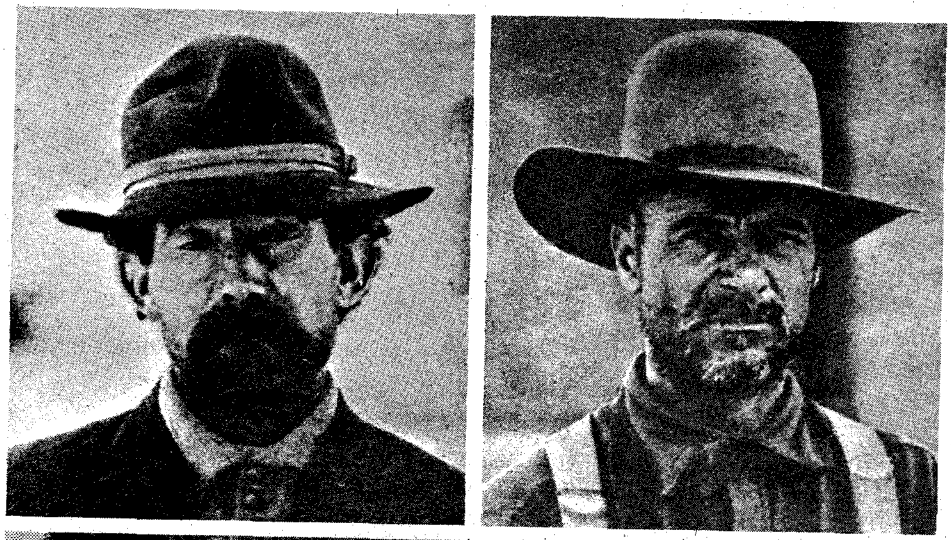
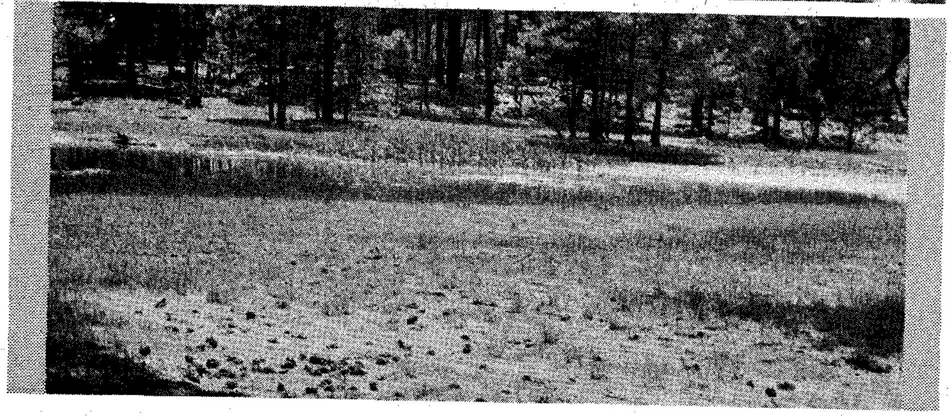
SHERIFF DICKINSON





Sheriff W. G. Dickinson. The Colorado River (right) near Needles, California.





BY MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

THE following graphic story appeare in the old Chicago *Saturday Blade*

NERVY ARIZONA SHERIFF MAKE THRILLING ARREST

Brings His Man In By Means Of Shee Bravery

Conquers Three Fugitives While Swimming For His Life In Mid-River

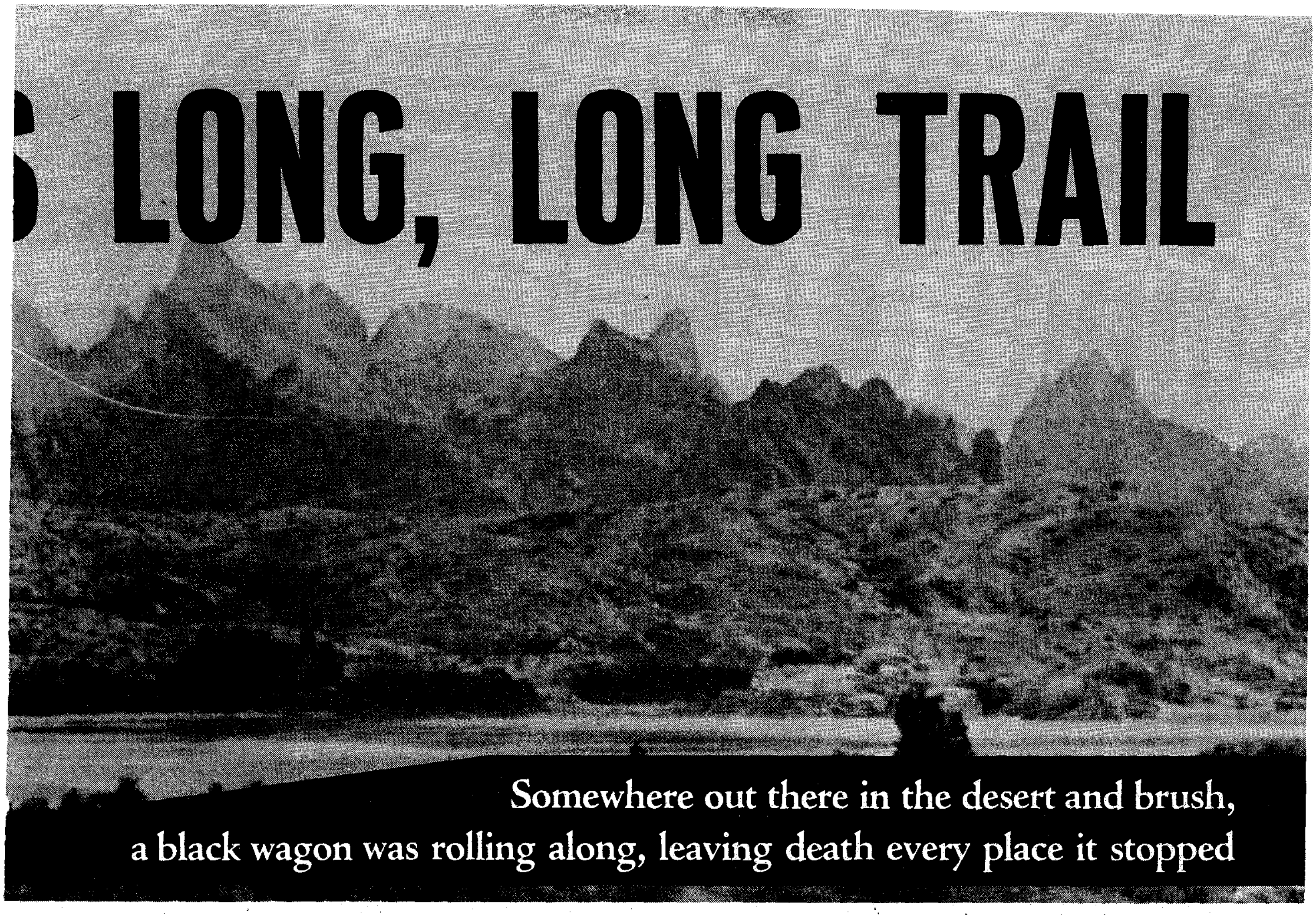
DESPERATE SITUATION

Flagstaff, Ariz.—One of the mos thrilling captures in the history of crim inal hunting in Arizona was accomplishe by W. G. Dickinson, sheriff of Coconin County, in the turbulent Colorado Rive near Needles, Calif.

After obtaining information whic led him to believe that Willis Azbill, paroled convict, killed Harry [*sic* Thomas, Sheriff Dickinson set out on th trail of his man. He followed him acros Coconino, Yavapai and Mohave coun ties. In the dense underbrush along th Colorado west of Oatman, Dickinso found where Azbill had built a raft o logs. Tracks and other signs about th

Above left: Willis (left) and Henry Azbill Bottom: Following the murder the JD Dan nearly dried up.

S LONG, LONG TRAIL



Somewhere out there in the desert and brush,
a black wagon was rolling along, leaving death every place it stopped

camp showed that the raft had just been launched. Azbill must have floated downstream.

From a miner a few miles up the river Dickinson borrowed a gasoline launch. Alone, the light, frail craft was tossed about like a ship on the muddy water as he set off down the Colorado which was swollen to twice its normal size.

SIGHTS HIS MAN ON RAFT

Twenty miles below Needles Dickinson came in sight of the raft on which was Azbill, his wife and their little son. Dickinson shouted to Azbill to steer toward the Arizona shore and give himself up.

On the rear end of the raft was a pile of posts, each about six feet long. Azbill gave his boy some order and he began to throw the posts into the water and the nose of the launch crashed into one. Only by a miracle was it saved from capsizing.

The boy continued to throw off the posts and the sheriff experienced difficulty in avoiding them.

Within fifty feet of the raft Azbill's wife ran to the assistance of the boy and they pushed the last half dozen posts into the water. Dickinson was unable to steer clear of them all. His launch overturned. In a moment it was resting on the bottom.

OFFICER'S UNDOUBTED BRAVERY WINS

Heedless of the imprecations of the Azbills, Dickinson set out to swim to the raft. Azbill worked desperately to gain the shore. The raft grounded on a concealed bar. Dickinson placed one hand on the side and a pole came down with cruel force on his fingers. He sank below surface and swam under the raft, and came up on the other side. Azbill seized a shotgun and with his wife and boy was watching for the sheriff to come up where he disappeared.

The sheriff pulled himself aboard, drew his revolver and ordered, "Hands up!" Azbill then surrendered without further parley and obeyed Dickinson's order to pull for the Arizona shore.

THESE DETAILS were obtained by the Chicago paper by telephone, and the necessity of brevity caused important facts to be lost. Had they been received the story would have exceeded even the *Saturday Blade's* vivid brand of journalism.

The river incident climaxed the case for Dickinson, yet it was only one of many adventures during the more than 5,000 miles he traveled to apprehend the criminal who had murdered Henry Thomas.

The badly wanted men in flight and the sheriff in pursuit used horses, wagons and trains; but on the sheriff's part there was the added touch of present times, the gas buggy. This dramatic chase occurred in 1915 after the romantic West was supposedly dead and the glamorous West of today had begun, but the terrain of mountains, rivers, deserts, and forested wilderness, cut only by infrequent trails, was identical to what it had been back in 1880. Under these adverse Old West conditions the remarkable thing is that the killers were actually caught. Coyote-cunning and sneaky, they made every possible effort to escape the clutches of the law by lurking in remote areas. Aliases to conceal their identity were also employed. Except for the engrained ability of Dickinson they surely would have gotten away.

It all began on the frosty morning of November 3. Cowboys Paul Moore and Oak Boggs, working for the Lee Johnson Cattle Company, had camped overnight at the outfit's JD Dam. The man-made lake was fifteen miles southeast of Williams. For some reason the boys did not occupy a line cabin in the nearby timber.

After breakfast Boggs, the older of the riding partners, remarked that the lake seemed much lower than it had been when they last saw it in September. Thinking there might be a leak, Boggs walked out on the rock and dirt dam to inspect it for damage.

Halting, he gauged the water's depth and discovered that the mud bottom showed through in several places. A moment later he spotted a gruesome object. Almost under his feet, lying half out of the water, was the badly decomposed, armless and almost nude body of a human being.

Facing toward camp he yelled for

Moore, who hastened to him. The two cowboys descended part-way down the embankment. Close proximity to the remains disclosed that a rope had been tied around the waist. It led to a grain sack filled with rocks, under four feet of water.

Minutes later the excited cowboys were at the line cabin where a telephone had been installed. This new-fangled instrument was on a wire nailed to trees through the wilderness south from Williams.

In short order the boys' foreman, Nick Perkins, was listening to their unbelievable report. Murder on his range? It didn't seem possible, but being impressed by their excitement Perkins cautioned them to disturb nothing and to remain on guard while he notified county authorities in Flagstaff.

WITHIN a few short hours Sheriff Dickinson led a party of investigators and a coroner's jury to the scene. Among them were County Attorney C. B. Wilson, Dr. Thomas P. Manning, Coroner F. O. Twitty, Undertaker James J. Button from Williams, and Deputy Sheriff M. C. Smith.

Perkins reached the dam before they did and it was he who led the group to the corpse. After the coroner's jury was sworn in, Dr. Manning and Button removed the body from the water, placing it on a large oil cloth which Dickinson had brought.

With it came the grain sack filled with rocks, its opening tied by a short piece of rope. Dickinson inspected the ropes while the body was examined. Under the piece around the body were shreds of a blue cotton shirt. Finding more fragments on the dry lake botton, he collected them as evidence.

Measuring the body with a tape, Dr. Manning announced that the deceased was five feet, ten inches tall and weighed approximately 170 pounds; he had been blue-eyed, sandy-complexioned, aged about twenty-one. The body had been in the water between ten and twelve days. Indentions on the head indicated death had come by blows from some type of blunt iron. The coroner's inquest ended with a verdict of: "Deceased, unknown, came to his death by a person or persons unknown." Wrapped in the oil cloth the body was then buried above the high-water mark near the dam site.

While others searched around for clues, Dickinson took a Williams druggist, Claude Mack, with him to the unoccupied cabin just inside the timber. En route they came onto a few spots of dried blood, then more in increasing size and quantity leading directly to the cabin door. Inside the littered room were larger dried splotches.

Sheriff Dickinson soon found a large monkey wrench in a pile of straw and loose stock salt. The heavy end was covered with dried blood to which sandy-colored hair adhered. The original wooden parts of the handle had been broken out and replaced with pieces whittled into shape with a pocket knife. This was undoubtedly the murder weapon. The dead man had been killed in the cabin and the body carried to the reservoir for disposal. Dickinson became convinced it when Perkins declared that he ha never seen the wrench before. It did n belong with the few tools kept at tl line cabin.

As the combined party prepared leave, Perkins related that about tl middle of September he had found tw men living in the cabin. Assuming the were trappers he asked them to leav He hadn't liked their looks—they cou have been beefers—and insisted the would have better luck catching varmint at the lower elevation of Willow Spring Later he saw a campfire there throug the dense timber.

Perkins described one as being abou twenty years old, slender of build an light-complexioned. The other man wa much older, six feet tall, weighed abou 180 pounds, was stoop-shouldered, black eyed, black-bearded and had a surly tough manner.

An interested listener to this conver sation, Boggs, informed Dickinson c having seen the same pair on the tra coming from Williams. He noticed ther because they had a small hound do with a hairless stripe along its back bone. The older man had said the do had been ripped down the back by bear. The two were riding burros an had three others packing their equip ment and supplies.

Coroner Twitty gathered up the clue found on the scene—the monkey wrench pieces of rope, and fragments of th blue shirt. There was absolutely nothing to identify the corpse.

DICKINSON wanted to check for sign at Willow Springs, so Perkins borrowed one of the cowboy's horses and they rode the four miles there through the forest. The ashes of a campfire were found and close by were two small pieces of quartz containing specks of gold.

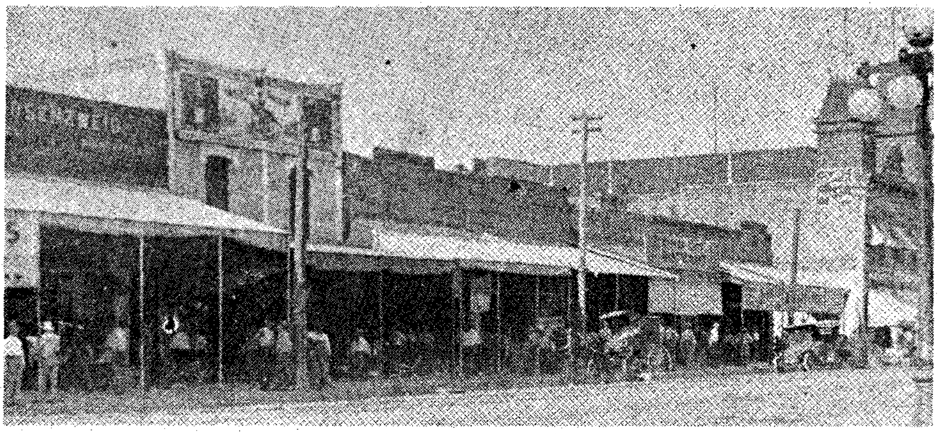
Returning to the dam, Dickinson questioned the cowboys as to who else had been around that part of the cattle range recently. They related that one night Bob Lolliard and a cowboy known only as "Joe" had camped with them. The next morning Lolliard and his companion indulged in an argument that ended in a furious fist fight. They then split up, going their separate ways. Only Lolliard was known to Dickinson.

In addition to them, two telephone line stringers had been around. Deputy Smith was given the job of checking on the four men as possible suspects.

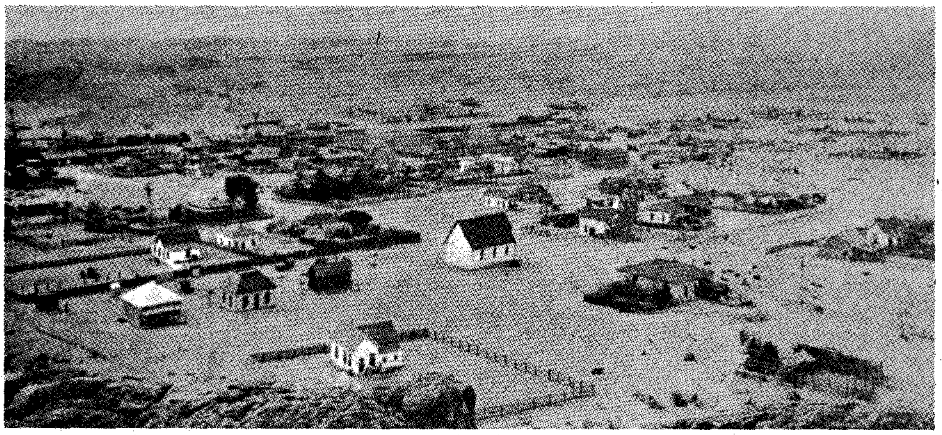
The following day an account of the crime was given to the state newspapers with an urgent appeal for help from citizens who might have pertinent information. It was necessary to establish the identity of the dead man as soon as possible.

Arizona was rough country from border to border. Trails led from the old wagon and stage roads into nowhere. Sparsely inhabited, communication was slow—especially in northern Arizona. Solving the murder was going to be most difficult, as Dickinson realized from the beginning. The slayer, or slayers, had had sufficient time to get completely out of the area. Or they could have hidden securely in some remote

Courtesy **Coconino Sun**



Top: In Phoenix clues leading to apprehension of the killers were unearthed. Bottom: Some property that belonged to the victim was recovered in Kingman Arizona.



town, on a cattle ranch, or in the depths of an isolated canyon.

Each of his few deputies had far too much territory to cover adequately. They just did the best they could with horse, buckboard, train, and the new-fangled automobile.

Smith was cut loose on his end of the case. The telephone linemen were quickly eliminated as suspects. Three days later Lolliard was located in the Apache Lumber Camp in the White Mountains. Confronted at the cook shack, Lolliard was immediately cautious. Maybe the law had come for him again.

The genial Smith quickly calmed him down and revealed exactly why he was there. Lolliard said he and the man he knew only as Joe had ridden to the dam from Goverment Prairie near Flagstaff. Their original plan was to head on south into the desert hunting wild horses. Their quarrel was over a lariat. On splitting up, he supposed that Joe had gone back to the north rim of Grand Canyon where he once worked for Uncle Jim Owens, helping him hunt mountain lions in The Strip.

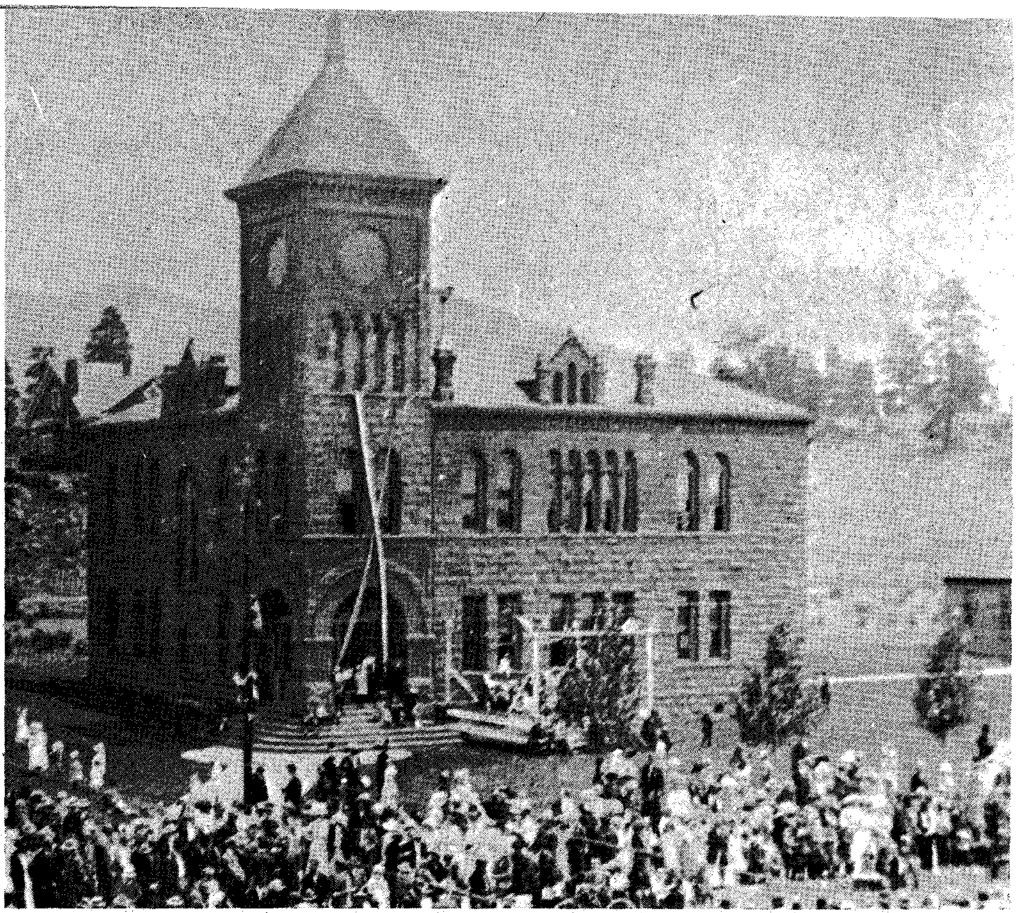
Returning to Coconino County, Smith ascertained that Joe had indeed been with Lolliard at Government Prairie about the middle of the previous month. At that time he had a large sum of money on him, and had not been seen after leaving with Lolliard. This seemed suspicious. Joe might have been killed for the money and *his* body dumped into the reservoir; but the theory died when Smith made the long trip across the Grand Canyon on horseback and found Joe with Owens. His full name was Joseph Ganniger. He couldn't add anything to the murder case and had seen no one around the dam except the regular cowboys.

Meanwhile, Dickinson's appeal to the public had produced what seemed like a clue. At Jerome Junction, railroad section foreman J. P. Bailey reported that he had seen two open-top spring wagons hooked to teams of burros passing in the direction of JD Dam on October 15. In one of them was a sandy-haired, slender man of about twenty. The wagon was driven by an older, bearded and stoop-shouldered man. In the second wagon had been a man only slightly younger, bearded and so much like the first that they could have been brothers. With this latter man was a one-armed woman and a boy about nine years old.

Five days later, said Bailey, the wagons returned over the same dirt trace without the young man. He recalled so much because the wagons had camped near where he worked his section crew on the tracks. At the time he suspected they might by whiskey runners, Arizona then being dry.

This seemed like a lead, yet Dickinson scowled. Burro-drawn wagons were common all over Arizona. Questioning Bailey further, he suddenly grew tense. Upon reflection Bailey said that in one wagon was a small white mongrel hound, having a scarred stripe down its back, red-colored ears and red spots on its sides.

OF COURSE, the youth could have taken a job with one of several ranches scattered throughout the vast area. There was also a lime kiln and a cedar post cutting outfit near Drake.



Top: County courthouse at Flagstaff where the case was tried. Right: County Attorney C. B. Wilson.

Dickinson set forth riding the many miles between all these places. By November 12, eight days after the body was found, he had checked them all. No one had hired anybody during the past ninety days. With winter approaching they required no help.

The aid of other county sheriffs had been asked. The first report came from Sheriff Jack Lane of Mojave County, at Kingman, 170 miles west of Flagstaff. Lane had learned that a man answering the description of the old man seen at JD Dam had come through there with his burro train headed for Goldroads and Oatman. With him was a mongrel hound with red spots and ears, and a stripe down its back. While buying supplies from a merchant he said that his partner, a young man, had remained at Williams to trap coyotes.

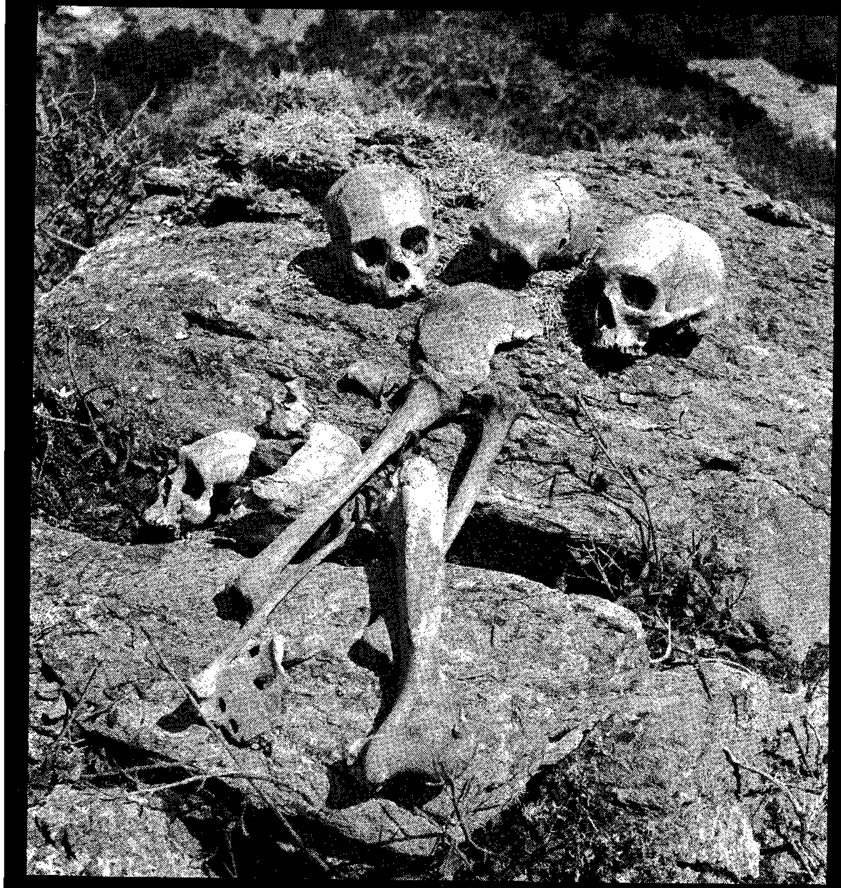
Dickinson and Wilson promptly entrained for Kingman, contacting Lane. The three men then proceeded to Oatman. In that booming mining town strangers were hard to detect among the miners who went on and came off shifts in droves. Two days and nights of questioning people, however, finally produced results. A man told them, "The old man's name is Bob Suttler. His young partner rejoined him only yesterday. You'll find them at their tent camp on the edge of town."

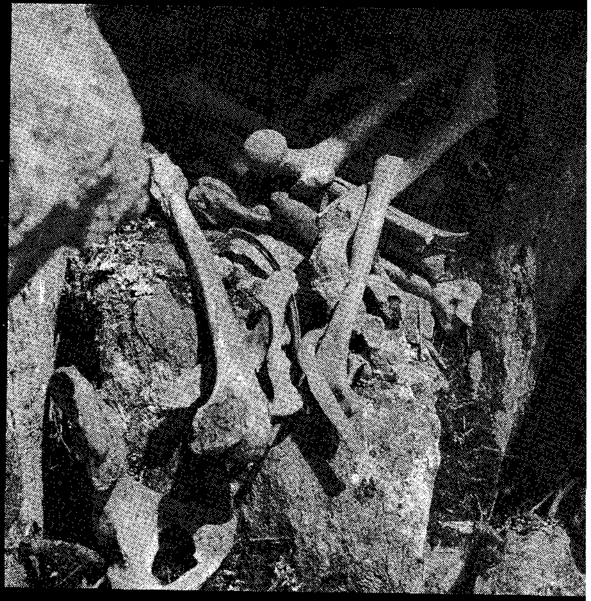
Both lounged before a tent, a band of burros grazing on a stone-studded hillside. Suttler was elderly; the youth, fair of complexion and slender. His size and build compared somewhat to the murdered man's. With them was the often mentioned mongrel hound. They readily admitted being the pair chased from the line cabin, and camping at Willow Springs. The gold ore had been lost from a pack.

The lead Sheriff Dickinson had hoped would solve the case blew up in his face. It was now necessary to begin the quest all over again. Dickinson went south to the lime kiln. The superintendent by then remembered seeing the wagons. He described them and occupants as Bailey

(Continued on page 58)

Low-flying bats drew the curious prospectors to a century-old massacre site...





Photos this page Courtesy John L. Crisan, Jr.

The Goldseekers' Cave Of Horror

Above: Second level cave floor (left) with rope dropping into the third level. Looking into the mouth of the cave of horror (top right) showing a small portion of the bones that were removed. A collection of skulls and bones (bottom right) from the cave; skull at left is believed to be the only non-Indian.

BY RANDALL A. REINSTEDT

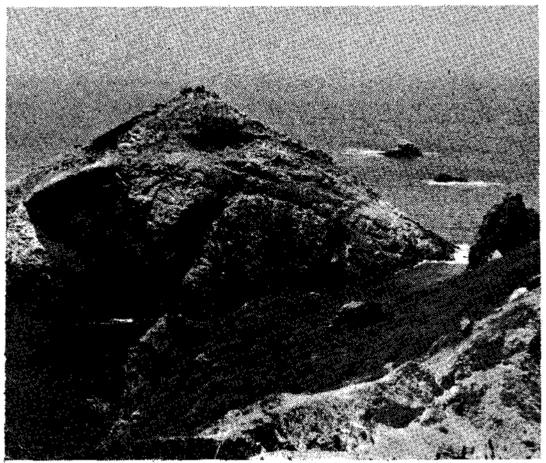
Photos Courtesy Author

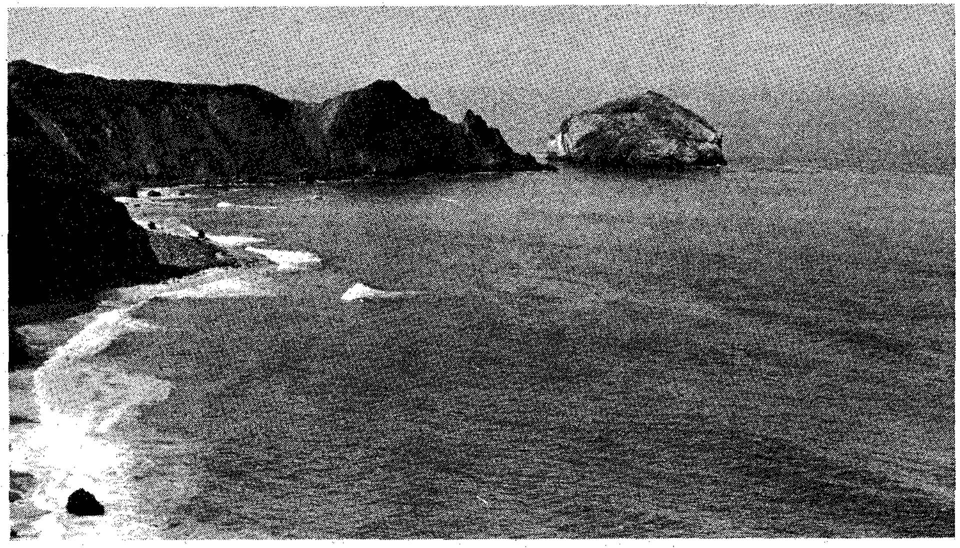
TRAVELING south from the jagged peaks and redwood-covered shores of California's Big Sur Country, one passes the tiny cliffside community of Lucia. Continuing down the twisting, awesomely beautiful coast highway, the foothills of Pacific Valley are soon lost to sight. Rugged Cape San Martin looms in the foreground. This outcropping of rock affords a striking view of the Pacific shoreline, a welcome breath of salt-scented air, a sense of peace and well being. Yet almost within shouting distance lies a mysterious Cave of Death.

In 1962 four prospectors from the San Francisco Bay area observed bats seemingly flying in and out of a sloping Santa Lucia peak. Thinking the tiny opening the bats were using might be the entrance to a larger cave the gold seekers worked their way up the rocky cliff. The aperture in the rock was easily located, and the eager men settled down to serious digging. Within an hour they managed to clear an opening large enough for a man to squeeze through.

The gruesome sight that greeted the first visitor is one that will long remain "etched in his memory." Scattered about the rocky uneven floor were the remains of several long-dead human beings!

The cave, which initially appeared to contain only one small room, was found to have several chambers at various depths. Twenty feet inside the entrance a sheer drop of fifty feet was discovered.





Cape San Martin, viewed from California's scenic Highway One. Near this rugged outcropping of rock (above) is the mysterious cave.

From that level a second drop was found, taking them another fifty feet into their chamber of horror. Human skeletons were strewn about on all levels—skeletons whose skulls seemed to stare at the intruders as they broke the eerie darkness with the probing beams of their flashlights. The bones of at least ten people were counted.

In the lower chamber additional rooms and tiny passageways were spotted, but boulders blocked their entrances and they could not be explored.

THE MEN notified authorities, and the site was soon dubbed "Massacre Cave" by the local press. An anthropologist from a leading California institution visited the cave and after careful examination "tentatively" identified all of the dead except one as Indians. The other was thought to be of European descent—possibly Spanish.

After examination by numerous people, including sheriff's deputies and the county coroner, there was general agreement that the cave had not been lived in by Indians. There were no signs of smoke on the roof or walls; no artifacts were found; and the rooms or chambers were quite small.

With the anthropologist and the coroner in full agreement that many of the skulls showed signs of having been cracked "as if by a blunt instrument," speculation grew as to who had committed the century-old murders and why the bodies had been thrown into the cave. The victims were adults, men and women between the ages of twenty and forty-five when killed approximately 100 years before.

On top of the boulder-strewn peak in which the cave was found, a narrow spiral type opening was discovered which dropped thirty feet to the floor of the death cave. Perhaps the bodies had been tossed into this narrow opening and had fallen to the chambers below. It seemed logical. The Salinan Indians, within whose boundaries the death cave was found, had a tradition of cremating or burying their dead so it is unlikely that the lives of the Indians were taken by members of their own tribe.

Possibly a boundary dispute arose and, as occasionally happened, neighboring tribes went to war. This simple reasoning, however, does not explain the presence of the lone European.

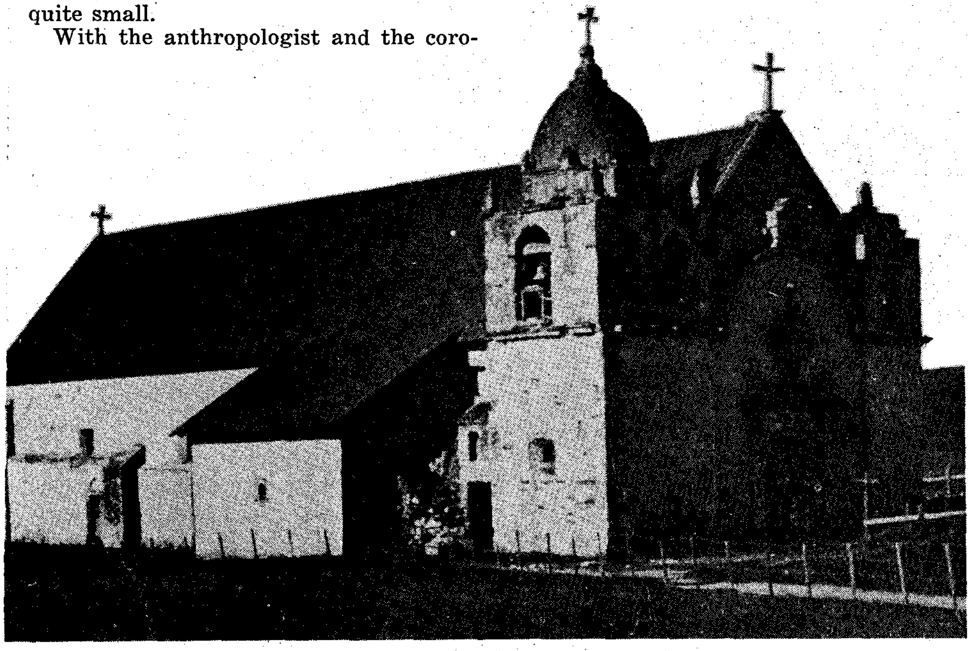
One story which fits in with some of the gruesome details and which stems from an early California legend tells of a group of Indians and a lone soldier who left Mission San Antonio in the early 1800s, bound for a harbor at the mouth of what is known today as Willow Creek. This creek is approximately fifteen miles from Mission San Antonio and slightly north of Cape San Martin.

As the story goes, the small party of Indians was heavily burdened with $50,000 in Spanish gold coins which were to be delivered to a galleon anchored in the Willow Creek harbor. Reportedly the party never reached its destination but was waylaid by robbers somewhere along the route.

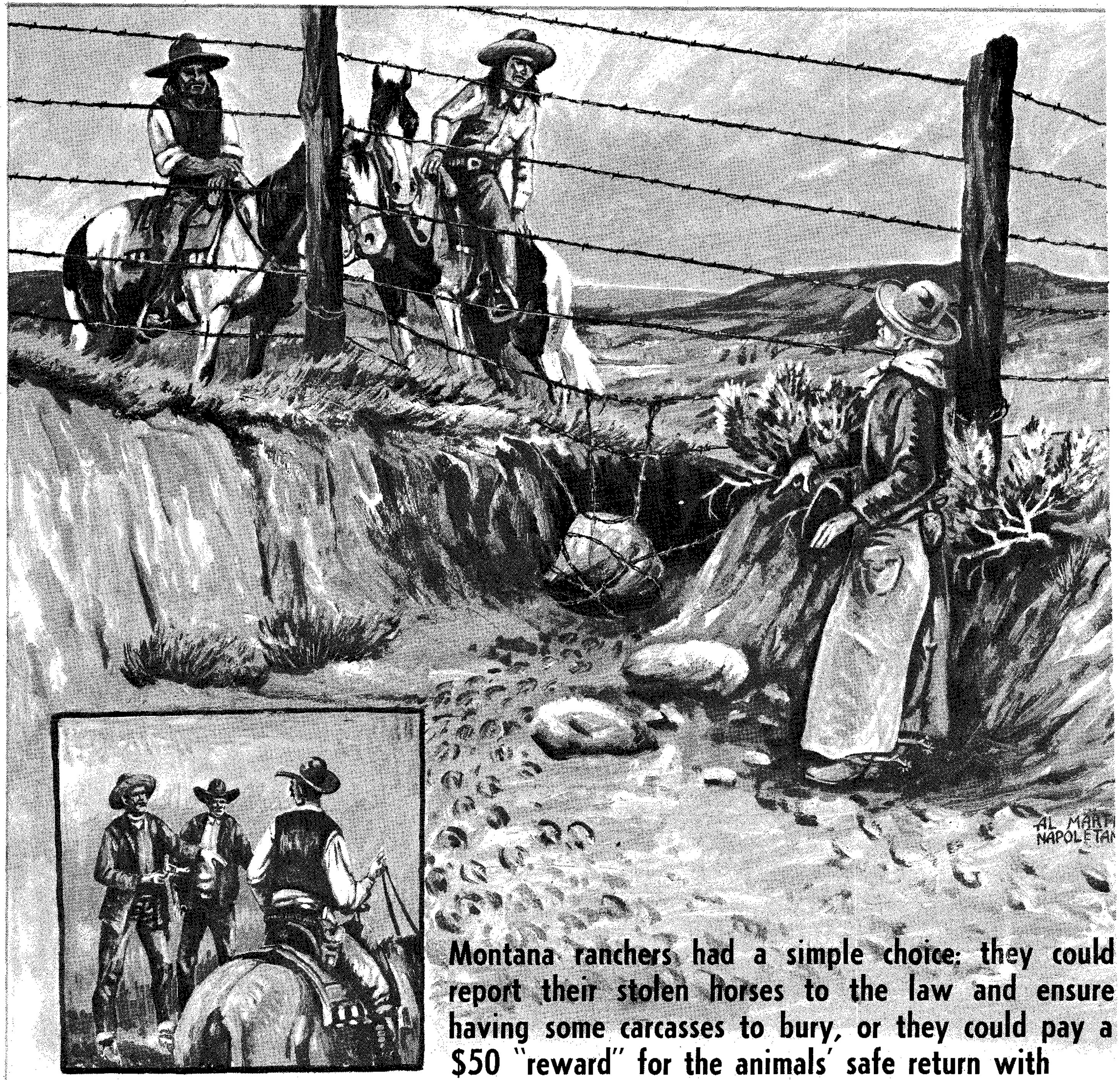
Credence to this tale comes from several sources, an example being the numerous "weekend gold seekers" who claim to have found Spanish coins in the Willow Creek area. One individual even boasted of having found a Spanish gold piece dated 1780. As to where the mission originally obtained such a sizable fortune, the supporters of this theory state it was from the sale of Mission San Antonio's famous horses.

The violent deaths the individuals must have experienced—as evidenced from the crushing blows of many of the skulls—would fit in with the robbery motive, but there are several inescapable loopholes. First, authorities who studied the bones of the dead claim they died approximately 100 years ago and certainly had not lain in the cave for 150 years. Secondly, there is no known written history from Mission San Antonio telling of the mysterious disappearance of a small band of Indians, or of the disappearance of *any* money—not to mention $50,000. As a matter of record, the California Missions were not in the habit of possessing large sums of money; they were primarily self-sufficient and usually traded for what little they needed. Also a leading authority on the California Missions flatly stat-

(Continued on page 66)



Carmel's Mission San Carlos Borromeo, the second of Serra's California Missions, founded June 3, 1770. It was from here stories of the "Lost Padre Mine" originated. Photo believed to have been taken in 1880s.



Montana ranchers had a simple choice: they could report their stolen horses to the law and ensure having some carcasses to bury, or they could pay a $50 "reward" for the animals' safe return with

NO QUESTIONS ASKED

IT WAS more or less an open secret that there were at least three or four gangs of organized horsethieves operating in the northeastern part of Montana in the early 1900s. That was before the invasion of the dryland homesteaders, and a drifting cowhand could ride the grubline to the Canadian border without opening a gate in a barbwire fence.

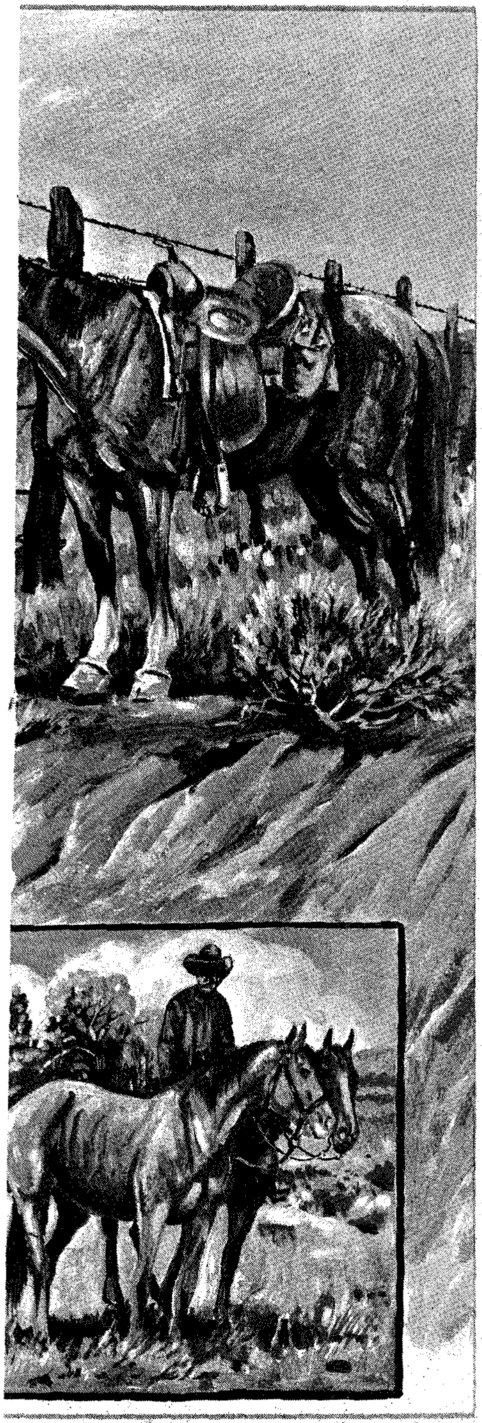
There were already a few big sheep outfits between the Missouri River and the Canadian line, and a few smaller cow outfits scattered hit and miss that were owned for the most part by former cowpunchers who had taken up homestead land, gotten married and settled down. The Circle C outfit had grubstaked a number of its former cowhands who now owned small bunches of cattle in their own irons.

Some of these small ranchers gave it up as a bad job in a few years, sold their ranches to the Circle C, and came back to work as cowhands during the spring and fall roundups. Later they were established in far-flung winter line camps.

One of these camps was located on the north bank of the Missouri at the mouth of Rock Creek. During the turn of the century the Rock Creek line camp was used by prospectors panning the creek for gold, by wolfers and trappers, and by men on the dodge along the old Outlaw Trail.

In 1901 when Kid Curry and Butch

Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano



BY WALT COBURN

Photos Courtesy Author

Cassidy and the Wild Bunch held up the Great Northern train at Wagner, Montana they had made use of the Kid Curry hideaway in the badlands of the Little Rockies to divide the loot before splitting up and drifting yonderly. They had used the Rock Creek line camp in passing when they crossed the river at Rocky Point.

For a number of years the riders of the dim trails had picked up their mail at the blind post office at the Rocky Point Saloon, and used the line camp for an overnight stop or to rest their horses for a few days. It was a place to get a jug of whiskey, grub, clothing, cartridges and patent medicines; where men on the dodge who had heard the owl hoot and savvied the rustling of the leaves could get the lay of the land and catch up with the latest news.

Cowhands who had done wrong and traveled the outlaw trail to hold up banks and trains had the loyal friendship of all cowhands and the sympathy of most of the old-time ranchers. These men would work for a few weeks on the roundups as a sort of cooling out period until the dust settled and the heat of pursuit died out. Then one day they would be long gone and no questions asked or answered. Because that was the unwritten law of the cow country.

IN 1884 the Judith Basin Vigilantes, consisting mostly of cattlemen, were organized by Granville Stuart. They had captured a bunch of well organized horsethieves and cattle rustlers near the mouth of the Musselshell where it emptied into the Missouri River, and had strung them to giant old cottonwood trees and left them hanging. This warning put a stop to the horse stealing and cattle rustling from then on.

There were times when a saddle horse turned up missing from the horse pasture, but most always there was a gaunt, leg-weary saddle horse belonging to another outfit left in its place. In due time the missing horse was returned and the other horse returned to its rightful owner, for there was a code of honor among cowhands on the dodge that was strictly enforced when it came to a "borrowed" horse.

But those days were long gone by 1912 and another kind of horse stealing had begun. Two-bit picayune horsethieves would steal one or two top saddle horses by roping them at night in the big pasture and leading them to some remote hiding place in the badlands, and then blackmail the owner into paying a substantial reward for the safe return of the horses.

The Circle C remuda of about 300 head of broke cowhorses remained idle during the summer months, in charge of the horse wrangler who would loose-herd them on good feed and water during the day and round them up at sundown and put them in a fenced-in pasture at Coburn Buttes. The following morning he would count them out the south gate at the far end of the pasture and choose a fresh grazing ground each day.

The west end of the pasture was a five-strand barbwire fence at the south end of the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation. The only padlocked gate in the reservation fence was where the stagecoach road to Zortman crossed the reservation. This fence was patrolled every day by a couple of old Indian police, and on our side by yours truly, who had the summer job of fence riding. Armed with a short-handled claw hammer and a canvas bag of staples, I had a cushy job. If a fence post was rotted I reported it to the fence crew who would repair the damage.

So far I had not found anything wrong with the taut fence wires and it was not until later on that I discovered how the horsethieves worked it. The Indian police rode in pairs and did not pay close attention to this new fangled barbwire fence that belonged strictly to the white man.

Whenever any horses were discovered missing, the Circle C posted a sizable reward in the newspapers at Malta, Chinook, Harlem and Glasgow, with an accurate description of each horse and no questions asked if the horses were returned in good shape. It was a couple of weeks after the first reward notice appeared that an unsigned letter came in the mail saying the missing horses had been found and for the owner to leave $50 in folding money at Dutch John's saloon at Zortman, in an envelope marked REWARD. The missing horses would be left in Louis Goslin's pasture at Zortman. Louis Goslin was the owner of the Zortman-Malta stage line and had a large horse pasture on the outskirts of town and another one at the half-way Hog Ranch stage station.

FOR the few months that the horse stealing racket had been going on, the Circle C reward money had been left as instructed at Dutch John's saloon, and when it was picked up the stolen horses were returned in good shape. No trace of the horsethieves had been found.

B. D. Phillips, owner of the big sheep and cattle outfit with headquarters located a few miles from the Hog Ranch, was another victim of the horse stealing game, and he and my father held many a medicine talk about it. They laid the blame on the young fullblood Assiniboines and Gros Ventres and some of the halfbreed boys. Fifty bucks could buy a hell of a lot of rotgut booze from the whiskey peddlers who sold illicit bootleg to the Indians and breeds.

Both cowmen agreed that it was cheaper to pay the fifty bucks reward and no questions asked for the safe return of the horses, than to call in the law to trap the culprits. The unsigned letters that were crudely printed to disguise the handwriting and with some words purposely mispelled, usually ended in a threat that if the law or livestock inspector got to nosing around, the horses would be killed and left for the wolves and coyotes.

The threatening letters were carefully studied under a large magnifying glass and were thought to have been printed by the same hand, probably by some white man who nursed a long-standing grudge against the Circle C and Phillips outfits but who took no active part in the stealing.

The 13th of June was Miner's Day in the Little Rockies, a time for celebration at Zortman and Landusky. The big event was a hand drilling contest with prize money and countless side bets. There was also saddle bronc riding, calf roping, and horse races.

Deputy Sheriff Wes Ritchie, the town marshal of Zortman, had a black mare he boasted was the best horse in the country for a quarter-mile race, and there was no doubting that the black mare was fast. Ritchie was a big rugged man who traveled on his tough reputation. My brother Will had a big gray quarter horse-type cowhorse with roan colored ears, and Will figured Red Ears could beat Ritchie's black mare in a quarter-mile race. So Will and Jake Myers, the Circle C foreman, headed early the morning of June 13th for Zortman with Red Ears and the nighthawk Jack Davis, who had been a jockey in his youth and would ride Red Ears in the race.

The next morning when I got up to wrangle the horse pasture at 4 a.m., I knew Will and Jake had returned because Red Ears and Jake's Banjo horse were in their stalls in the barn.

At breakfast Jake showed up with a black eye and the side of his face skinned up, but all he had to say by way of an explanation was that Banjo had bogged his head and thrown him on the way home. When I asked Jake which horse had won the quarter-mile race he said that Red Ears had won easily by half a length, but he added no details.

After breakfast I saddled up to ride the pasture fence, and it was late afternoon when I got back to the ranch. As I was putting my horse in the barn I noticed a buggy team that I knew belonged to Doc Clay at Malta, and I wondered why he was there. I found out from Al Taylor, the ranch cook. He told me that Jake had telephoned Doc Clay the night before to get to the ranch as fast as he could make it, that Will Coburn was in bad shape. There had been some kind of a ruckus at Zortman over the horse race and Wes Ritchie had hit Will over the head with the barrel of a cocked single-action Colt .45 with such force that the hair trigger had gone off, ripping a long scalp wound.

Al said that if Will died Wes Ritchie would be arrested for murder unless my brother Wallace took the law into his own hands. Al said that Wallace and Jake had been holding a medicine talk at the office all day long.

All the time Al Taylor was talking, the thought of Will dying and Wallace killing Wes Ritchie put an empty sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. I wondered what would then happen to the Circle C outfit and the Coburn family, and with those disturbing thoughts in my kid brain I hightailed it for the barn to do my evening chores.

WHEN Doc Clay was ready to leave I helped him harness his buggy team and learned that my brother Will had a slight concussion and would have to stay in bed for at least a week, and could do no horseback riding for a month or more.

Jake was acting mysterious as all get out, telling me what I didn't know wouldn't hurt me, that he was waiting for Louis Goslin to telephone him from Malta. Jake did tell me that Justice of the Peace John Shoemaker had sworn out a bench warrant for him, accusing Jake of pulling a gun on Wes Ritchie with intent to kill; that Ritchie had the bench warrant in his pocket and was making fight talk how he would handle Jake Myers if he had the guts to show up in town. Jake was pacing the floor of the office like a timber wolf saying he aimed to call the town marshal's hand.

"Directly it comes dark," Jake told me, "me'n Wallace are pulling out. If anybody wants to know why our horses are not in the barn, you don't know a damn thing. Understand?"

"Yep. I don't know nothing."

"I want you to stay here in the office close to the phone all night," Jake said. "Don't talk to anybody and if anyone except Louis Goslin calls the ranch you don't know a thing about anything." After Jake went out, I snapped the lock on the office door and prepared to hold the fort, waiting for the phone to ring, but it never did. Along about 4 a.m. Jake rapped on the door and I let him in. All he had to say was that Wes Ritchie would be out of circulation for awhile, that Wallace had given him the worst fist whipping any man ever got.

This gave me further cause for worry. For about a week it was a toss-up whether the town marshal of Zortman would cash in his chips. During that week Wallace and Jake also were anxiously waiting and acting edgy. If Ritchie died there would be a big stink and while there were no eye-witnesses that night when Wallace had worked Wes over with his bare fists, still they were uneasy. They had set a two-man ambush for Ritchie as he was on his way to the dance hall up the gulch. Jake had forced him under gun point to throw away his gun and step down from his saddle. Wallace had handed his six-shooter to Jake and stepped down. "I'm going to give you a working over with my fists, Ritchie, for what you did to Will." And Wallace proceeded to keep his promise.

Wes Ritchie recovered slowly and was back in circulation by the end of summer. No one dared ask him about the working over he had gotten.

Meanwhile Will Coburn had left the ranch for Globe, Arizona, where he and Bob Coburn were dickering for a ranch. My father was in California and Wallace was busy with a motion picture theatre he had bought and aimed to manage, and was seldom out at the ranch, which left Jake Myers in full charge, with me doing the best I knew how to make a hand.

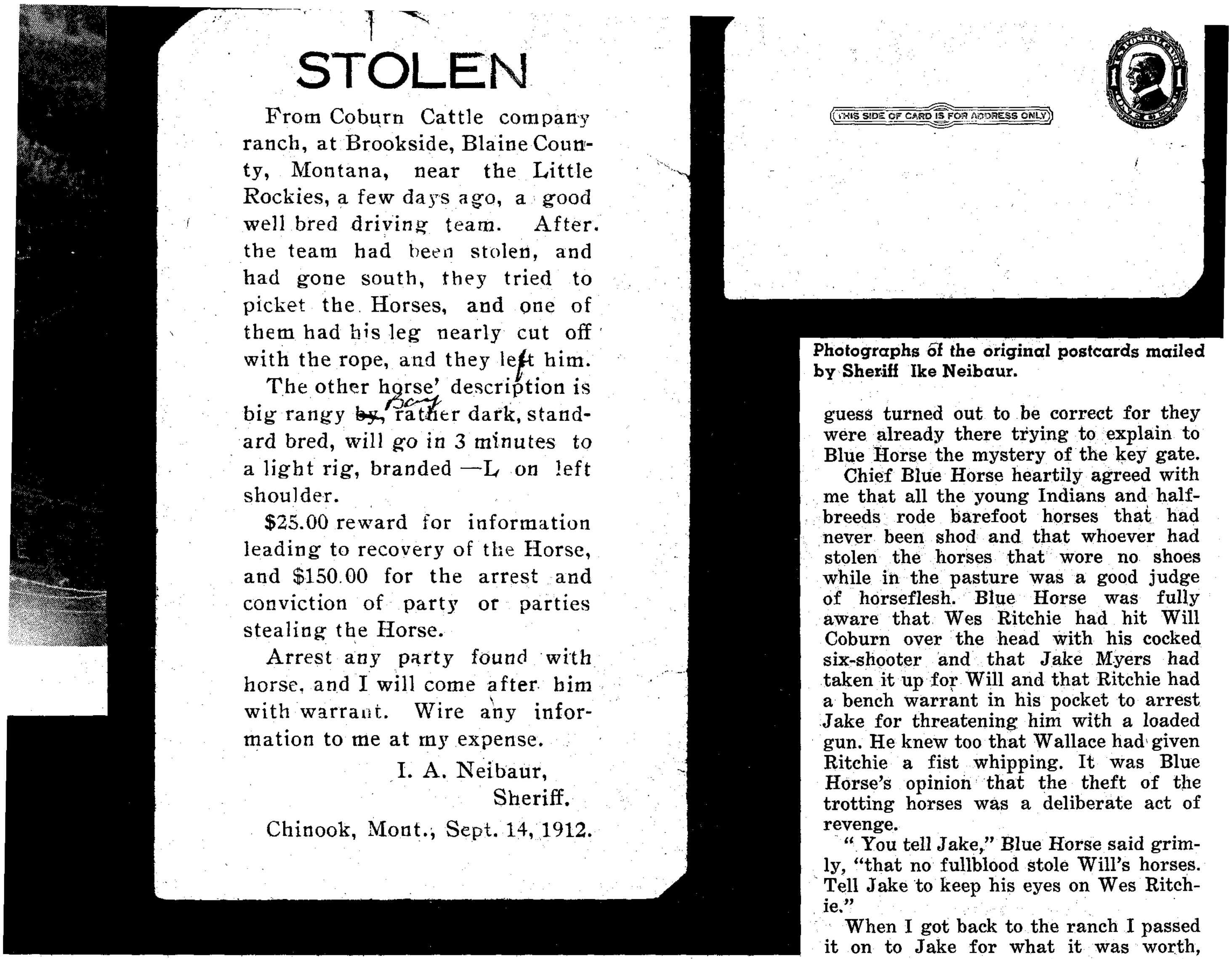
IT WAS sometime in late summer when Will Coburn's matched team of standard bred horses named Roulette and Faro turned up missing one morning from the horse pasture. Jake was fit to be tied when I told him the bad news.

Will had left orders with Jake to sell the trotting team and Jake had made a dicker with Louis Goslin to buy the team for a thousand dollars. Now the deal was off. When Jake finished cussing he told me to ride the pasture to see if the horsethieves had cut the fence.

As I rode along the west side I sighted the two old Indian police sitting their paint ponies where the reservation fence spanned a cut coulee. They pointed at the fresh horse tracks on both sides of the fence, left in the mud after an all-night rain. There were four sets of horse tracks, two of the horses without shoes. Every strand of barbwire seemed to be in place. That is what puzzled the Indian police. They pointed at me to solve

Dutch John's saloon at Zortman, Montana was used by the horse thieves as a place to collect their "reward" money.

[redacted]


THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY

STOLEN

From Coburn Cattle company ranch, at Brookside, Blaine County, Montana, near the Little Rockies, a few days ago, a good well bred driving team. After the team had been stolen, and had gone south, they tried to picket the Horses, and one of them had his leg nearly cut off with the rope, and they left him.

The other horse' description is big rangy ~~by,~~ Bay rather dark, standard bred, will go in 3 minutes to a light rig, branded —L on left shoulder.

$25.00 reward for information leading to recovery of the Horse, and $150.00 for the arrest and conviction of party or parties stealing the Horse.

Arrest any party found with horse, and I will come after him with warrant. Wire any information to me at my expense.

I. A. Neibaur,
Sheriff.

Chinook, Mont., Sept. 14, 1912.

Photographs of the original postcards mailed by Sheriff Ike Neibaur.

the mystery so I got off my horse.

In addition to the five strands of wire there were three strands at the bottom held down by a heavy boulder fastened with baling wire. I could now see that the baling wire around the boulder had been unfastened, leaving the three lower wires at least six feet off the ground. Then I climbed each high cutbank to closely examine the fence on both sides of the coulee, and as I had already suspected the horsethieves had made a key gate. The key gate consisted of two staples hammered in at a level flat angle above and below the barbwire, allowing enough room for a third loose staple to be dropped in to lock the strand of wire in place. To unlock the key gate all you had to do was lift the five key staples and the five strands of wire and the three lower strands that were freed from the boulder anchor, and a horsebacker could ride under the fence leading the stolen horses that had been roped in the big pasture, then fasten the wires in place and anchor the lower wires, and drift yonderly. The horsethieves in this case had not taken time to anchor the lower wires to the boulder and staple the five strands solidly in place, and that is how I discovered the key gate.

It took me quite a while to explain the situation to the two Indian police, but they got the idea and I hightailed it back to the ranch to tell Jake.

"How come you never located that key gate until now?" Jake asked me. "You're just like all fence riders I ever knew—riding along half asleep. Unless there's a fence post down you don't notice anything else."

"I never got wise to that key gate in the cut coulee," I answered, "because it's on the reservation side. That's how come I never saw it."

"Supposin' you ride over to talk it over with your Injun friend Blue Horse at his camp," Jake said, and added, "and don't come back until you have the truth." Jake said he would get Sheriff Ike Neibaur of Chinook on the phone and give him a description of the missing horses. He would also call Stock Inspector George Hall at Malta, and Louis Goslin at Zortman and alert them to the theft of Will's valuable buggy team.

LONG BEFORE Jake told me to ride to Blue Horse's camp I already had it made to ride there because I knew full well that was where the two old Indian police were headed. And my guess turned out to be correct for they were already there trying to explain to Blue Horse the mystery of the key gate.

Chief Blue Horse heartily agreed with me that all the young Indians and halfbreeds rode barefoot horses that had never been shod and that whoever had stolen the horses that wore no shoes while in the pasture was a good judge of horseflesh. Blue Horse was fully aware that Wes Ritchie had hit Will Coburn over the head with his cocked six-shooter and that Jake Myers had taken it up for Will and that Ritchie had a bench warrant in his pocket to arrest Jake for threatening him with a loaded gun. He knew too that Wallace had given Ritchie a fist whipping. It was Blue Horse's opinion that the theft of the trotting horses was a deliberate act of revenge.

"You tell Jake," Blue Horse said grimly, "that no fullblood stole Will's horses. Tell Jake to keep his eyes on Wes Ritchie."

When I got back to the ranch I passed it on to Jake for what it was worth, and when George Hall showed up at the ranch the following day he and Jake talked behind closed doors at the log cabin office.

It was about two weeks after the reward notices had been posted that the unsigned letter addressed to Jake Myers arrived in the mail from Zortman. The letter read: "Your fifty dollars reward for the return of a matched team of standard bred horses is chicken feed. Put $500.00 in greenbacks in a sealed envelope marked REWARD, and leave it at Dutch John's Saloon at Zortman, and you'll find the horses in Louis Goslin's pasture, sound as a dollar and in good shape. No questions *asked or answered.*"

Jake got George Hall on the phone at Malta and told him to hightail it for the Circle C ranch. Jake was whistling tunelessly from behind clenched teeth when he unlocked the safe and removed five hundred dollars in tens and twenties. He put them in a heavy manila envelope and marked it REWARD, binding the banknotes with rubber bands.

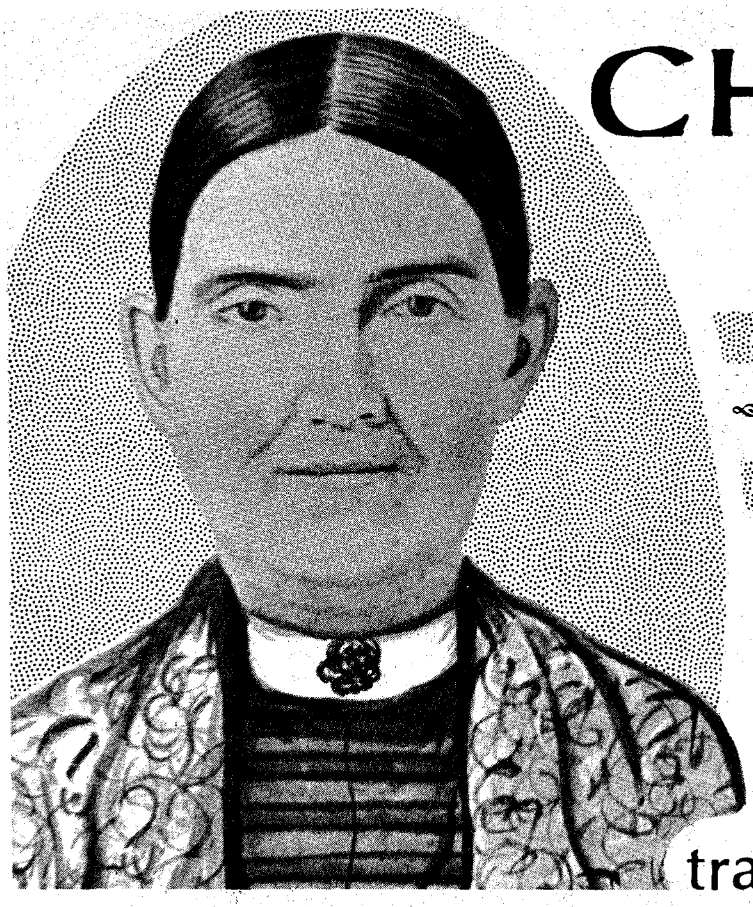
"Me'n George Hall is settin' a bear trap to catch those horsethieves," Jake told me as he paced the floor. "Directly Hall gets here he'll mark every damned banknote like a gambler marks a deck

(Continued on page 49)

CHICKASAW RHODA

BY JULIA B. SMITH
Photos Courtesy Author

Perhaps great beauty
or great courage
can't really exist without
tragedy to point them out . . .

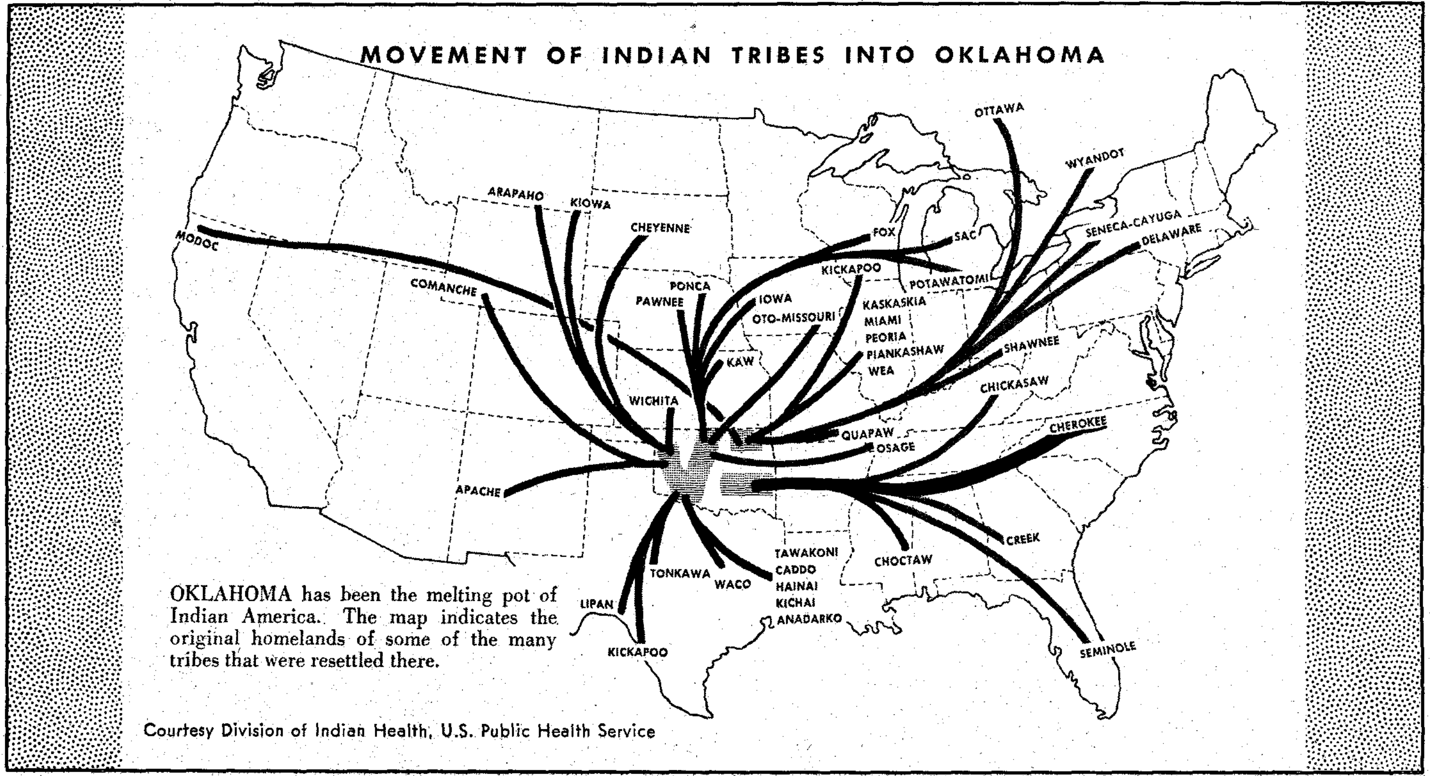


Author's great-grandmother, Chickasaw Rhoda. This likeness, probably produced from a tintype, shows Rhoda in her mid-forties, no longer beautiful, but unafraid and proud.

RHODA was the darling of her family, especially her father, a wealthy Virginian whose Tory beliefs and loyalty to the Crown had caused him to take refuge with the Chickasaws when the Colonists won the Revolutionary War. There he had met and won Molly Colbert Oxbury, a granddaughter of Logan Colbert, one of the first white men to marry into the Chickasaw tribe. Molly was a widow with two daughters, Sallie and Elizabeth, when she married James Gunn. Rhoda was their only child, born on April 18, 1818.

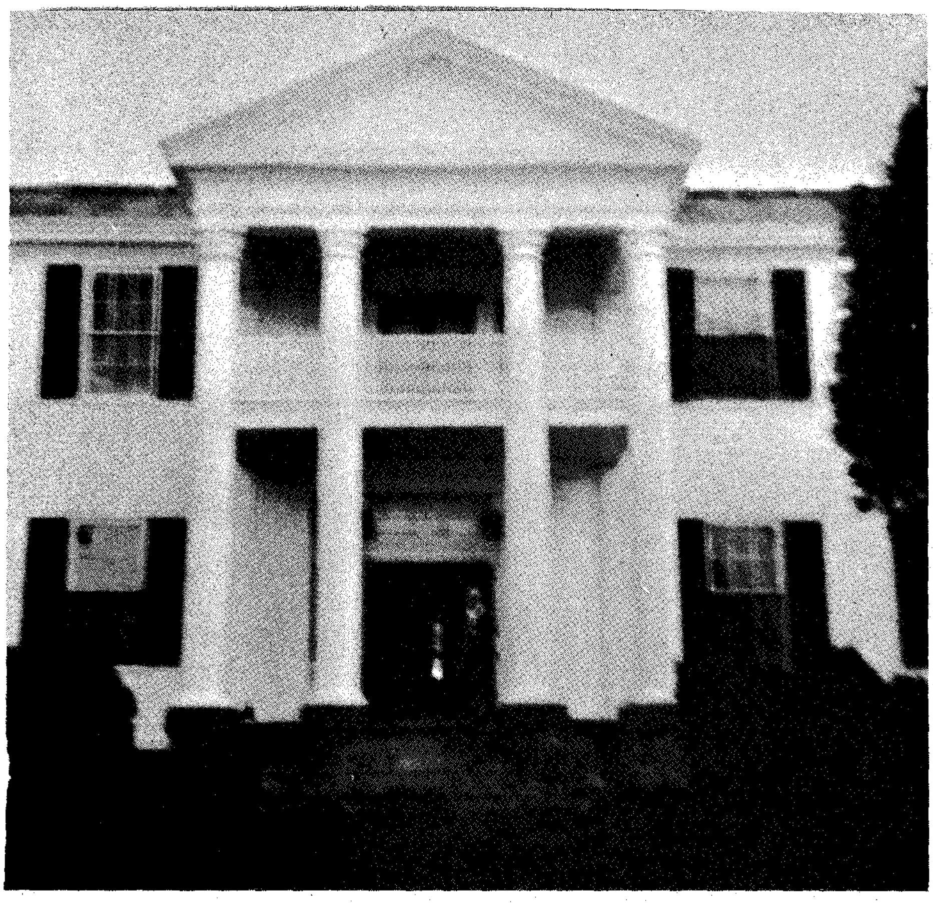
James Gunn owned much land, had many slaves, and was well educated, often acting as interpreter for the missionaries. He saw to it that Rhoda continued

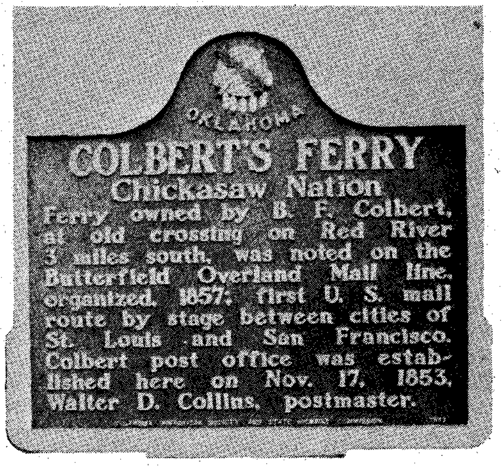
Movement of Indian Tribes into Oklahoma. The route traveled by Rhoda is indicated by solid line.


MOVEMENT OF INDIAN TRIBES INTO OKLAHOMA
ARAPAHO
KIOWA
CHEYENNE
MODOC
COMANCHE
PONCA
PAWNEE
IOWA
OTO-MISSOURI
KAW
WICHITA
APACHE
OTTAWA
WYANDOT
SENECA-CAYUGA
DELAWARE
FOX
SAC
KICKAPOO
POTAWATOMI
KASKASKIA
MIAMI
PEORIA
PIANKASHAW
WEA
SHAWNEE
CHICKASAW
CHEROKEE
QUAPAW
OSAGE
CREEK
CHOCTAW
TAWAKONI
CADDO
HAINAI
KICHAI
ANADARKO
TONKAWA
WACO
LIPAN
KICKAPOO
SEMINOLE

OKLAHOMA has been the melting pot of Indian America. The map indicates the original homelands of some of the many tribes that were resettled there.

Courtesy Division of Indian Health, U.S. Public Health Service





OKLAHOMA

COLBERT'S FERRY

Chickasaw Nation

Ferry owned by B. F. Colbert, at old crossing on Red River 3 miles south, was noted on the Butterfield Overland Mail line, organized 1857: first U. S. mail route by stage between cities of St. Louis and San Francisco. Colbert post office was established here on Nov. 17, 1853, Walter D. Collins, postmaster.

Left: "Lochinvar," Pontotoc, Mississippi, birthplace of Chickasaw Rhoda. Built by Robert Gordon over the home of Molly Gunn. Mrs. Itis Potts, a granddaughter of Rhoda, is standing on the porch. *Above:* Marker on Highway 75. B. F. Colbert was a relative of Rhoda.

her schooling—far beyond the average young woman of her tribe—by regular attendance at the mission school of Father Stewart.

Although many white men were attracted to her, and she, herself, was more than half white, Rhoda preferred the company of young Indian braves. She fell in love with Oke-lah-na, a strong and handsome Chickasaw, and they were married by Father Stewart at the Monroe Mission.

For a short time the couple lived happily in a cottage by the lake. Then one day Rhoda's father sent word for her to come see him. James Gunn's health had been failing, and the family was sadly aware that his days were numbered.

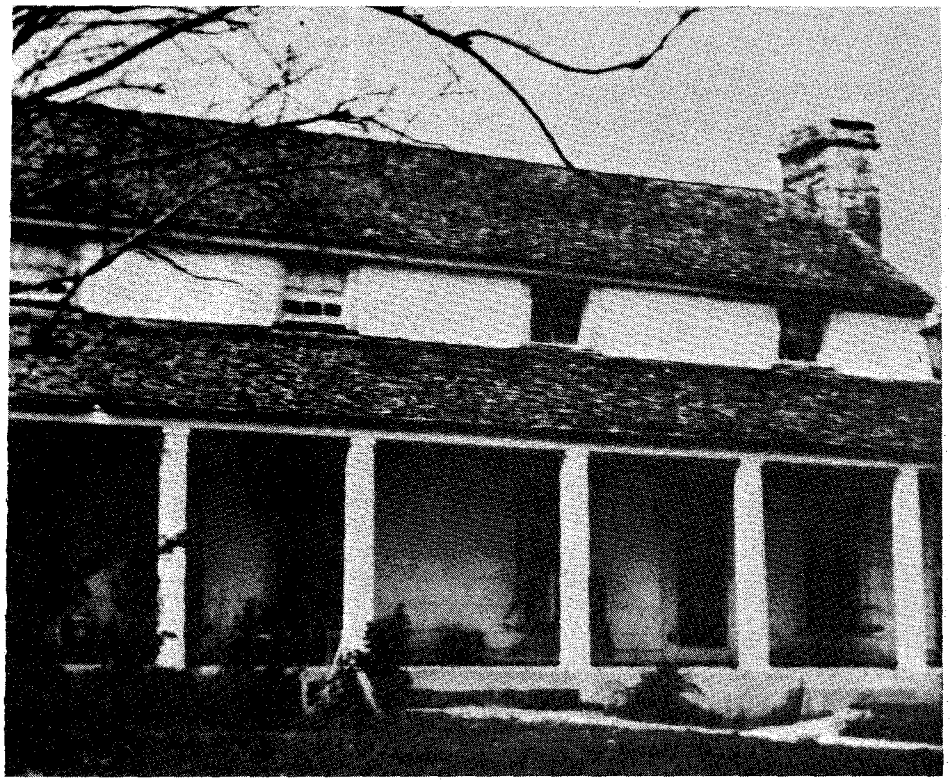
"My daughter, it will not be long before the Chickasaws will have to leave this beautiful land. The white man wants to hunt in our forests, fish in our streams and till our fertile soil. It will do no good to fight them. I hope you will be able to convince Oke-lah-na that this is true."

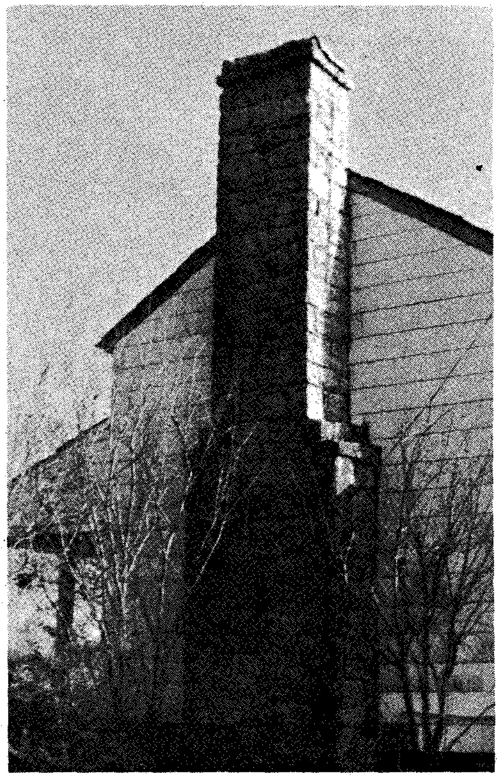
"I will try, Father," she said.

"We are buying a one-fourth interest, the western part of the Choctaw Nation in the Indian territory across the river,

(Continued on page 62)

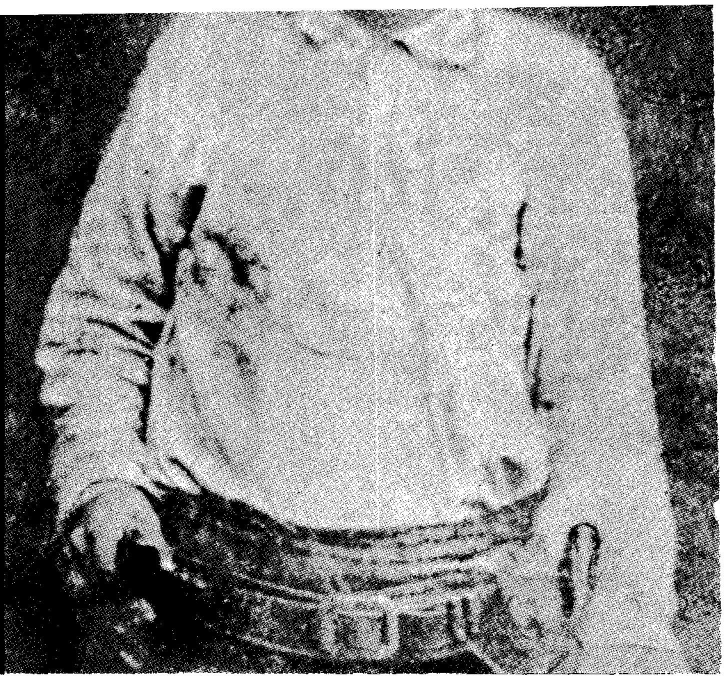
Rhoda spent the last years of her life in the Albertson home (left). Still occupied by a member of the same family, this is how it looks today. Original stone chimney at the north end (right), built in 1844.





Surprised Man In Texas

BY JEFF BURTON



Brack Cornett, leader of the Cornett-Whitley gang.

No train robbers ever worked harder at their trade than the Cornett-Whitley gang!

McNeill Junction, Texas, scene of the first successful train robbery by seven of the Cornett-Whitley gang. The old depot has lately been moved to Austin.

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY
McNEIL, TE

Photo by Robert Small

"IF THERE was a surprised man in Texas last night, it was Wm. Whitley. If there was another surprised man, it was Mr. Wm. Harrell. The interposition of Providence and a shotgun cut short Mr. Whitley's surprise; Mr. Harrell's continues."

So wrote a newspaperman in San Antonio, Texas on September 26, 1888. What he was describing was the closing scene for the leader of one of the most colorful sets of outlaws ever to ride in Central and South Texas. But it was not the hand of Providence which guided the deadly shotgun to its meeting with William Whitley that night, and William Harrell's surprise was rather less than complete.

The exploits of the Cornett-Whitley band of train and bank robbers attracted more notice than those of Rube Burrow's gang, who were their contemporaries in Texas, and there was hardly a sheriff in the middle part of the state who did not have to turn out for long, weary, and usually wasted hours of pursuit. At different times the manhunt reached into Arkansas, the Indian Territory and Mexico, touched Arizona, and stretched as far as Montana. Some of the newspapermen who reported the escapades and eventual downfall of the gang thought they were dealing with the makings of legend. But Cornett, Whitley, and the rest of the band were to sink into oblivion as time moved on without them.

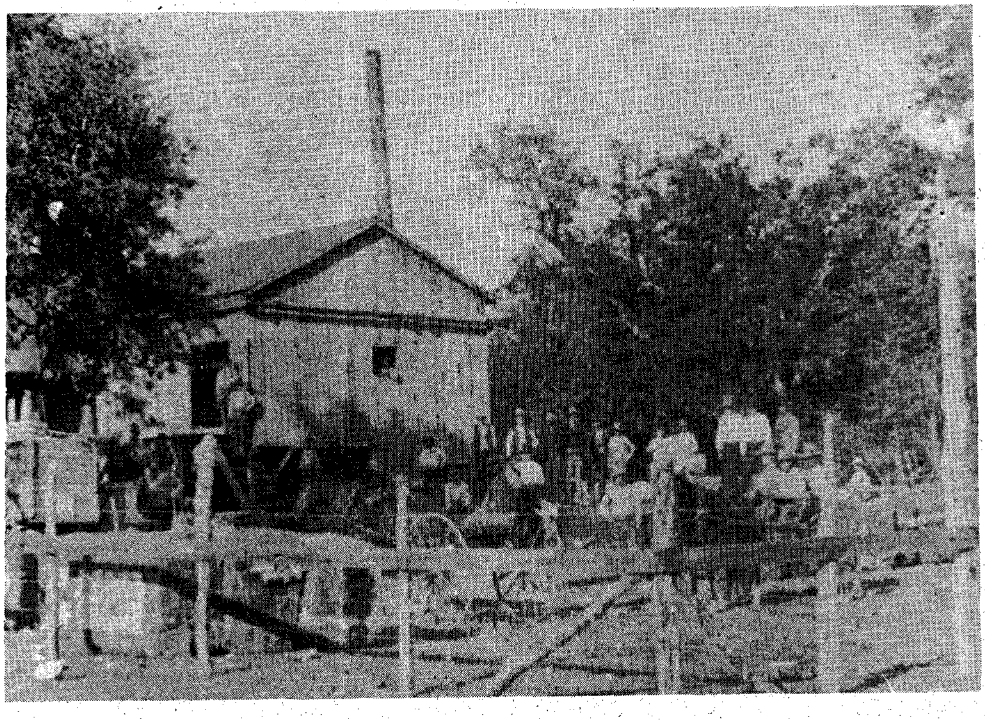
When the band was formed in the early months of 1887, its principal founders were Brack Cornett, Bill Whitley, Ed Reeves, Jim "Bud" Powell, and John Barber (or Barbour). But there were more than a dozen other men who were to be numbered briefly as members of the bunch.

Brack Cornett (who was nicknamed "Captain Dick") was neither the boldest nor the brightest among them—but he was certainly the meanest, and definitely the leader. Cornett was said to have been "as quick and strong in his movements as a panther" and a "phenomenal hand" with six-shooter and rifle. He was decribed as "decidedly handsome" and his daring and dash could not be denied. But he was also vain and brutal. Born in Acadia Parish, Louisiana about 1859, he grew up in Goliad County, Texas and had earned the reputation of a rustler by age sixteen.

Photos below Courtesy Austin-Travis County Collection, Austin Public Library

STORE
ELLISON
VON ROSENBERG
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE

The general store (above) and gin (below) taken in the 1880s probably were standing when the planned robbery at Manchaca, Texas went awry. People are unidentified.



Bill Whitley's early life is obscure. He was born in Texas about 1860 and spent some time as a cowboy in Eastland County. After that he roamed around Atascosa, De Witt, Williamson, and Lampasas Counties for some years. He had once been employed as stagecoach driver on the Cuero-Goliad run, but his more regular occupations were those of horse thief and cattle rustler. He had a wife and children, but they saw little of him. A reporter described his appearance like this: "This very reverse of the preconceived ideal of a train robber . . . not over 5 feet 10 inches in height, and slenderly though muscularly built . . . his countenance is prepossessing in the extreme . . . he looks as though he had never worn a pair of yellow-topped boots and shot up a town in his life."

Ed Reeves, one of Whitley's colleagues, was more down to earth in his appraisal, but just as complimentary. "He couldn't be scared," said Reeves. "We all considered him the nerviest man among us. Even Brack Cornett, for downright sand, wasn't a patching for Whitley."

Reeves himself was spoken of by some lawmen as "by far the boldest and ablest of the gang." He stood an inch over six feet tall with "not an ounce of superfluous flesh on him." Reeves was raised in Guadalupe County but after he turned rustler in the early 1880s he stayed mostly in Karnes County, where he was on friendly terms with the local lawmen. His sister was more or less engaged to Bud Powell.

Bud came of a good family in Atascosa County but soon gravitated into the company of Ed Reeves and other rustlers. Small of stature, boyish in looks, and apparently docile, James A. Powell was fortunate in attracting less unfavorable notice than attached itself to the more boisterous personalities of his partners.

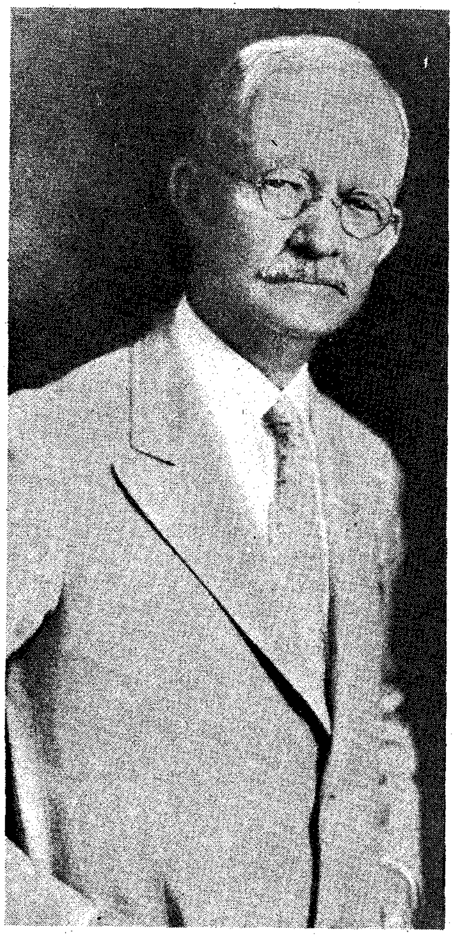
John Barber was something of an enigma. "This fellow Barber has got a reputation as bad, but he ain't," Reeves once remarked contemptuously. "He was the best traveler in the crowd, and that was about all we expected him to do when things came to a pinch." Barber was ready for any kind of venture in outlawry—and as ready to give it up at the least hint of trouble. It was his influence that led the others to give up rustling and turn to the trickier but more profitable lines of train and bank robbery. Barber hailed from the Cherokee Nation in the Indian Territory, where his father had qualified for Cherokee citizenship. But although much was said of John Barber's Indian-like qualities, he really had very little Indian blood—less than the one-eighth required for admission to Cherokee rolls. He used his left hand for his six-shooter, but was not naturally lefthanded; his right arm had been mangled in a cotton gin, and the wrist never recovered its strength. After the wound had healed, Barber wore a knitted wristlet to conceal the scars. He had drifted into Texas, where he had relatives, and teamed up with Whitley and a man named Ike Cloud.

Courtesy Texas State Historical Committee

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
FIRST NATIONAL BANK

A few days after Cornett's death four of the gang robbed the bank at Cisco, Texas.

Duval West, then a deputy marshal, was involved in an unsuccessful attempt to capture the gang, September 1888.



Courtesy University of Oklahoma, Western History Collection

IN THE spring of 1887 Whitley, Barber, and Cloud rode out of Williamson County to keep an appointment with Cornett, Reeves, Powell, and a man known as "Charley Ross." The rendezvous was Newton Butler's ranch in Karnes County, southeast of San Antonio.

Early in May the seven men set out to hold up the Southern Pacific train at Flatonia, a small town in Fayette County, roughly seventy miles east of San Antonio. They made a bad start. The three men who were to board the engine at the station changed their minds because a freight train went through just a few minutes before the express was due. After some discussion they rode on to meet the northbound International and Great Northern train at McNeill Junction, fourteen miles north of Austin. This time everything went off smoothly. The gang caught the I. & G. N. train as it was idling at the crossing, waiting for the Texas Western train to pass ahead of it.

Cornett and Reeves stepped into the express car and Messenger Northacker, after a pistol whipping from Cornett, handed over all the money. Both Cornett and Reeves were irritated by Charley Ross, who was supposed to be standing guard in the engine. Instead of staying at his post, Ross kept jumping in and out of the express car. The only other piece of awkwardness was the wounding of a passenger named Landers by one of the band who was guarding the coaches.

The loot—about $3,000, according to Ed Reeves—was hurriedly divided a few minutes after the robbery. Ross got rather less than his rightful share; Ike Cloud got substantially more. Before the outlaws split up, they agreed to meet in Newton Butler's pasture a few days later.

The Austin *Statesman*, scandalized by the robbery, produced a scorching editorial: "Well may the people of Texas stand aghast, when, within the very shadow of their capital, almost in sight of their magnificent and palatial state house, an outrage is committed . . . that might barely be considered possible on the border. . . . There is too much dilly dallying with crime, with outrage; too much maudlin, puerile and womanish sympathy for the desperate scoundrels. . . . These infamous and startling outrages must be stopped one way or another. If the authorities of this state are unable to do so, let them say so and be done with it."

When the Cornett-Whitley crowd reassembled in Butler's pasture there were a number of newcomers—Milton Day, John Kelly, Will Jacobs, and several more. Ike Cloud, however, did not show up, and in fact was never seen or heard of again in South Texas. Then Charley Ross deserted, just before the time came for the gang to start out on a return visit to Flatonia. He, too, dropped completely out of sight. And another man, Will Jacobs, allegedly turned back on the way to Flatonia because—or so it was claimed—he took fright at the notion of crossing a swollen stream.

On the night of June 16, Cornett and Barber walked from their camp to Flatonia station, only to miss the train. The following night they tried again and made it. As Southern Pacific train No. 19 pulled out of the depot, eastbound, the two bandits crawled over the tender and ordered the engineer to halt at a long trestle a couple of miles outside Flatonia.

Cornett and Bud Powell, bursting into the express car, saw Messenger Folger trying to hide his keys, and Cornett gave him a violent beating. After the safe had been emptied Cornett, not pacified by the rich haul he had made, again turned on the wretched messenger and cut a notch in each of his ears. The gang then robbed the mail car. After that Cornett, Whitley, and Powell went through the passenger coaches. A number of people were manhandled; all were robbed. One man parted with $1,000 in cash and a lot of diamonds.

A statement which was published more than a year later as the confession of Ed Reeves stated that only five robbers were present and that the loot came to $7,009 in cash, plus watches and jewelry. There are good reasons for doubting the truth of this. At least seven men were in the hold-up, and probably nine or ten; and the true figure for the booty was something like $14,000. Some believed that the amount might have been as much as $35,000.

THIS was the fifth train robbery in Texas within seven months, and not a man had been caught. Governor Lawrence S. Ross responded to the mounting pressure by raising the rewards for information leading to the arrest and conviction of train robbers to $1,000 per head. Tongues were loosened almost at once. Within a few days of the Flatonia robbery, the authorities were able to issue so-called "secret circulars" to lawmen throughout Texas. These circulars contained the names and descriptions of the principal members of the Cornett-Whitley gang. A deputy sheriff in Karnes County immediately presented the outlaws with his copy.

Although they were well in funds and knew that they were badly wanted by the law, the bandits were not at all disposed to quit the game. Several weeks after the Flatonia hold-up, four of them rode north into Gillespie County, intending to rob the bank at Fredericksburg. What they saw and heard in their reconnaissance of the town convinced them that the people there were expecting a raid on the bank. There were rumors, too, that the Rangers were in town.

The gang rode off to try the bank at Cuero, but Barber got in some sort of scrape there and someone took a shot at him, so the plan was quickly dropped. After that it became too risky for them to stay with friends or relatives in De Witt County. Several of the gang wanted to go back to McNeill for another robbery there, but the idea did not find general favor. Finally, in Burnet County northwest of Austin, the six leading members of the band agreed on a general dispersal. Whitley and Barber headed north, Reeves and Powell started east, and Cornett and Milt Day moved back into South Texas.

Whitley and Barber stayed for a while with the latter's brother, Joe Barber, in Williamson County. When they learned that a deputy sheriff named Stanley was shadowing them they decided to ambush him. They broke a fence on Stanley's ranch and sent a neighbor to tell the deputy that his cattle were running loose. Stanley repaired the fence and turned unsuspectingly for home. As he was passing through the cowpen Whitley and Barber rose up from some haystacks and shot him dead, less than a hundred yards from his home.

The outlaws fled to North Texas and thence to the Indian Territory. Along the way they picked up a couple of other hard characters: C. D. "Kep" Queen, reputedly a fugitive from charges of murder and bank robbery; and E. C. Foster, alias Stephens, alias Jim Johnson, who had twice escaped from custody—once by leaping from a second-story window, and later by jumping from the train in which he was being taken to the penitentiary.

Ed Reeves and Bud Powell, traveling some five hundred miles on a succession of stolen horses, wound up in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Their entertainment was cut short by the chief of police, who arrested them for carrying pistols. They put up bond and skipped the country before their true identities could become known.

Cornett and Day, with John Kelly and Jim Herin, rode east into Harris County. They meant to rob the Houston and Texas Central train at Gum Island, not far from Houston. Their error was to steal some horses from a farmer who lived just inside the county line. This man lost no time in going to Houston to see Sheriff Ellis. While the outlaws were laying the ground for the robbery, the sheriff was gathering reports from others who had seen the strangers.

The posse just missed Cornett, who had ridden into Houston to buy some ammunition. They found the rest of the outlaws in camp near Gum Island. No one was hurt in the skirmish and the gang escaped, but plans for the hold-up had to be discarded.

Later, Cornett and Herin were joined by John Ensall—like them, a former convict. Undismayed by the recent series of fiascoes, they were bent upon robbing both the northbound and southbound trains at Manchaca, a village on the International and Great Northern line a dozen miles south of Austin. It was a tall order for just three bandits—and they had little chance of even trying to fulfill it, because someone was tipping off the law. The information was passed to Governor Ross, who ordered Jim Martin, a former Ranger, to keep watch for the gang in southern Travis County.

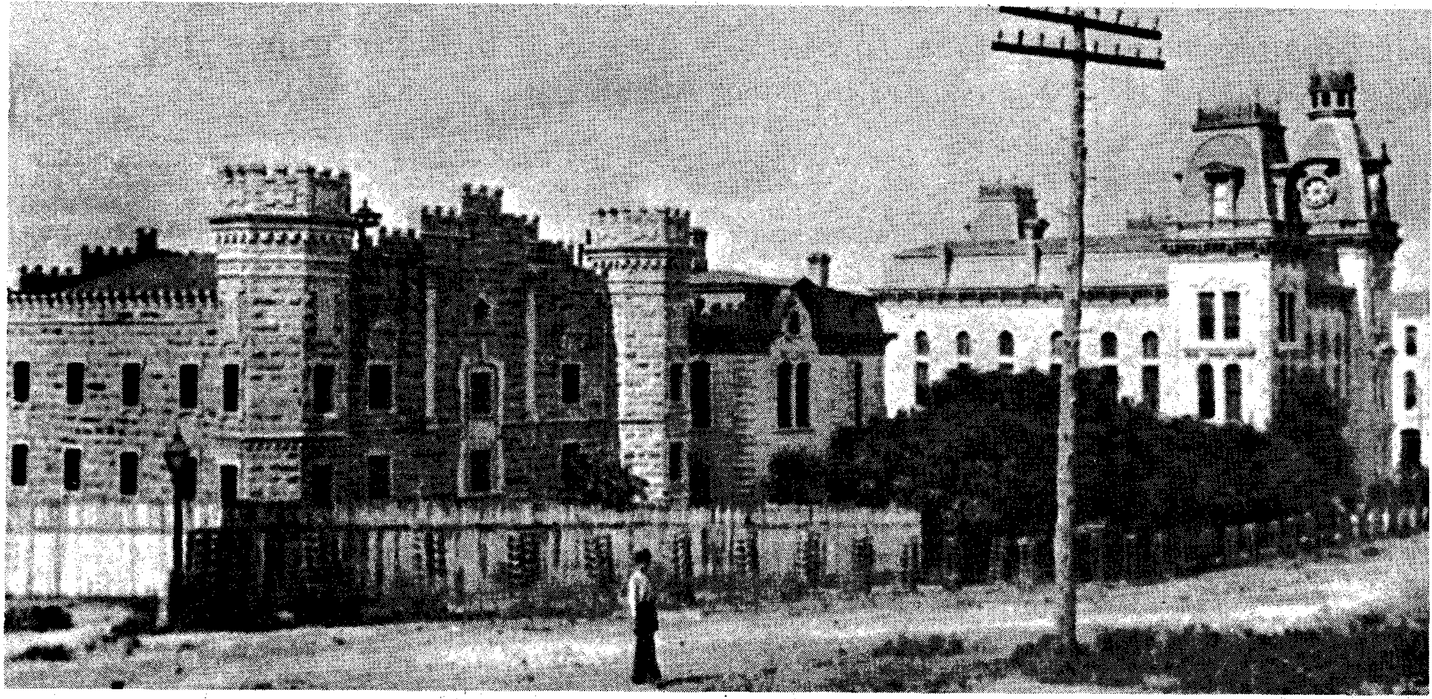
Bright and early one September morning John Ensall showed up in Manchaca and Jim Martin arrested him. Martin's posse jumped Cornett and Herin in their camp a mile outside town. After a brisk fight, in which Martin was wounded, the outlaws scrambled away on foot, leav-

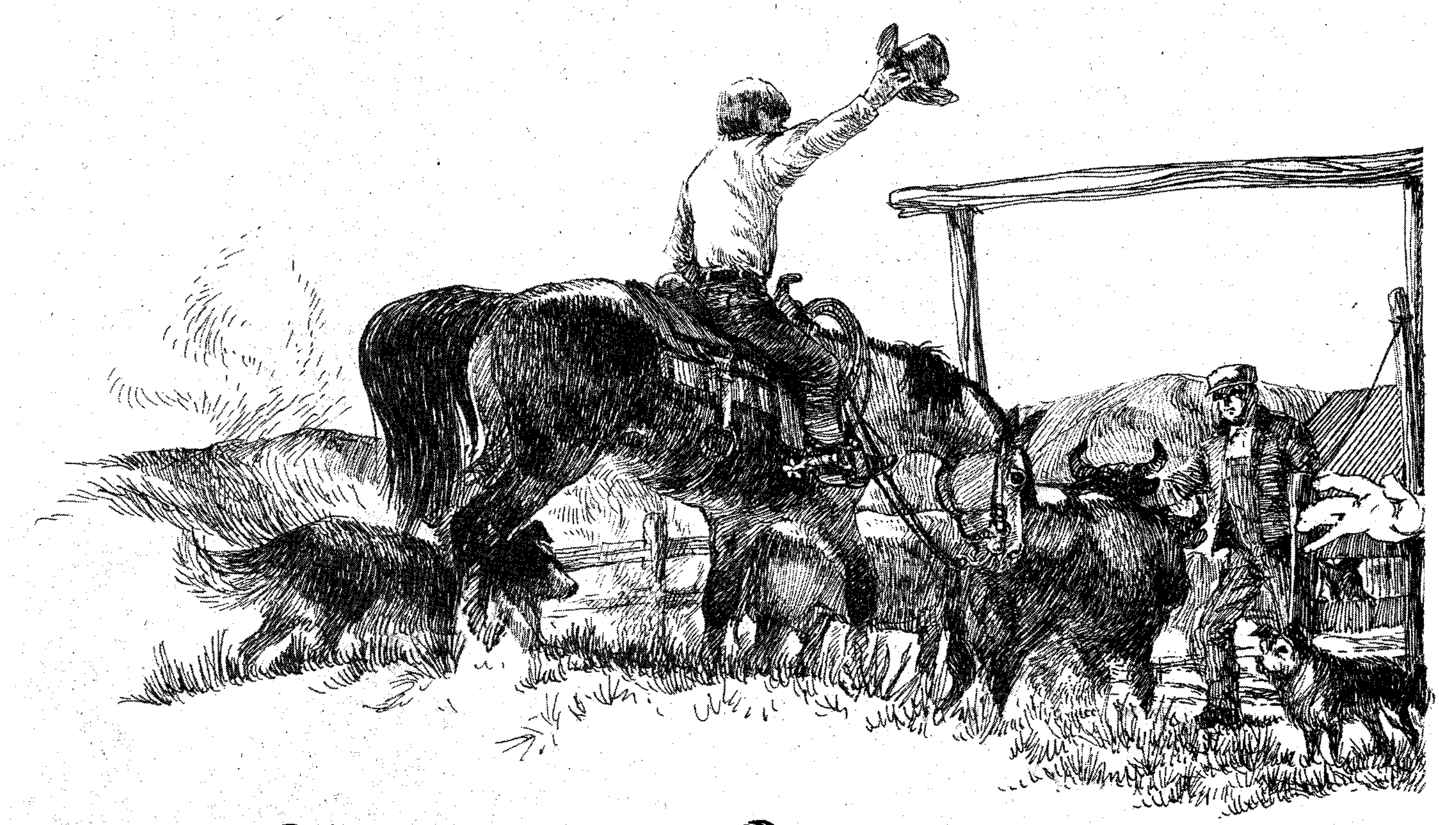
(Continued on page 50)

Photos below Courtesy Austin-Travis County Collection, Austin Public Library

Texas Governor Ross issued rewards of $1,000 each for the arrest and conviction of the train robbers.

After his arrest in Manchaca John Ensall escaped from the Travis County jail (left) at Austin, Texas. Courthouse is shown in background. Photo taken about 1888.





SAGA of RUSSIAN PETE

Exiled from easy friendships by a language he couldn't speak and customs he didn't understand, the big silent boss of the milk string made a lasting impression on a young ranch boy

BY JAY J. KALEZ

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustration by Paul Hudgins

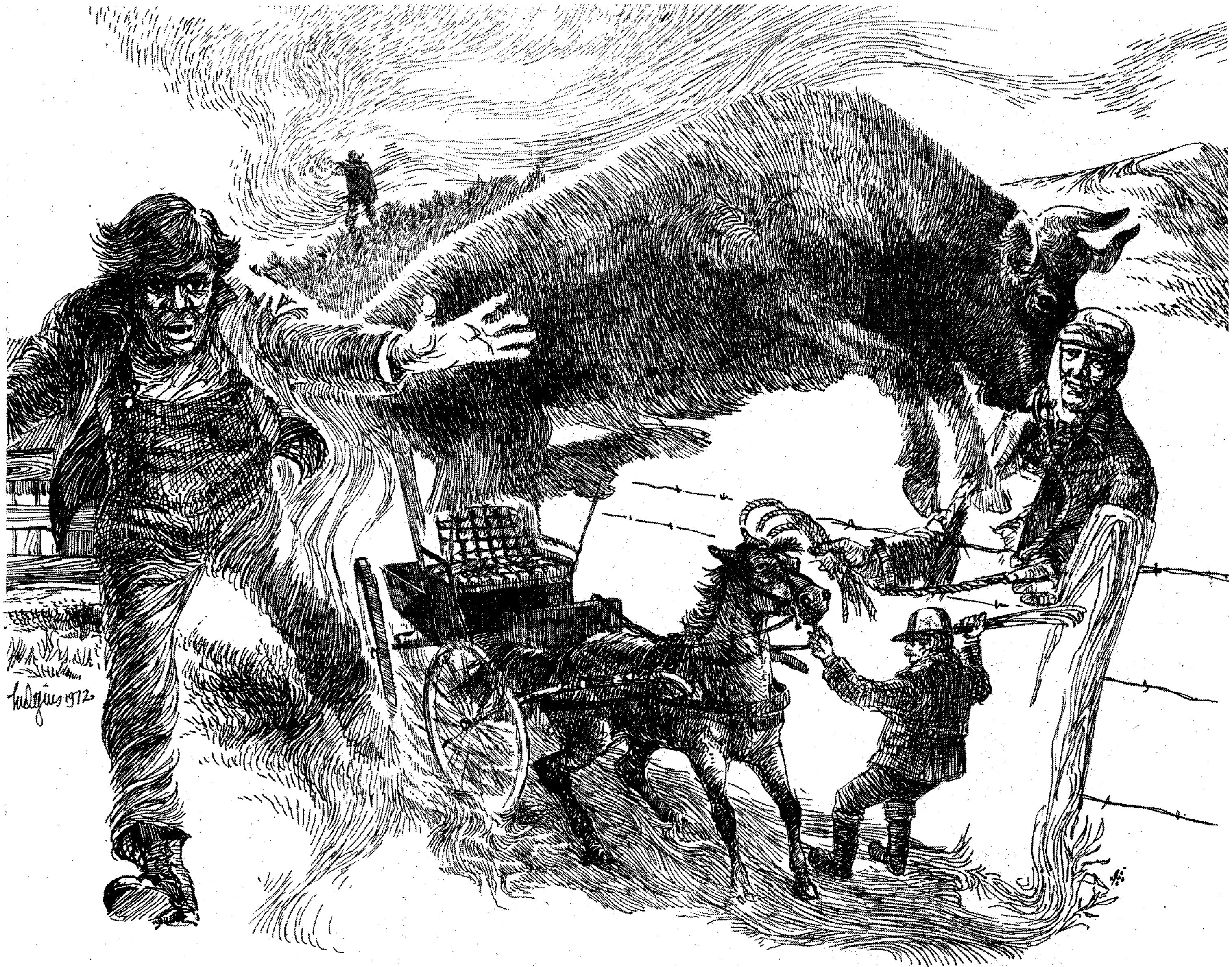
ANY MAN who spent his youth on a ranch or farm usually has some treasured memories of a certain character or work associate with whom he traveled or palled during those growing up years. My character was Russian Pete, a giant of a Russian, who even in my grade school days accepted me as the boss' son and, therefore, his boss.

Russian Pete, or "Rusko" as he was called by most of the hands, tended our barnyard milk string of a dozen or so head. Because of his seniority on the ranch he rated cowhand status among the bunkhouse regulars. The reason was easily understandable. Rusko Pete's size alone made him invulnerable to the usual jokes and teasing that go on in a bunkhouse. Added to that, Pete willingly accepted the milk string assignment and loved his job. No cowhand was envious of the particular ranch task he performed.

Even in his later years Rusko Pete spoke broken English; it was I who took credit for teaching him most of the English he did know. In fact, our original fondness for each other developed over a peculiar incident that happened after Pete first took over the assignment of the barnyard milk string.

There was considerable excitement and tension at our ranch corrals one spring afternoon when the sheriff's posse rode in and informed my dad and our ranch foreman, Sam, of the purpose of their visit. Our ranch was located at the east end of Liberty Lake, nestled in a shallow foothill draw-fold that stretched back two section line miles into the Mica Peak area and the Idaho state line border of the Coeur d'Alene Indian Reservation.

Sixteen miles to the west was Spokane. At a suburb of Spokane known as Dishman, a good-sized dance hall was being constructed by a crew of carpenters and roofers. The crew of roofers shingling the top of the new pavilion had taken to teasing one of the five men assigned to the job. The victim, a young man in his mid-twenties, took the "supposedly" good-natured teasing for some time—then, without any show of viciousness or revenge, he merely climbed down from the top of the pavilion, removed the ladder that provided access to the roof, and walking over to his hitched saddle horse, pulled a .30 Winchester



rifle from his saddle scabbard and proceeded to pick off the four remaining shinglers trapped on top of the pavilion.

His final score was two dead and two badly wounded. The purpose of the posse at our ranch was to follow his escape trail up into the Mica Hills.

IT WAS about this time that Rusko came out of the milk barn and in his broken English informed Sam that Daisy, one of the milk string had come fresh and evidently dropped her calf back in the hills someplace. Daisy was creating a fuss trying to get back down the pasture trail where she had been brought in that late afternoon.

Sam told Rusko to turn Daisy loose and trail her afoot to see if she would lead us back to her hidden calf. Coyotes and cougars were especially bad that year and a newborn calf without its mother during the night was an almost certain loss. As Rusko and I started out of the ranch yard, the sheriff yelled at us to be awful careful if we went up the side of the Mica slope because he had a posse coming over the hill from the Saltese side of Mica. "If anyone encounters you and hollers 'halt,' do just that," the sheriff warned us.

As Rusko and I, afoot, trailed Daisy down the trail toward the Mica draw, I attempted to inform Rusko what was happening. I had been teaching him English and he had been teaching me Russian. Our vocabulary of each other's words, though limited, was sufficient to carry on a conversation.

I explained that the posse was after an outlaw who had escaped into the Mica Hills someplace and if we encountered any men on the trail and they yelled, "Halt," we were to stop immediately. I didn't know how to explain that the man sought was a murderer; "lupusha" was the nearest word to outlaw that I knew. Old Rusko nodded his understanding and we proceeded along Daisy's trail into the Mica Hills.

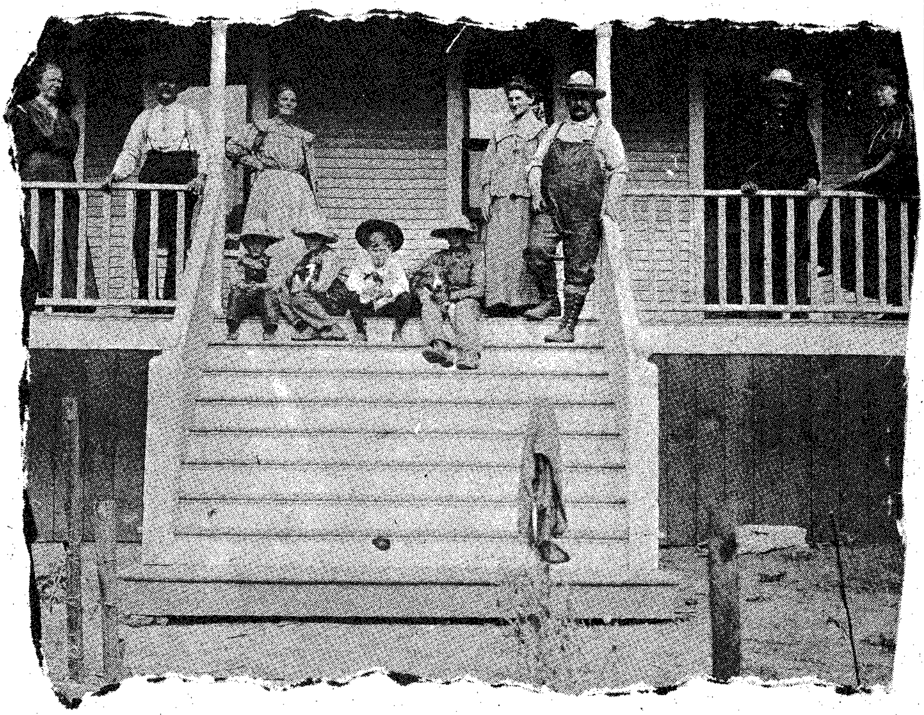
We had walked some little distance up the Mica slope when we decided to take opposite sides of a draw we were traveling in order to keep the determined Daisy in sight. Rusko disappeared into the underbrush on one side of the draw and I bucked brush on the other. We had walked for about fifteen minutes when I heard a rifle shot. With the shot came a crash of brush from something bolting down the draw's center.

Rusko was plunging headfirst down through the underbrush hollering, "Lupusha! Lupusha!" at the top of his lungs. I asked no questions but followed in his wake. When we got to the meadow at the foot of the draw, we met the posse coming up from our corral. Rusko in his broken English began telling the sheriff how some man had popped up from behind a stump and pointed a rifle at him. When Rusko turned and started to run the man hollered something and fired a shot at him.

It was while this conversation was going on that a couple of men came out of the brush up above us and identified themselves. They were sheriff's deputies from the Saltese posse. One had sighted Rusko and had hollered at him to halt, but the Russian's method of halting was to lower his head and make a dive down the brushy hillside. Luckily the deputy's aim was not true.

While we later located Daisy's calf hidden in a rocky ledge, we made certain that we were hollering loud enough for any lawmen around to know that we weren't their quarry. The murderer of the two roofers in Dishman was later captured on the Mica Ridge.

RUSKO seemed completely devoid of a sense of humor. To him the horseplay usually carried on at the ranch was a mystery. He never could understand



Liberty Lake Ranch home porch (above), with author's father and mother standing atop steps on the right. The ranch foreman Sam and his girl friend were on farther to the right. Seated on the steps, left to right: author's younger brother Marion; author holding his pet Fox Terrier; a visiting town kid; and author's cousin Roy with Jumbo. Standing to the left is a widow neighbor and a town horse buyer and his wife. This photo was taken in the summer of 1905. Two of the cow dogs, Jumbo and Muggins (below) had just been sheared for the summer and seemed to be embarrassed by their bare hide showing. The building in the rear is the ranch bunkhouse and cook shack. With Jumbo and Muggins is the ranch cook, Martin.

the jokes the cowhands played on each other, or the good-natured ribbing they dished out to one another. This outlook on life set Rusko apart from the rest of the bunkhouse crew and his very size protected him from the usual pranks and stunts.

My dad was a stickler for everyone on the ranch carrying his own weight, and from the time I was old enough to be considered "chore size" I had certain duties to perform. One of those duties was to bring in the milk herd each day in late afternoon and to trail them back up into the hills each morning when they hit out for range pasture.

I had been given that task the day Rusko took over the milk string assignment. Rusko had a mortal fear of horses and flatly refused to even try to mount up. He often tried to tell me how as a youngster in the old country he had watched Cossack soldiers ride down farm folks just for sport. Whether his fear of horses was from something that had happened to him as a boy, I never did know. But he shied clear of even the horse barn.

When it came to cows, though, Rusko was in a class by himself. He had a name for every one of the milkers and treated each as somebody might a pet.

My responsibility of seeing that the herd was in the barn corral every evening and chaperoning them back through the pasture range gates each morning wasn't such a bad assignment because we had two wonderful Collie dogs that we had raised from pups. Jumbo and Muggins were a treat to watch. They would follow me and my pony up into the hills, and when I could hear the cow bells in the distance I would merely point that way to the two dogs and say, "Go fetch them."

Away they would go and shortly the milk string would come trailing for home with the two Collies at their heels. If a milker was missing the dogs seemed to know and would go back to retrieve the laggard. Rusko was always at the barn with the feed troughs' daily ration of bran and shorts dished out and waiting.

Our reason for the milk herd was two-fold. First, we had a contract with several dairies in Spokane to accept shipment of bull calfs, one or two days old, born at the various dairy ranches around the city. These crated bull calves would arrive by the electric train at Liberty Lake Station. A wagon would be at the depot to bring them back to the ranch. Here Rusko took over.

The calf "weaners," as we called them, were fed on Batchford milk food. To a calf, Batchford milk food is what malted milk is to a baby. Therefore the milk string played an important dietary part in building up our range herd.

In our tool shed there was an assortment of cattle remedies that the veterinarian had prescribed and left at our ranch. Rusko, being unable to read, usually had me identify the various remedies as needed. But in one particular case, while I was at school, Rusko took it upon himself to pick out the right one, and it nearly ended in tragedy.

Rusko had informed our foreman Sam that one of the cows acted as if she "were out of sorts." Sam told him to go to the tool shed and take two of the "Condition Capsules" from a round, brown box that was on the tool shack rafters and give them to the apparently ill animal. Sam described the pills as long, gold-colored capsules and told Rusko how to administer them by opening the cow's mouth, then dropping them down her throat.

The Russian went into the tool shack and in his search for a round, brown box with gold-colored capsules, came upon a box of dynamite caps. He extracted two of the copper capsule-like caps; the animal swallowed the dosage; and Pete went about his other duties.

Sam, going into the tool shack a few minutes later, saw that somebody had moved the dynamite caps from the rafters and, learning what Rusko had done, Sam nearly had a seizure himself.

For the next few days everybody moved with care around the barnyard. The ranch hands even insisted on Pete wrapping a blanket around his scoop shovel

(Continued on page 56)

TRAILS GROWN DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Kimmerly

Maybe I am inquiring for too many people but I know no other way to go about it. My grandfather died in July 1878 and my own father was born October 11, 1878 so he only got his information "second hand."

My paternal grandfather was Frank Kimmerly, born at Napenese (Napanee?), Canada, no known date. My paternal grandmother was Mary Ann Nesdal (Nesdel), born at Portage, New York (no date either) and the information given me was that they were married in 1859 at Munda, New York.

They left Omaha, Nebraska in 1864 and went to Alder Gulch, Montana in a wagon train captained by Captain Bozeman. My uncle, Edward S. Kimmerly, was supposed to have been the first white male child born after Montana was declared a territory. He was born at what our family Bible calls Summit City. Have never been able to locate Summit City or Diamond City where several of my aunts and uncles were born, also according to our Bible. I've been to Alder Gulch and Madison River country but don't know if these are the same places. Sure would like to correspond with anyone who knows the background of that area during that period of 1864-1870. My grandfather's trade was millwright. I believe he built the flour mills at Rochester, Minnesota prior to his joining the wagontrain in Omaha.

Sure would like to get into correspondence with any Kimmerly or Nesdal (Nesdel) relations, especially anyone who might have any recollection of my great uncle, Phillip (Philip) Nesdel, who was a veteran of the Civil War. I believe he may have gone into Mexico.

Also, I am much interested in getting information on my maternal grandparents. James Clinton Gardner was born May 17, 1850 in Lexington, Kentucky. His mother Amelia Richardson was born in Shelbyville, Kentucky. James had four sisters and three brothers. My grandmother was born Sadie Mayer at Adel, Iowa on November 20, 1859. I do know she had three brothers buried where she is buried.

My father lived to be eighty-six years old but his memory at that time (after four strokes) was not too good. I guess I waited too long to get interested in history (your magazine is what started that!) so I think I'm asking some things that are impossible, but if someone can help me, I do have some records and pictures that might help someone else.—Mrs. Floyd W. Talbert, 5468 Shasta Way, Klamath Falls, Oregon 97601

Belanger-Czapanskiy-Capansky-Klaumann

Would like to hear from descendants or anyone who knew any Belanger, Czapanskiy, Capansky, or Klaumann.—Marguerite Taylor, Star Route, Box 36, Holly, Colorado 81047

Woodward

I would like any information on Robert Russel Woodward, his sons, Lowel, Jonas and Will, and his grandson, Earl. R. R. Woodward pioneered in Kane County, Illinois in the 1850s and '60s and in Turner County, South Dakota in the 1870s and '80s. He died in the San Francisco area in 1907. I am seeking the location of his death and burial place. I would also like to know what became of Lowel, Jonas and Earl. Jonas once lived in Corvallis, Oregon and Earl was living in Glasgow, Montana in 1917.—Richard Swann, Route 2, Box 37A, Newport, Washington 99156

Reed

I would certainly appreciate any information about Henry S. Reed, especially where he is buried. All I know is he died in 1861 and is buried in western Kentucky, somewhere near the Marion-Kuttawa-Princeton area.—Gerald R. Reed, R. R. 3, Box 120, Bartlesville, Oklahoma 74003

Westland-Andreson

Eli Westland (Andreson) came to America as the adopted son of my grandfather and worked with him at Hayward, Minnesota before going west. My grandparents had four children of their own: Martin, Ed, Sarah and Thorvald (my father). My grandfather's name was Andreson when he came to America from Norway, but was changed to Westland.

Eli was last heard from at Langford, South Dakota in 1908 where he operated a creamery and feed mill. He had a housekeeper named Mrs. Fox.

I wonder if anyone remembers him. Did he ever marry and have a family? Or does anyone know of a Fox family from South Dakota about 1908? If Eli is still living, he would be about ninety-five.—Mrs. Raymond Bentzen, Naper, Nebraska 68755

Latta

I am tracing the Latta family history and am interested in any information on Moses Latta. He was born September 14, 1782 in Philadelphia and died (I believe) in Muscatine, Iowa about 1850. His wife Margaret Quary Latta was born August 18, 1786 and died 1868 in Cass Township, Ohio County, Indiana. If anyone knows anything about this family, their origins or descendants, please write.

I am also tracing the Robbins family. Charles A. Robbins was born in 1801 in Massachusetts and married Sydney Zane (probably in Ohio or Indiana) and homesteaded in Davis City, Iowa in 1855. They left Davis City about 1881 for Oklahoma. Charles Robbins lived to be ninety years old and died from an injury when a barn door blew around on him. Sydney Zane was born in 1811 in Ohio and believed to be a granddaughter of Isaac Zane and his Indian wife—the same Isaac Zane who was one of the pioneer Zane brothers of the Ohio River Valley.—Diane J. Nichols, Box 68, Mariposa, California 95338

Porter-Hale

I am in real need of help with this family and will appreciate hearing from anyone who can give me a clue. George C. Porter married Martha Jane Hale in Hunt County, Texas first. They had two children. Missouri Hugh Porter, called Sudie, was born March 6, 1860. She married William Marion Littleton, November 1, 1877 in Hunt County, Texas. Littleton was born November 17, 1847 in Arkansas.

Missouri Hugh's brother Francis (called Buck) was a nursing baby when his mother was killed in what has been referred to as the Porter Raid or Massacre which happened around Gainesville, Texas. The two children were raised by their Grandmother Hale.

C. G. Porter married a second time. In a letter I have from him to his daughter Sudie, written May 2, 187? (looks like 1878), he says in part, "Well you want to know how many children I had Yoby and Robert and Thomas Isaac and William Pendleton who is dead."

I will answer all letters.—Mrs. R. A. Buster, 1410 North Roosevelt, Amarillo, Texas 79107.

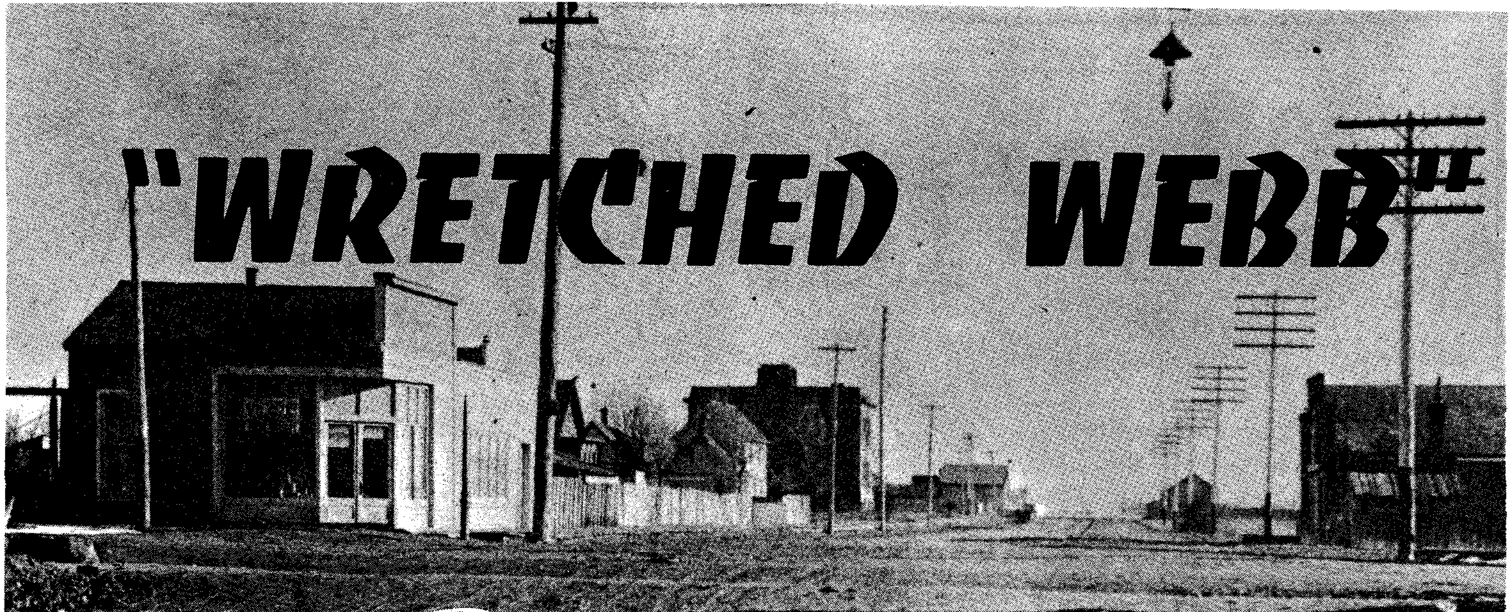
Peay-Pennell-Turner

Would like the name of a book, author, etc, on the Plains country in which there is shown a picture of a Pennell house. I also want any data concerning Austin Peay Pennell who went to Tallahassee, Florida about 1900 at around age forty-two. He was said to have been married three times. He was my paternal grandfather's brother. Could anyone help me identify the location of a scene, hand-painted on what appears to be a thin, copper-like substance of post-card size? It is of a flat-roofed dwelling, painted white, with one lone piece of sagebrush in front of the dwelling. Underneath the picture is painted "A Southwest Scene." Grandfather Pennell sent me this before he passed away and told me to be certain to keep it.

I am trying to trace the lineage of my great-grandfather, Joseph Preston Pennell, born in Pennsylvania about 1820. He married Mildred Ann Peay, born in Louisville, Kentucky February 14, 1882. She was the daughter of George Peay and Elizabeth "Betsy" Neill. Joseph and Mildred were married October 20, 1853 at 'Farmington,' Jefferson County, Ken-

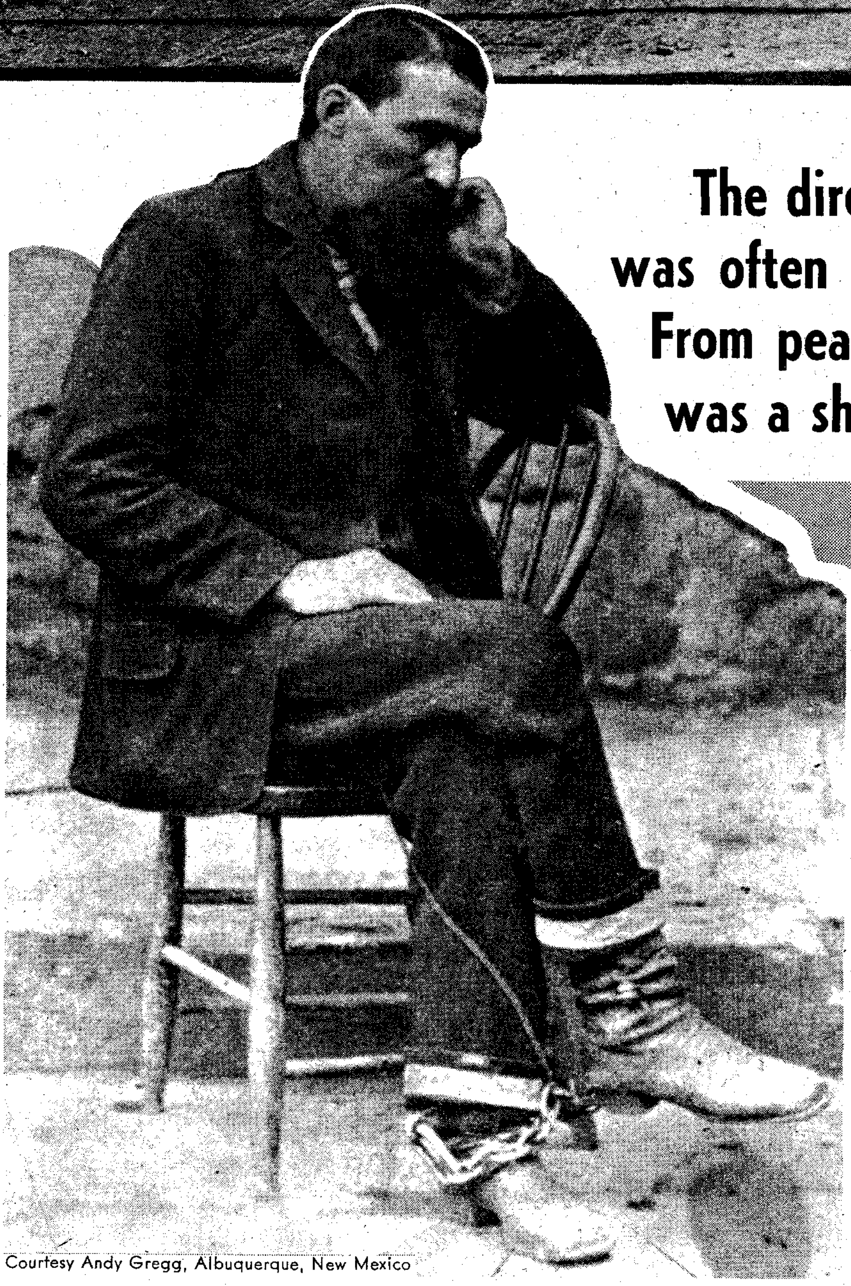
(Continued on page 69)

"WRETCHED WEBB"



Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

The direction of a Westerner's life was often pointed by his gun barrel. From peace officer to a felon's cell was a short and well traveled road



Courtesy Andy Gregg, Albuquerque, New Mexico

Top: East Las Vegas, New Mexico in 1887. It was here, sometime before the spring of 1880, that Webb began serving on the police force, and on March 2, 1880 the fatal shooting led to his downfall. Above: Purported to be John Joshua Webb in the San Miguel County jail at Las Vegas.

BY JOSEPH W. SNELL

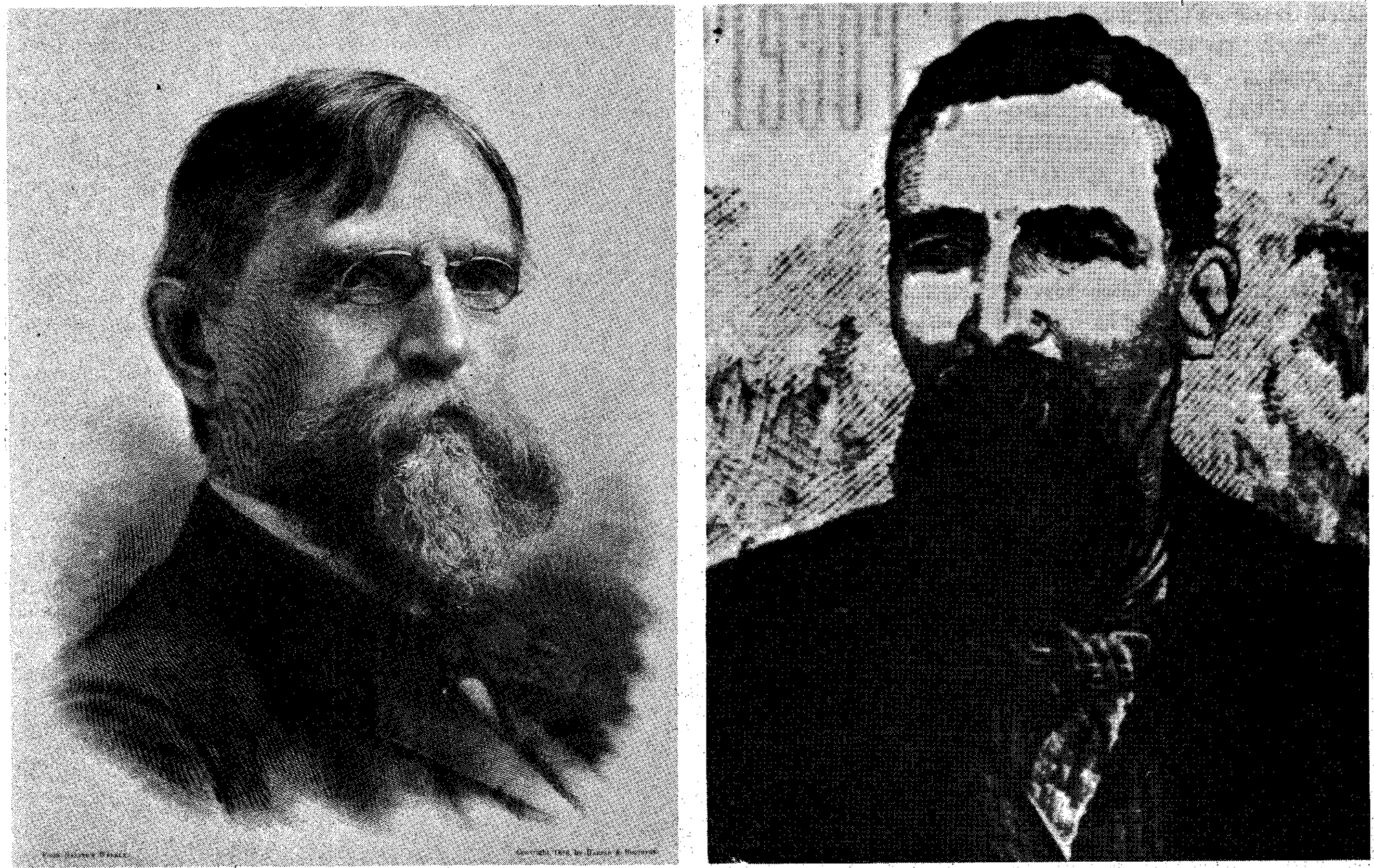
Photos Courtesy Author

"THE long mooted question as to the fate of John J. Webb, under sentence of death for the murder of Michael Keliher, is at last definitely settled," reported the Las Vegas, New Mexico *Daily Optic*, March 5, 1881.

"Governor Lew Wallace has commuted the death sentence to that of imprisonment for life. While he has been saved from the ignominy of dying by the hands of the executioner, his life of freedom, of an American citizen, is ended forever. His right to eat, to breathe, to perform his daily tasks under the supervision of a task master and finally to lie down and die within unhallowed walls, are all the rights he has on earth. Home is home to him no more; friends and friendships are things of the past eternally, and day and night are but the same to him, only as they mark the hours, or days, or years between him and the eternity of the future. . . ."

"Wretched Webb" the *Optic* called him, and indeed he was. And yet in his time and place he was as well and favorably known as many other persons who have gone down in history as heroes and/or defenders of Western law. Persons who were contemporaries, such as Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp and Billy the Kid, are well remem-

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico



The Las Vegas, New Mexico *Daily Optic* reported that Governor Lew Wallace (left) commuted the death sentence of John J. Webb (right) to imprisonment for life March 5, 1881. The *Daily Optic* also ran the picture of Webb above on February 25, 1881.

bered, but who can recall the life of John Joshua Webb? Certainly he had as many exciting adventures as any other frontiersman, and were it not for an unkind fate which doomed him in the early 1880s, Webb might today share the great Western spotlight.

John J. Webb was born in Keokuk County, Iowa on February 13, 1847. When he was fifteen his family moved to Nebraska, bringing John Joshua and his eleven brothers and sisters to the new frontier. Webb immediately struck out on his own, traveling overland to Denver. In the winter of 1862-63 he worked in the vicinity of Central City, perhaps in the gold mines of the region. In 1865 he joined the Powder River expedition of General P. Edward Connor, returning to Denver the next year and then going on to newly established Fort Dodge in western Kansas. The summer of 1866 he worked for an army beef contractor but in the fall went back to Denver.

Then, in 1867 Webb toured the line of the Union Pacific as far as it went, spending some time in Cheyenne. When cool weather arrived he drifted south to the mines of Elizabethtown, New Mexico, where he stayed about a year. Trinidad, Fort Lyon and Fort Dodge saw him in 1868 and in the spring of 1869 he went up into the Rockies as a tie cutter for the Kansas Pacific. Lee & Reynolds, post traders at Camp Supply, hired him as a bullwhacker in the fall of 1870 but he shortly drifted away again to visit the north fork of the Canadian in the Indian Territory. When fall of 1871 arrived he found himself proprietor of the Bluff Creek ranch just a mile out of Caldwell.

The Border Queen, as Caldwell later called herself, was just an infant town when Webb located on Bluff Creek but his ranch was already well known as a hangout for rough characters. Later the area gained more notoriety when Billy Brooks, former marshal of Newton and Ellsworth, was hanged there as a mule thief. When the railroad opened Caldwell to the cattle trade in 1880 the rough country of Bluff Creek offered security to more than one desperado racing out of town with the law hot on his trail.

IT IS fairly safe to assume that John Joshua Webb met some rather dubious characters during his tenure at the Bluff Creek ranch. If he didn't meet them there he probably met them in Newton where he spent the winter of 1871-1872 for reasons of health. Rowdy Joe Lowe was still around and the blood of the Newton general massacre still stained the floors of Perry Tuttle's dance hall.

Webb went back to the ranch in the spring of 1872 just long enough to sell it to Curly Marshall, himself a rather well known character; then Webb opened a saloon in Caldwell. But again he couldn't stay put and he went over to Dodge City to engage in the buffalo hunting business. In the spring of 1873 he hired out to Alexander C. Myers as an ox driver working out of Adobe Walls, but apparently he wasn't at the Adobe Walls fight in June 1874. Undoubtedly he became acquainted with young Bat Masterson who was also identified with the Walls. They may have known each other during the buffalo season of 1872-1873 when Bat was hunting with his brothers and Henry Raymond out of Dodge. Webb most certainly would have run across Bat during the Nelson A. Miles Indian campaign of autumn, 1874, for Bat was hired as scout under Lieutenant Frank D. Baldwin while Webb had charge of a government train carrying supplies for the expedition.

In 1875 Webb became a US Army wagonmaster out of Fort Dodge and was involved in moving the Sixth Cavalry from Dodge to Santa Fe, and the Fifth Cavalry from that place back to Dodge. Camp Supply was his headquarters until the spring of 1877 when he commenced working as a teamster for A. J. Anthony, a Dodge City pioneer.

Two years later Webb formed a partnership with Ben Springer and they successfully ran the Lady Gay saloon in Dodge City until Webb sold out to one of the Masterson boys. By that time Webb was well known on the frontier.

In September 1877, he had served on Sheriff Charles E. Bassett's Ford County posse which pursued Sam Bass and his Union Pacific train robbers when they were thought to be in the vicinity of Dodge. Along with Webb and Sheriff Bassett was Under-Sheriff Bat Masterson. Ed Masterson, assistant marshal of

Dodge City, took Deputy Sheriff Miles Mix with him in a separate search but none of these famous frontier peace officers caught sight of the slippery Bass gang. A few months later, when Bat had been elected and sworn in as sheriff of Ford County, the peace officers fared a little better.

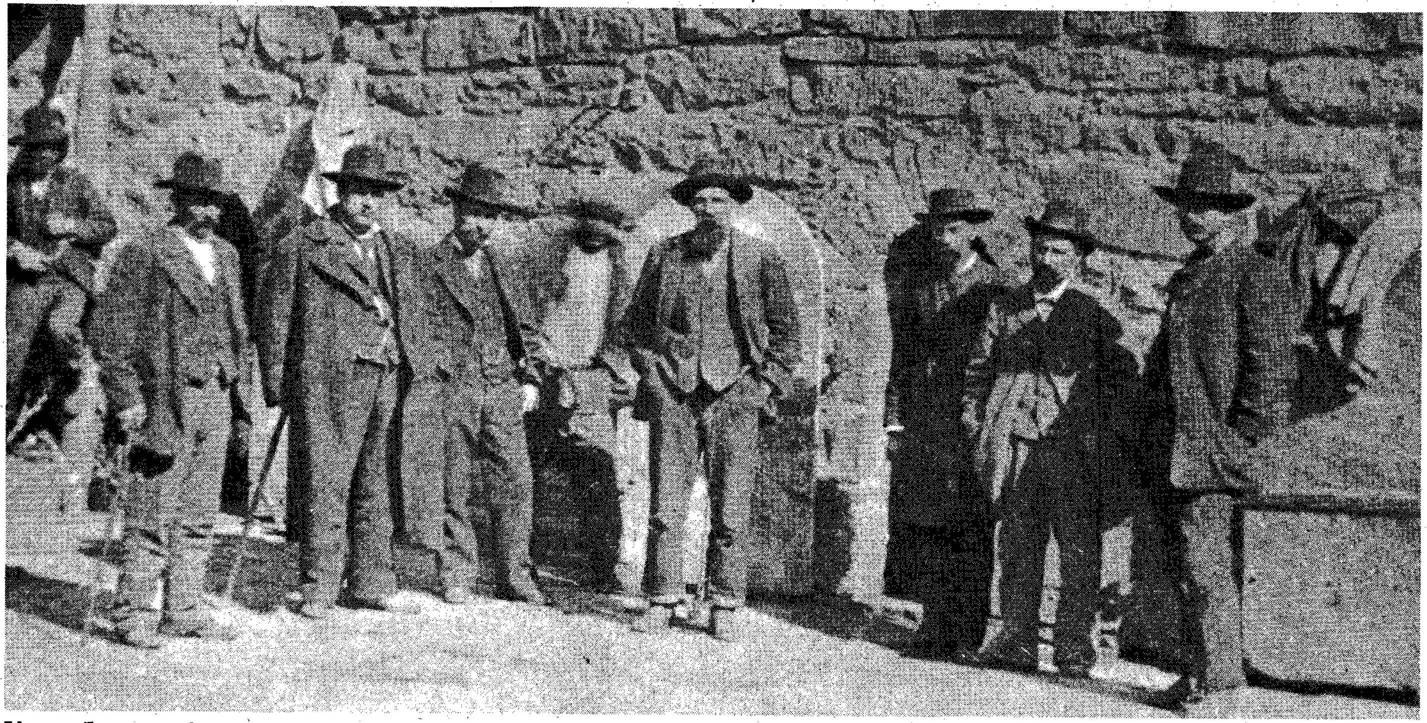
Some distance up the line of the Santa Fe to the east of Dodge City a group of men, their faces blackened to avoid identification, attempted to rob the station and a train at Kinsley. It was four o'clock Sunday morning, January 27, 1878, when the five outlaws unsuccessfully ordered night operator Andy Kinkade to open his safe. When the Santa Fe passenger train pulled in they were equally unsuccessful in their attempt to rob it. By now townsmen had been aroused and the robbers were pursued by handcar and horseback. A posse from Dodge City was fielded and by Tuesday a definite scent was picked up.

That day Sheriff Bat Masterson and a party made up of John J. Webb, Prairie Dog Dave Morrow and Kinch Riley rode south out of town toward Crooked Creek. They had gone but twenty-seven miles when a heavy snowstorm forced them to camp, but the next day they were able to go thirty-five miles farther to Lovell's cattle camp. Here, at sundown, they camped and remained through the afternoon of the next day. About five o'clock, as the snowstorm increased, Bat and his posse were able to discern four riders approaching the cattle camp. The riders were but a few hundred yards from Bat's hidden posse when they stopped and attempted to see whose rigs were tied outside. In the group was a cowboy who recognized one of Bat's horses as a rental from George Anderson's livery stable. The riders hesitated. Would they come on in or would suspicion drive them beyond Bat's grasp?

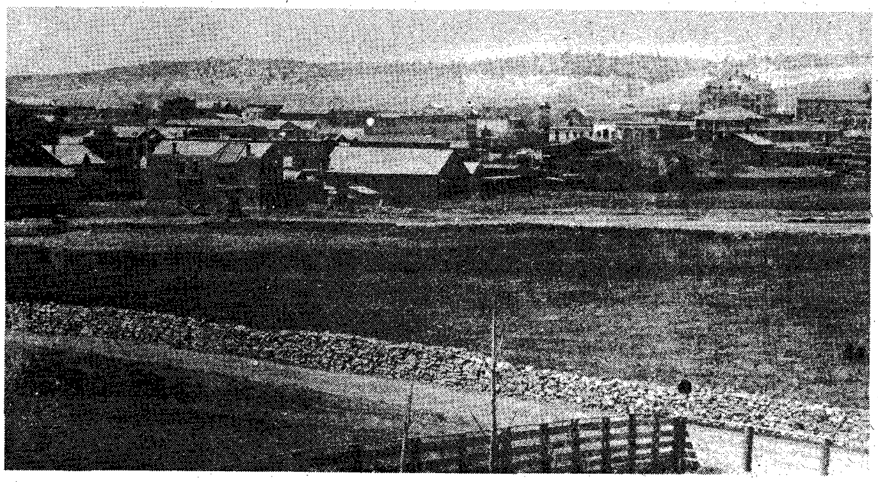
Webb acted quickly and strode out to speak to the strangers. He told them he was on his way to Anderson's to return the horse. Apparently his story quieted the riders' fears for they meekly followed as Webb turned and walked back to Bat's hiding place in a dugout. When they were near enough, Bat and his men jumped out and told the riders to throw up their hands. Kinch Riley moved to take their weapons but one of the men, Dave Rudabaugh, hesitated to give up his firearm. Webb pulled back the hammer of his own weapon to full cock and the ominous sound caused Rudabaugh to reconsider and finally give up his arms. When Bat and his posse returned to Dodge City, they had two of the Kinsley train robbers.

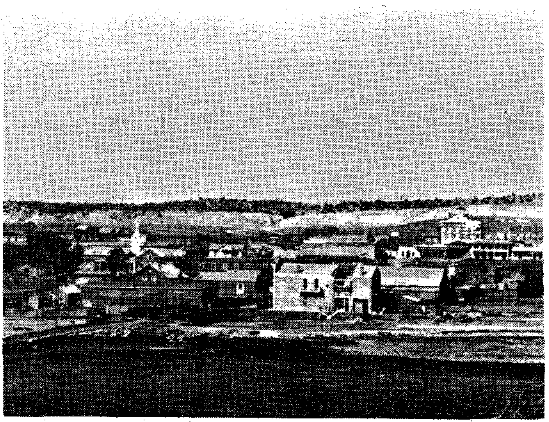
Bat and his men weren't satisfied with the partial capture and continued their search for the other three robbers. Late in February he, Charley Bassett and Webb again went to Lovell's cattle camp where they picked up a fresh trail they followed for several days. In the breaks of the Canadian River in Texas the terrain was against them and they lost the scent. After thirteen days during which nearly 600 miles of ground was covered,

Courtesy Andy Gregg, Albuquerque, New Mexico



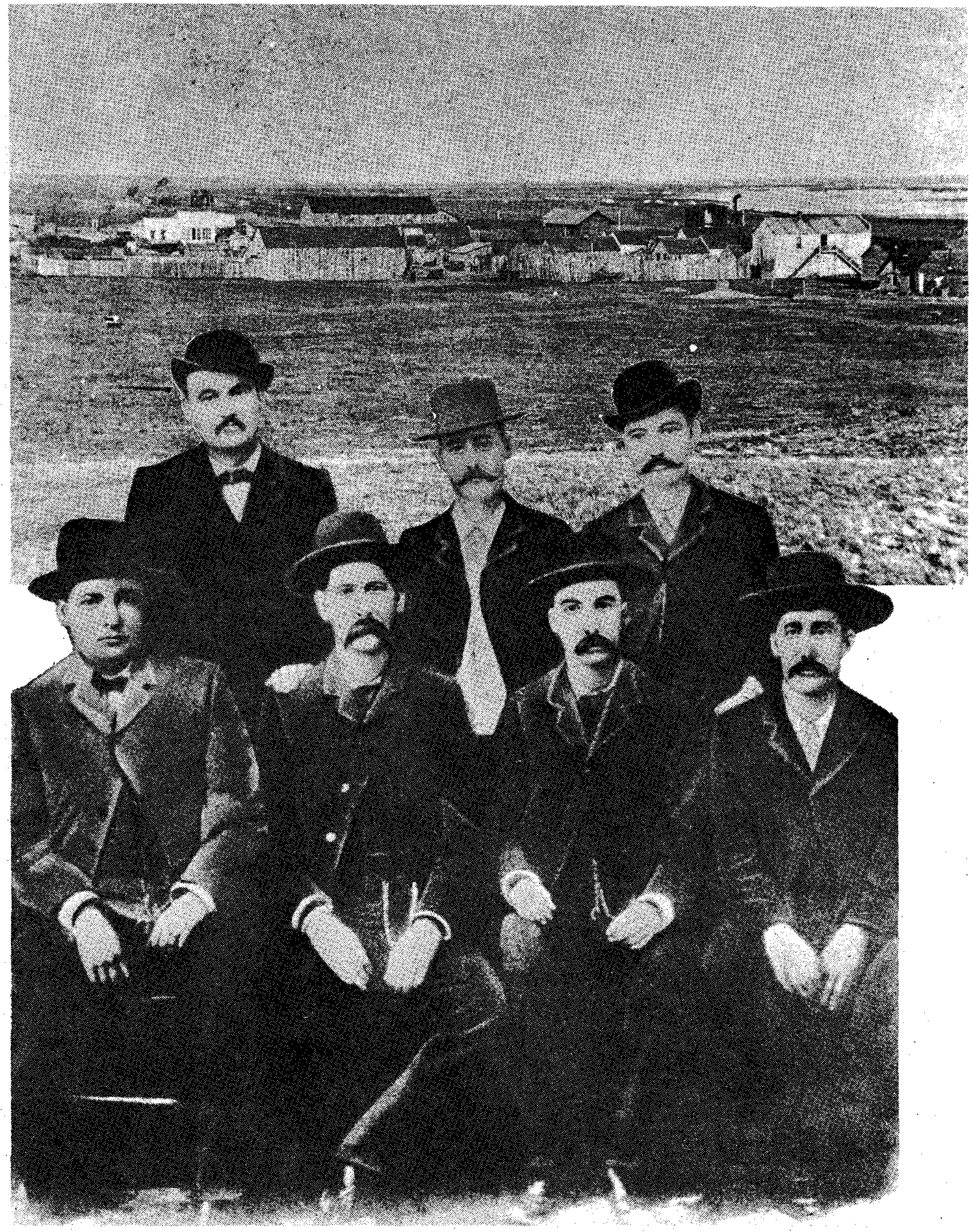
Above: A group of prisoners in the San Miguel County jail. Man standing fourth from right is believed to be Webb.





Distant view of Old Town Las Vegas (left) circa 1878; center section close up (below) circa 1880.

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico



Courtesy Western History Collection, University of Oklahoma

Above: Dodge City, Kansas 1872-1874. Below: Some of these Dodge City gunfighters knew Webb. Taken in Kansas City, 1871 they are, from left to right (top row): W. H. Harris, Luke Short, Bat Masterson (seated), Charles E. Bassett, Wyatt Earp, McNeal, and Neil Brown. When convicted of murder, Harris, Masterson, Bassett, Earp, and Brown were among Webb's friends who signed the petition and donated money to help.

they returned to Dodge City empty-handed.

FROM that time on Webb served occasionally on both the city and the county police forces. For instance, in June 1878 he was paid $7.50 as a special policeman under Marshal Charles E. Bassett and Assistant Marshal Wyatt Earp. When Deputy United States Marshal Harry T. McCarty was murdered in July, Webb served as one of his pall bearers. Indeed, Webb was among the elite of Dodge City.

When the Santa Fe railroad was feuding with the Denver & Rio Grande for right of way through the Royal Gorge, Webb, along with Bat and other men from Dodge, was hired to guard Santa Fe workmen. Webb returned to Dodge for a brief visit in May 1879 and the *Ford County Globe* reported that "they have done no fighting yet, but the difficulties between the two roads are by no means settled, and there is no telling what may turn up."

By July, however, the trouble seemed to be ended and "Captain Webb" with his eighty men returned home. A few days later he joined the Pueblo police force but by September was listed as a resident of Las Vegas, New Mexico. Again the *Globe* reported: "Capt. J. J. Webb . . . is engaged in some very mysterious business up there; at any rate, he has succeeded in quietly capturing two or three mail robbers out in New Mexico." As it turned out Webb had been hired as a detective by the Adams Express Company and was successfully rounding up his quarry.

Las Vegas at this time was a wide open mining town. Many of the more prominent residents of Dodge City had located out there, including Mysterious Dave Mather, Chalk Beeson, Charley Bassett, Jim Masterson and Wyatt Earp. Most of them did not locate permanently but their presence is indicative of the explosive nature of the town. Sometime before the spring of 1880, Webb was placed on the police force of East Las Vegas.

At four o'clock in the morning—Tuesday, March 2, 1880—Michael Keliher, William Brickley and another man entered Goodlett & Robert's saloon in East Las Vegas. Keliher appeared to be the leader of the party and, contrary to city ordinance, was carrying a pistol. Policeman Webb, who had just entered the saloon by its rear door, asked Keliher to hand over his revolver. "I won't be disarmed," Keliher insisted, "everything goes." As he spoke Keliher placed his hand on the butt of his revolver. Webb, thinking Keliher intended to shoot him, fired three shots killing him almost instantly.

The dead man, just a week short of his twenty-ninth birthday, had left Deadwood with Brickley on January 9 and was en route to New Mexico where he intended to buy some cattle. "But he did not live," stated the *Optic*, "and what killed him was whiskey." Brickley admitted that he and Keliher had been drinking too freely; when he sobered up he had the slain man placed in "a very handsome casket" and then sat down beside his companion and wept.

A coroner's jury was quickly convened and reached a decision that the "deceased came to his death by pistol shots, fired with a Colt's revolver, loaded with powder and ball, on the morning of March 2nd, 1880, by J. J. Webb, in the town of East Las Vegas and territory of New Mexico. The said J. J. Webb, then and there being a peace officer, and in the discharge of his duties as such peace officer, . . . the said killing was justifiable and absolutely necessary under the circumstances."

THEN a strange series of events began to happen. First, Hyman G. Neill, acting coroner who also went by the name of Hoodoo Brown, disappeared from Las Vegas. Mrs. Joe Carson, widow of a recently slain police officer, also vanished from view as did the corpse of her husband.

Talk began to circulate and on Thursday, March 4, J. J. Webb was arrested for the premeditated murder of Michael Keliher. The theory was that Webb and Neill had acted in concert to kill Keliher for the money he carried. Neill, as acting coroner, would have a jury find Webb innocent of murder and then the cash would be split between them. Webb, however, was Neill's patsy and Hoodoo Brown, the widow, and the coffin "have been skylarking through some of the interior towns of Kansas ever since," according to the Chicago *Times.*

In Parsons, Kansas, Neill and the widow were apprehended but on payment of a certain fee, it was alleged, were re-

(Continued on page 6)

NUGGETS

THE LEGENDARY LEAD MINE OF JAMES GOTCHER

By Perry Gotcher

JAMES GOACHER—as spelled by the records of Stephen F. Austin—made his appearance in Texas in 1827. Whether drawn by the hope of sudden riches or motivated by failure in Alabama, to him Texas beckoned with open arms.

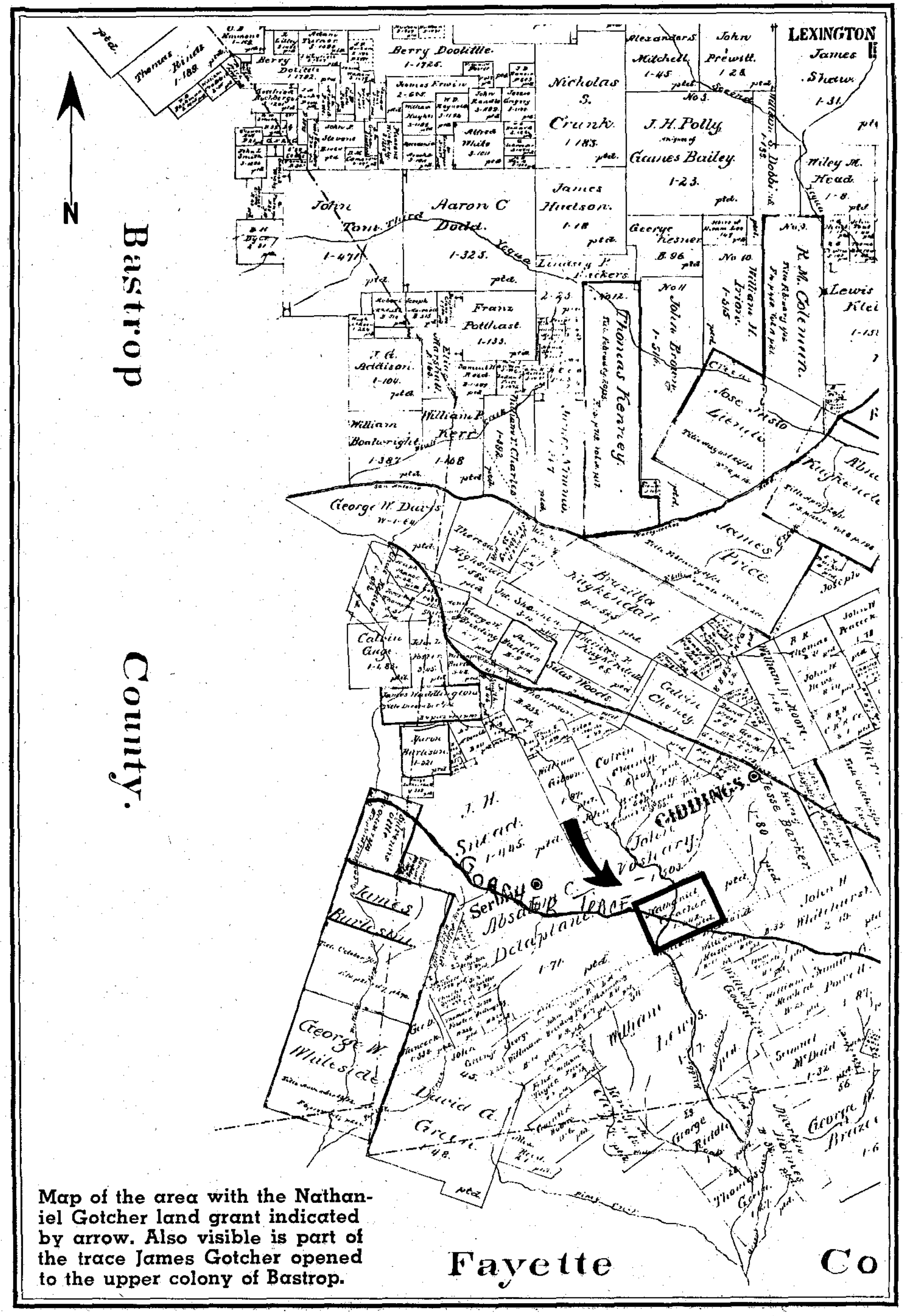
Upon his arrival in the small town of San Felipe, he wasted no time in making the acquaintance of its leading citizen, Stephen F. Austin, and entering into a business arrangement whereby Gotcher would open a serviceable road or trace to Austin's upper colony of Bastrop. In payment, James Gotcher would be guaranteed a league and labor of land for himself and his family, which he had left in Alabama.

Opening this trace for wagon traffic was no little chore. The choosing of good fordings was especially important. The trail finally picked by Gotcher led through the present counties of Austin, Washington, Lee, Fayette, and Bastrop. It was in the present county of Lee that Gotcher is thought to have stumbled across the legendary lead mine that was to give him fame. There is no definite proof that he discovered the mine at this time but logic seems to bear it out, since there was little time for exploring after bringing his family to Texas.

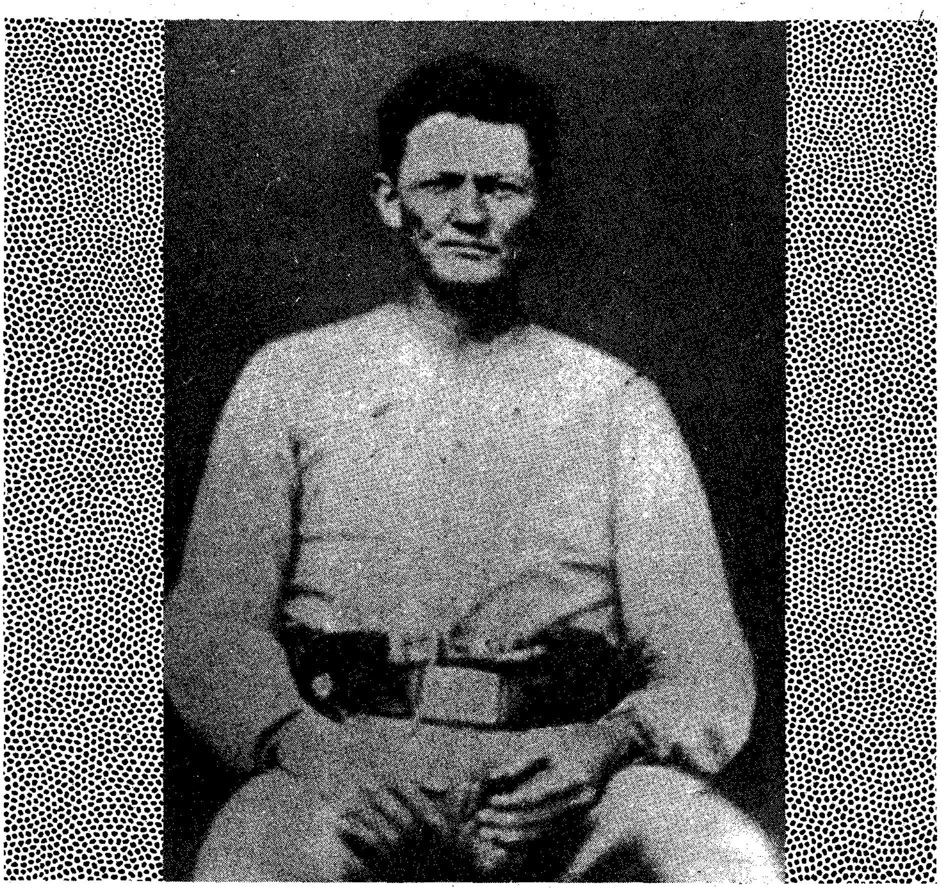
At any rate, when he returned to Texas he wasted no time in having his son Nathaniel file for a land grant on Rabb's Creek in present-day Lee County—a piece of land which had no farming value at all—while he reserved his larger grant for a more fertile strip.

There are several stories that support the fact that there was lead of large quantity in this area. A Mr. Estelle Williams of Lee County remembers an incident told to him by his grandfather who settled in the area before the Texas Revolution. A friend and neighbor of the grandfather had come one day to get him to go hunting. "Not today," his grandfather said, "for I have no bullets." "Why, come with me," said the friend, "and we will make some. I have a lump of lead as big as your head. There is

Photo, Map Courtesy Author


LEXINGTON
N
Bastrop County.
Fayette Co
GIDDINGS
Berry Doolittle
Nicholas S. Crunk
J. H. Polly
Gaines Bailey
James Hudson
Aaron C. Dodd
John
Franz Potthast
William Bontwright
William P. Kerr
George W. Davis
Thomas Kenney
R. M. Coleman
Jose Justo Liendo
James Price
Calvin Cheney
J. H. Smart
James Burleson
Absalom Delaplaine
George W. Whitesides
David C. Green
Samuel McDaid
George W. Brazil

Map of the area with the Nathaniel Gotcher land grant indicated by arrow. Also visible is part of the trace James Gotcher opened to the upper colony of Bastrop.



William Riley Gotcher, James Gotcher's only surviving son after 1851.

plenty of it up on Gotcher's Crossing." (Gotcher's Crossing was on Rabb's Creek on the land grant of Gotcher's son Nathaniel.)

In *Coronado's Children,* J. Frank Dobie wrote:

"When settlers came to Goacher's home to buy lead, so legend remembers, he would, if he did not have a sufficient supply, on hand, insist upon their staying at the house while he went for some. He always reappeared from a different quarter from that in which he had gone out. Sometimes he would be gone for hours, again, only for a short time. He guarded the secret of his lead ore as jealously as though it had been a trove of precious gems. Only three souls shared with him knowledge of the whereabouts of the mine; they were his two sons and a son-in-law named Crawford. One day about two years after they had settled on Rabb's Creek, all four of the men met death while rushing to the house, unarmed, to repel a horde of savages. These savages, so it is claimed, knew the whereabouts of the lead, knew the fatal worth of lead bullets, and in annihilating the Goacher men and carrying off the women and children they did not kill, were but following a plan to render the colonist less formidable. Perhaps, after the massacre, they covered up all traces of the lead mine; so remote was the Goacher homestead that other settlers knew nothing of the havoc until several days later. Certainly the mine had never been found, though more than one sign pointing to it has been glimpsed, always, however, in such a manner as to foil arrival at the goal."

The Houston *Dispatch* carried a feature article in August 1926 "The Legend of a Lost Mine." This article relates how a prominent physician and his wife who were residents of Lee County were enjoying a picnic on Rabb's Creek. While following her husband who had gone hunting, the wife picked up some pretty rocks for her garden. Upon arriving home she lined her flower beds with the rocks, but one caught her attention and she chose to use it for a doorstop. Some years later the family moved to another place, and soon getting settled in their new home the doctor's wife was provoked to find her favorite doorstop had been lost.

Some years later the doctor called on the town jeweler who was ill. Concluding his call, he picked up his case and was about to leave when his attention was drawn to a rock on the floor by the side of the door. "Why," he said, "there's my wife's long-lost doorstop!" The doctor had no more returned home when he was called again to the jeweler's home. This time the jeweler asked, "Where did your wife get this chunk of lead?" (He was referring to the doorstop.) The doctor said he did not know exactly where his wife had found the rock, but he would take it home and find out. Arriving home and inquiring of his wife about the doorstop, she immediately answered that she had found it while they were picnicking on Rabb's Creek some years before.

Is the "Legendary Lead Mine" fact or fiction? Who knows? Perhaps the Indians succeeded in protecting their secret when they took the life of James Gotcher.

WHISPERS IN THE NIGHT

By Agnes Wright Spring

"THE Telegraph line to the Pacific Coast must be kept up at any cost," was the command of General Patrick E. Connor, who was organizing a large military expedition to go north from Fort Laramie into hostile Indian country. It was the summer of 1865, known as "the bloody year on the Plains."

Every military post or stockade along the telegraph line was depleted of fighting men as most of them were in the field, and responsibility for keeping the telegraph line in working order was placed largely upon scattered repair patrols. The most important of these was one headed by Edward Creighton, superintendent of the Overland Telegraph line. With a detachment of thirty cavalrymen from the Eleventh Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, Creighton made repairs along one of the most harassed sections of the line—a 300-mile stretch between Fort Laramie and South Pass in what later became Wyoming Territory.

Creighton's repair patrol was comprised of ten wagons loaded with telegraph poles, escorted by the cavalrymen. The outfit moved in two lines in order that a quick circle could be formed if an Indian attack seemed imminent. With the stock and men inside the circle, the telegraph poles on the wagons served as a stockade.

Thin spirals of smoke in the distance often indicated burning telegraph poles. Although the patrol knew that destruction was going on the men did not dare, because of their small number, to stage an open campaign against the marauders. Since the Indians made the breaks in the line in daytime, but seldom if ever were on the prowl at night, the patrol made all repairs on the line after dark.

Often the Indians—Cheyenne or Sioux—would gallop up to the line, throw riatas over the wires and then, starting away at full gallop, tear the wire down. Sometimes they coiled the wire and carried it to some stream or deep arroyo where they dumped it. It was common practice for young bucks to pile sagebrush at the foot of a telegraph pole and set it on fire. Then they would squat nearby to watch the pole burn.

Working at night the repair patrol muffled the hoofs of the horses with blanket pads. And, in order to lighten the load and make a quick getaway if necessary, saddles were not used. According to instructions the men were, in the event of an attack, to scatter into the brush or any available shelter and to escape on their own, if possible.

Repair men dug holes to set up new telegraph poles and used thickly-padded hammers in driving the nails to hold the wire. Talking out loud while on the night patrol was forbidden. Only whispering could be resorted to when absolutely necessary, to communicate with each other.

Creighton's work usually was the most dangerous. After locating a break in the line he would unreel a thin, thread-like wire covered with green silk and stretch it between breaks while his men repaired the damage. If the poles had been destroyed, Creighton placed the delicate wire on top of sagebrush or weeds. And with this substitute wire he often transmitted the news of the day to Nevada and California. If jackrabbits were thick, or a bear or stray pony crossed the thin wire, all connection with California was temporarily at an end.

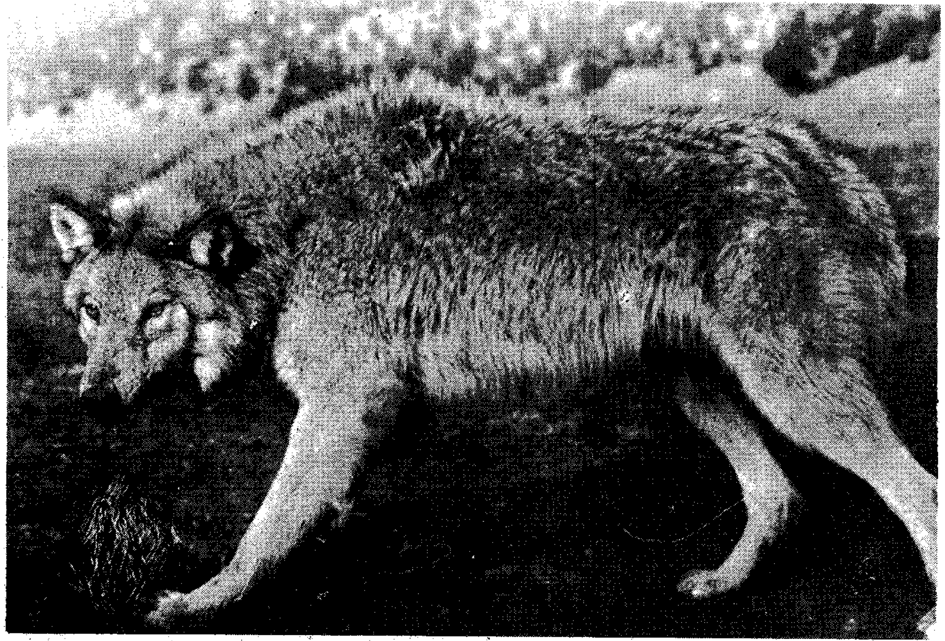
Now and then Indians camped near the break in the line. In that event Superintendent Creighton would go alone under cover of darkness, make a circle around the Indian camp, and locate the break. Beyond the break he could attach his pocket instrument and talk to San Francisco or to Omaha as the case might be, or send messages to operators along the line. He was so skillful in getting around that he always returned to camp unmolested.

When the overland telegraph line first was established in 1861, a council was held by telegraph officials between Scott's Bluff and Chimney Rock on the old California-Oregon Trail. Two Indian chiefs were stationed in the open plain between the Bluff and the Rock and each sent messages through telegraph operators. Then the chiefs mounted their horses and rode to meet each other. They were astounded and mystified when they found that the "talking wire" had carried the words they had spoken. They regarded the telegraph operators as "medicine men" and were so superstitious at first about the wire that they did not try to interfere with it. Later, however, as bad feelings against the whites increased, they began their work of destruction.

But by muffling their hammers and horses' hoofs and whispering in the night, the men of the telegraph repair patrol did heroic service in keeping the wires talking between Omaha and San Francisco.

TIMBER WOLVES IN COLORADO

By J. A. Riggin



Timber Wolf. Courtesy U. S. Department of the Interior, Fish and Wildlife Service

IN 1899 I reached Rifle, Colorado via freight trains from Illinois, heading for a ranch near Pagoda on Williams Fork, a valley between Meeker and Craig, Routt County. Here a cousin of mine was living with his aged grandmother, who was keeping house for a man named Peck.

I inquired around Rifle and found out there was a stage leaving the next morning for Craig via Meeker and Hamilton. Early the next morning I located the driver who was harnessing up his horses and told him that I would like to get a lift as far as Hamilton, as I would be heading up the creek from there toward Pagoda, but had no money. He said, "Well, my boy, since you are coming in here to work and live, you don't need any money. Just climb aboard as we will soon be taking off." I thanked him and climbed aboard.

We reached Hamilton in late afternoon. All on the stage wished me the best of luck, and I really needed it, as I had about six or more miles to hike up that snow-covered dirt road. There were ranchers living all the way up the creek, about a mile apart where I could have borrowed a horse, I learned later. Or had my cousin known I was coming, he would have met me with a horse.

I reached the Peck ranch rather late that night, tired and hungry—but happy, having reached my destination and being with my cousin again. Back home we had been in the same class at school. We were quite fond of each other Should either get into a fight at any time, the other was there to help him.

I worked on the Peck ranch for my board and room for over a year. My next job was on a cattle ranch near Craig, where I did all kinds of work including leveling land, feeding cattle, and haying.

After some months there I heard of a man named Kelly who had the Pagoda post office at his ranch. He was looking for a man to carry the mail horseback twice weekly between Pagoda and Craig, do irrigating, and usual ranch work. I rode over to Pagoda and got the job.

It was here one day when I was irrigating alfalfa near the county road, that a man about thirty years old came riding along on a heavily packed horse; bedding, canvas, lantern, pans and all kinds of camp equipment just about covered the animal. Seeing me, he slid off the pack and came over to the fence inquiring where he might find Mr. Kelly. I directed him up the road about a mile, where he would find Mr. Kelly irrigating. Mr. Kelly was an officer in the Routt County Cattlemen's Association, and evidently the man wanted to have Mr. Kelly tell him personally, that the Association had the money to pay bounty on any timber wolf scalps sent to them.

IN ROUTT COUNTY practically every rancher was growing hay, and had cattle on the range. Timber wolves were playing havoc to such an extent that the Cattlemen's Association of Routt County decided to pay a bounty equal to what the state was paying, which was $20, I believe.

The wolves were killing just to be killing, it seemed, since they ate very little out of each animal, and that was out of the loins. They would double up, when making a kill, so there was no escape for the animal—invariably two- or three-year-olds. The wolves could be heard almost any night, answering each other with that loud yap, followed by a long cry or howl, unlike that of a coyote.

Months rolled by and I didn't see this trapper or hear anything of him. Then one day the following spring he appeared again at Pagoda, looking for Mr. Kelly and saying that he was through trapping and was on his way out. He was riding the same horse, packed as before, with himself perched on top. He had a young wolf in his arms on a chain. The little fellow seemed quite tame.

"He's about eight months old," the trapper said. While feeding and resting his horse we had quite a chat together, mostly about wolves. He said that he did very well financially, and figured he had the timber wolves pretty well cleaned out of Williams Fork and that the Cattlemen's Association's wolf bounty fund was used up.

He told me about his method of trapping. "Wolves," he said, "are like mountain lions. They take to the higher trails."

So that's where he looked for their tracks first, and if the tracks led toward a rocky cliff or ledge he would go there and try to find openings in which might be some wolf puppies. "It is such places where wolves have their litters," he continued. When he found young wolves in an opening in the cliff he would close it with rocks and return to his camp for traps, which he would set inside the hole before plugging it up again. He kept repeating this until he had caught all of them. Sometimes he would find as many as seven puppies in one cave. It was another job to get the mother. Sometimes he would hide behind some brush or rocks and try to shoot her if she returned in daylight.

He would set traps around a dead car-

(Continued on page 68)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

IOWA MEMORIES

Otha D. Wearin is quite a man—farmer, Western art and book collector, antique bottle buff, former Iowa legislator, former U.S. Congressman, and author. His latest book *Before the Colors Fade* (available from the author, Nishna Vale Farm, Hastings, Iowa 51540, $6.50) is a series of nostalgic sketches of Iowa farm life in the not too distant past. Each of the short essays is accompanied by a drawing by talented Felix Summers, known for his long service as an illustrator for the Soil Conservation Service, USDA. With such subjects as Party Line; Home Cured Pork; Homemade Soap; Bee Trees; Country Stores; Windmills; Gypsy Wagons and the like and having been there and blessed with the ability to remember and record, Otha helps us relive the past. Refreshing.

HUNTING AND FISHING

Zane Grey, novelist, is well known to most readers of "Westerns" over the past sixty years—his reprints are still selling well and a few of his first editions are eagerly sought by Western literature collectors. That the writing dentist was a dedicated angler and hunter is not so well known by the general public although he wrote numerous magazine articles and a dozen books on his outdoors experiences. In commemoration of his centennial year, George Reiger, Washington, D.C. editor of *National* and *International Wildlife* magazines, has selected Grey's best hunting and fishing tales for a handsomely bound and illustrated book, *Zane Grey: Outdoorsman* (Prentice-Hall, $9.95). His articles and books on the outdoors have been eagerly sought for years by natural history buffs and the dedicated Grey collectors. Grey was a great story teller and a fine photographer and when he wrote about his own hunting and fishing experiences he was at his best. We think Reiger did a swell job and the book is a dandy.

LETTERS HOME

Much new material on Western America has been made available in *Soldier in the West - Letters of Theodore Talbot During His Services in California, Mexico and Oregon, 1845-53* (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.95) edited by Robert V. Hine and Savoie Lottinville. A confirmed bachelor, Talbot was a mamma's boy ruled at home by a domineering mother. Although the frontier experiences never cast him in the mould of a rugged Westerner, he left a written account of his explorations with Fremont and his sojourn in early Oregon that fill in some important gaps in the history of the areas. His frequent and often voluminous letters to his mother and sister give much detail about his sailing and military activities, subjects which were most familiar to him. Lacking an eagle eye for facts about natural resources, he missed giving posterity some valuable information of this type. Talbot held a sweaty, monotonous assignment at Vera Cruz at the windup of the war with Mexico and the agony of his boredom was poured into his family letters. There are also newsworthy sidelights about his numerous military and fur trapping companions which included Fremont, Abert, Bonneville, Kit Carson, Lucien Maxwell, the Bents, St. Vrain, and Peter Skene Ogden.

COLORADO LOCAL

In Upper Beaver Creek (Exposition Press, $6.00) Mabel Hall tells the intimate life stories of pioneers in Teller County, Colorado, a high plateau west of Pikes Peak. In an 1868 letter, John Fansher, one of the first Beaver Creek settlers and cattle ranchers, reported Indians raided there, killed eight men and stole 200 horses and between 700 and 800 cattle. Fansher and his neighbors joined a cavalry unit in a futile search that led them 325 weary miles. The book is almost a genealogy of local families, marriage, deaths and social life. Her narrative also spills over into adjoining areas of Cripple Creek, Colorado Springs, Florence and Canyon City where some of Beaver Creekers vacationed, married and worked. Among the unique characters described was Lovenia Green, daughter of a stiff-necked father, who finally escaped parental yoke by homesteading 640 acres on nearby Rice Mountain where she gradually became a wealthy ranch woman who remained a spinster. An accomplished author, Mrs. Hall wrote much about the lives of local people, and registered Upper Beaver Creek folklore in Western history.

IRISH FLATS

Irish Flats, A Ghost of San Antonio's Past (Naylor, $6.95) by Marie Fitzhugh is an historical novel about the poor working people of mixed nationalities that served the city's middle class and aristocracy. The author, a naturalized American, born in England, worked as a teacher for the U.S. Air Force at San Antonio. Through the medium of fiction, she reconstructs the story of Irish Flat dwellers of the 1890s. She reveals the events of this intriguing community near the Alamo through the eyes of Rose Agnes, ninth child of an Irish muleskinner who barely earns enough to support his growing family and his drinking habit. There is a melange of Shanty Irish, Mexican, as well as the poor of other ethnic groups, and together they form a tight community of close-mouthed individuals kindly considerate of each other. Their work brings them into daily contact with doctors, the moderately well-off, rich German bankers and businessmen and, of course, military personnel of the local presidio. The author takes the lid off the community and gives the reader a thorough look at life in this unique place.

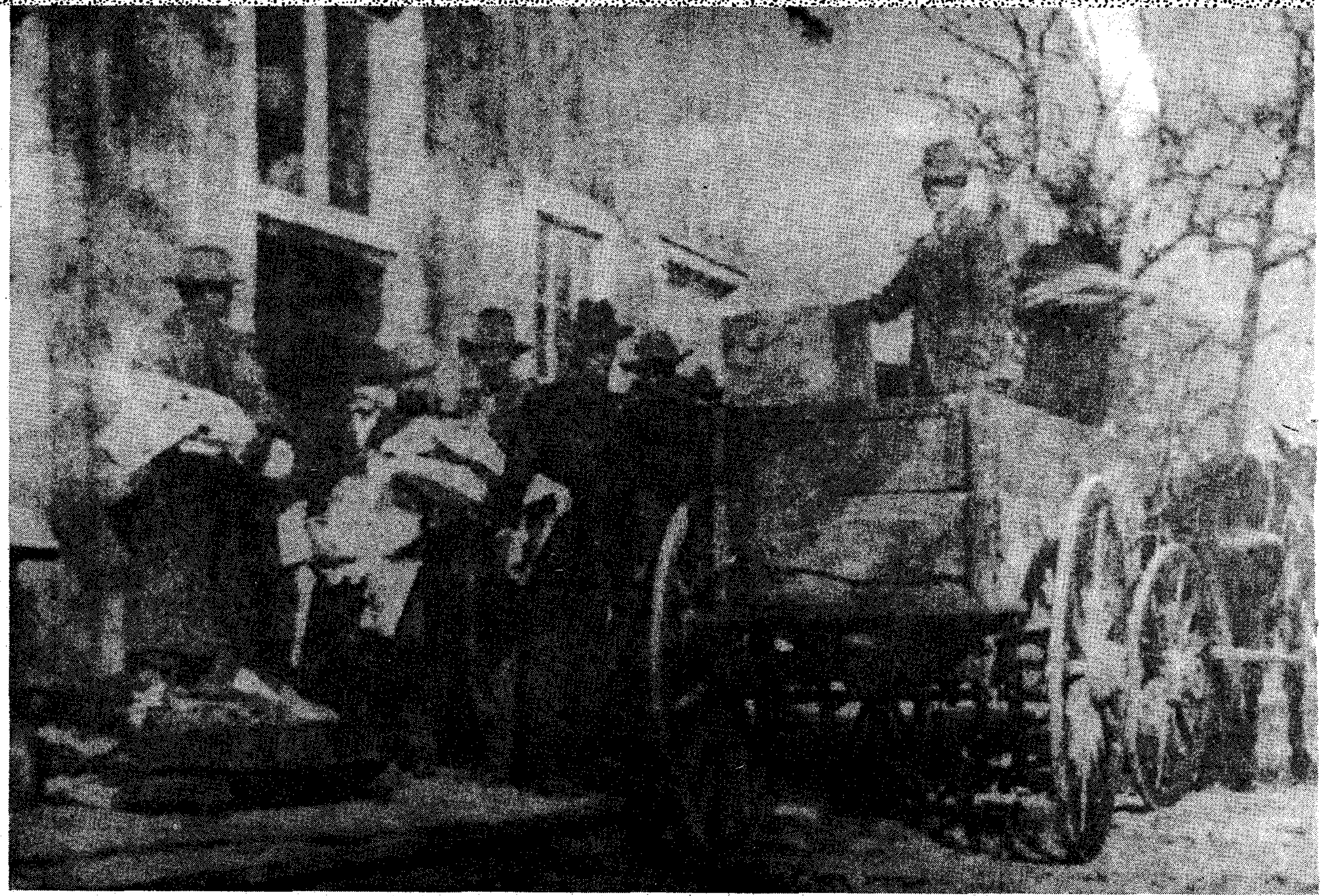
CUSTER'S BLACK

The name Isaiah Dorman is found in a number of accounts of the Battle of the Little Big Horn but it was not until 1972, some ninety-six years after that fatal affair, that he was accorded separate accounts recognition. *Custer's Black White Man* (privately printed for the author, 2214 McAuliffe Drive, Rockville, Md. 20851, $2.00) was written by W. Boyes, a member of the Potomac Corral, The Westerners. Dorman is described as "a huge, old, black man." He had lived a number of years on the frontier and was a full-time Sioux interpreter at Fort Rice, Dakota Territory. He was with the Seventh as a Sioux interpreter on specific orders of Custer. He was with Reno and was left behind with scout Charley Reynolds when Reno ordered retreat—both were killed. According to Indian accounts Dorman lived for some time after being mortally wounded and was visited by several warriors, including his old friend Sitting Bull. Worthwhile.

PANHANDLE COWMAN

Willie Newbury Lewis is remembered kindly by most Texana collectors for her informal history of the Panhandle country, *Between Sun and Sod,* published by Clyde I. (Pinkie) Price's Clarendon Press in 1938 and illustrated by the top Panhandle artist, Harold Bugbee. She waited many years to write the biography of her husband William J. Lewis, *Tapadero, The Making of a Cowboy* (University of Texas Press, $7.50). It is Number 11 in the M. K. Brown Range Life Series and very good indeed. Will Lewis arrived at Clarendon in 1885—his father sold out a profitable business in Frederick, Maryland to join his brother-in-law and one other partner in a ranching venture on the Salt Fork of Red River. The senior Lewis did not take to ranch life but fifteen-year-old Will did. He became a top hand before he could vote and by the time he was thirty, a well known and respected cowman. When he was forty he leased the famous Spur Ranch and in five years laid the foundation of his financial success. At the time of his death he owned 140,000 acres and 10,000 head of cattle. This is more than the biography of one cowman—there is much Panhandle history and some new insight (at least to this reviewer) into the character and ways of the old maestro of Panhandle ranching, Charles Goodnight. There is a map, a few good family photos, an index and a foreword by Victor White. Strongly recommended.

THE DELAWARE



Moving the courthouse records by wagon is shown in this early-day photo. From left: Bert Washbourne (brother of Jay Washbourne), D. A. Henley, third man unknown, Fred Kruse, and Clem Eden. In the wagon, Frank Phillips and W. J. Roberts.

NOT MANY towns in the rolling hill country of the proud Cherokees have lived through the agitation and unrest, suspicion and suspense, that the sleepy little town of Jay has.

When Oklahoma became a state in 1907 the village of Grove in the extreme northern part of Delaware County was declared the seat of government. People who lived in the southern part had a long tiresome journey each time they had business to transact at the courthouse. The only way to go was to walk, ride a horse, or drive a wagon over the few roads winding through the wooded hills. These roads crossed spring-fed creeks which were impassable a lot of the time.

In spite of the hardship entailed, most men hitched up the wagon team, put on the wagon sheet, and took the family along. They carried camping equipment and stopped wherever night overtook them. It was a good three or four days to the county seat and back. Usually the family made a sort of holiday of the trip. They visited at the spring in Grove with other families camping there.

Grove had a railroad and was a busy, growing town. Travelers across the state as well as residents of the county always tried to make it to Grove to camp for the night if at all possible because of the great, cold, gushing spring that was just at the edge of town; this spring was surrounded by a thick stand of trees, thus the name Grove. (I recall vividly camping there when I was a small child; a big cottonwood log had been hollowed out and was used for a watering trough for the livestock.)

Often, though, the people grumbled. They gathered in little knots at the big spring and vowed to do something about the seat of government. Finally a surveyor was employed to locate the center of the county. This was called a "center survey" and was made by a Charles W. Barnett.

Some three years after statehood Barnett declared the Thompson Euchalater place (just on the east edge of where Jay now stands) to be the exact center of the county. But Euchalater was a full-blood and could not deed land to the state or anyone else.

Jay Washbourne [also spelled Washburn], a part Cherokee, held the allotment joining the Euchalater place on the east and he at once offered ten acres to the county. The way Jay Washbourne got his name is amusing. Christened Claud at birth he, until two or three years of age, wore dresses just like his sisters. Then all of a sudden one day his mother decided that her son was old enough for overalls and shirts. Quickly she took a worn-out pair of her husband's overalls and deftly cut and sewed a smaller version for little Claud. For a little shirt, "just like Daddy's," she turned to several fifty-pound flour sacks she had on hand. These sacks bore the name of "Jay Strothers Flour and Milling Company, Southwest City, Mo." The letter J was bright red and very difficult to remove. When the flour sack shirt was finished the big red J sat square between the shoulders of little Claud. Forever after he was called Jay.

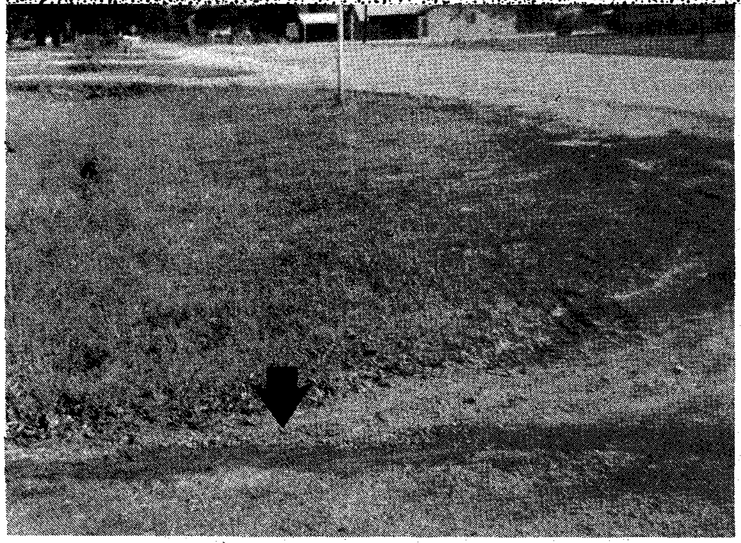
A petition was gotten up, and men on horseback rode the hills and hollows of the rugged county asking each settler

COUNTY FIGHT

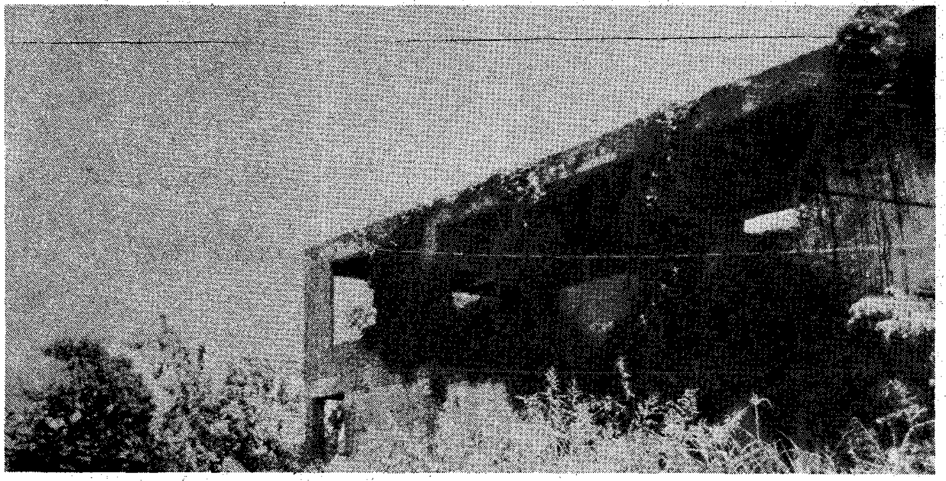
—trench warfare in Cherokee country!

BY OLEVIA E. MYERS

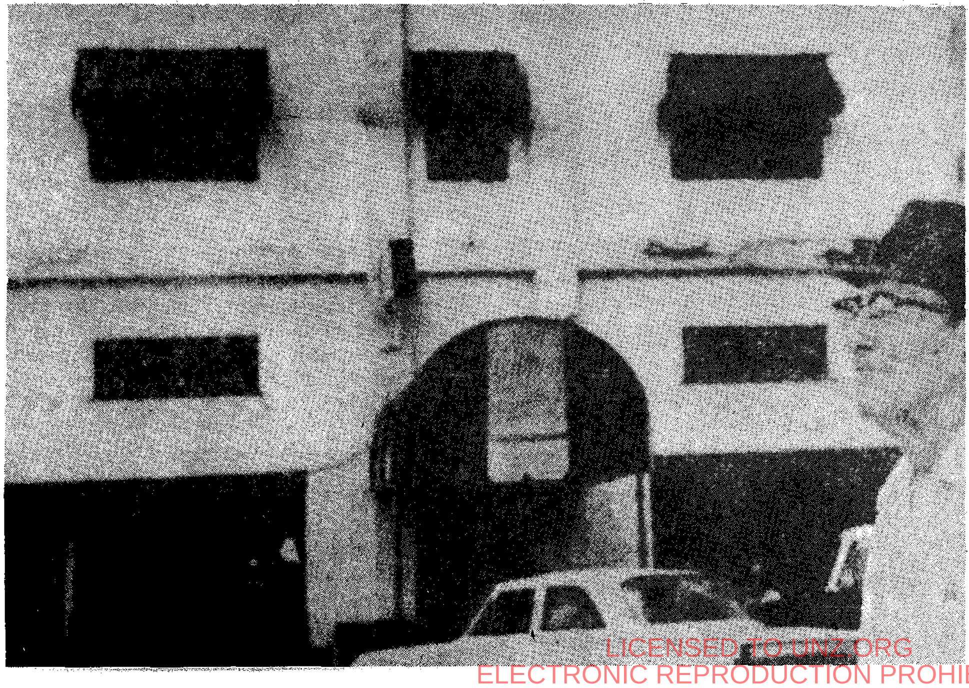
Photos Courtesy Author



Above: This depression (arrow) in a street in Jay, Oklahoma is part of the old trench dug by the Jay Militia to defend the courthouse. Below: Ancient ivy-covered walls and vacant windows are all that remain of the grand building put up by Creekmore as a courthouse for New Jay.



Below: The upper story of this building in Grove served as the Delaware County courthouse. It has been remodeled and is now the Grove Hotel.



to sign the petition to locate the courthouse on Washbourne's land. Many of the full-bloods and settlers had to sign the petition with an "X"—but all signed. The petition carried by over a hundred votes.

Citizens contributed money, labor and materials, and soon a two-story courthouse was erected in the middle of the ten acres donated by Washbourne. Everything was ready and waiting but the county commissioners refused to move the records from Grove, maintaining that the new structure erected from native lumber was unsafe to house them. The matter was taken to the Supreme Court of the state and on December 5, 1911, Governor Lee Cruse proclaimed Jay the proper site for the county government.

Once again the county commissioners refused to move the records. While the dispute continued, a wealthy real estate man, William Creekmore, from Joplin, Missouri slipped quietly into the Indian country and bought 240 acres of land adjoining the Washbourne place on the north. One of his partners was Ed Cassidy of Tulsa. Creekmore at once deeded, or offered to deed, ten acres to the county for municipal buildings and gave the name of New Jay to his townsite.

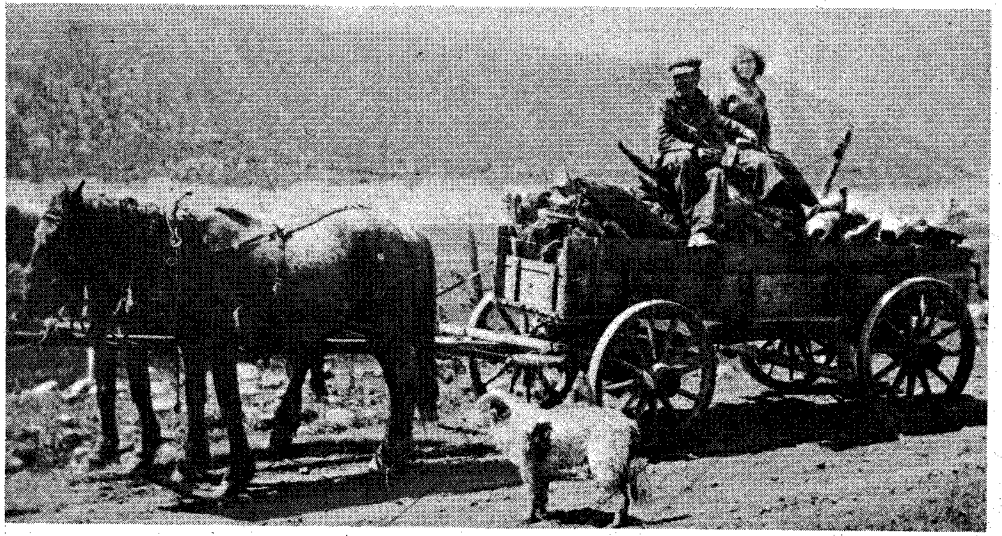
Construction of a large two-story concrete building with plate glass windows was started immediately. It was to be, he declared, his gift to the people of Delaware County. In record time the building was ready, and without question it was the finest by far of any other structure in the county.

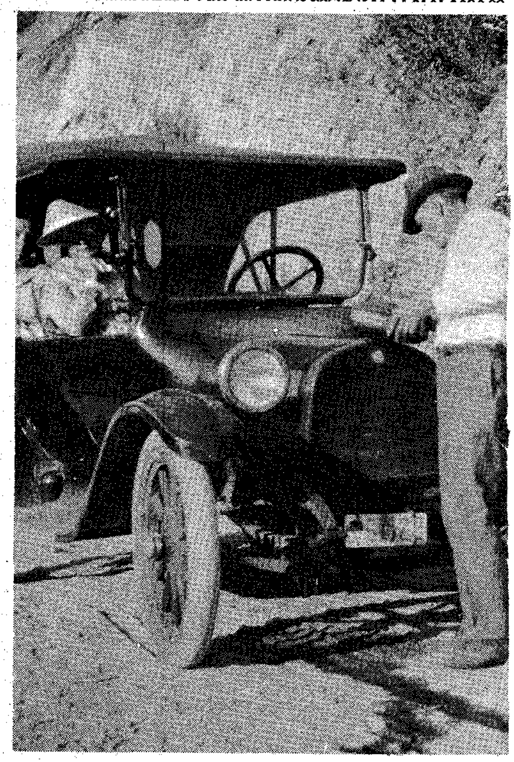
To prevent the removal of the records from Grove to Jay the commissioners got a court order and Governor Cruse again interfered, declaring that it was his intention to "inforce the will of the people." He wrote to County Attorney Ad Coppage stating this position in no uncertain terms.

(Continued on page 63)

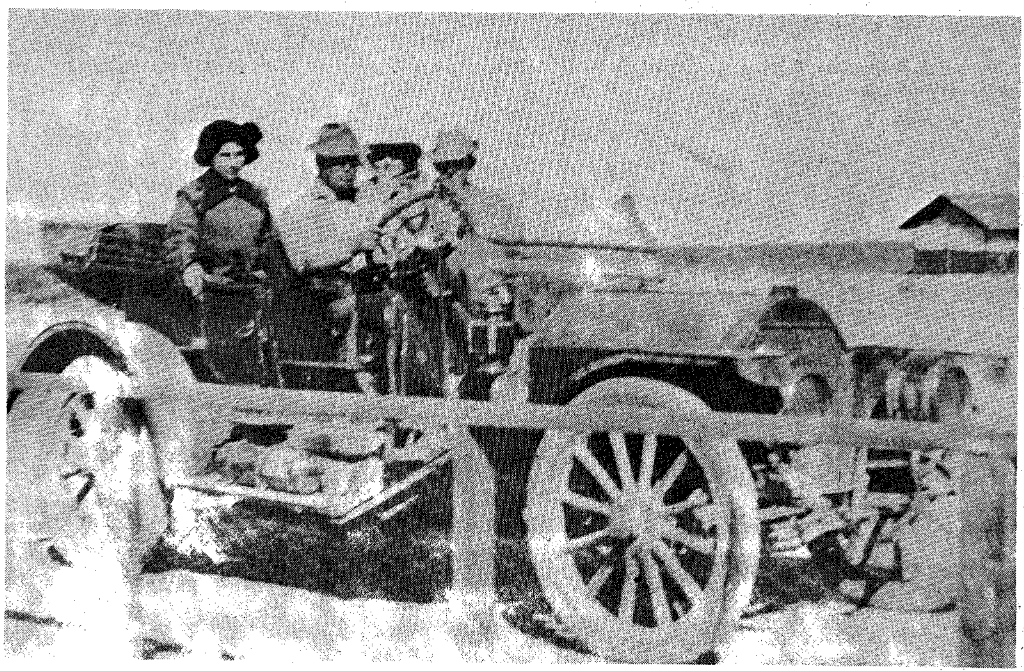
FROM MULEPOW

Many a prospector learned that the "axles" and "gears" wrapped up in a burro's hide were far more reliable than Detroit's best . . .





At the time of the Tonapah mining rush motor cars shared the rutted wagon roads with highwheeled wagons like the one above. Besides fighting nature's forces the traveler (right) had to have a considerable amount of patience, due to mechanical difficulties. At a top speed of twenty miles per hour, the "tin-lizzie" (below) criss-crossed Nevada. Auto stages began running from railroad stations to the newly formed mining districts which would hopefully bring wealth and excitement to the new residents of Nevada.



DAYBREAK in the desert. Streaking shafts of sunlight shoot across a gray level of sand, touching it with yellow. Scrubby sagebrush is transformed into a faded green. The purple sky and nearby hills slowly turn pink and gold.

Hub deep in sand, a dusty Tin-Lizzie struggles down a long forgotten wagon road. Its overheated engine spurts steam as the auto finally comes to a stop. The upset driver reaches over toward his sleeping companion and shakes him. "Wake up! The darn' thing is boilin' again!"

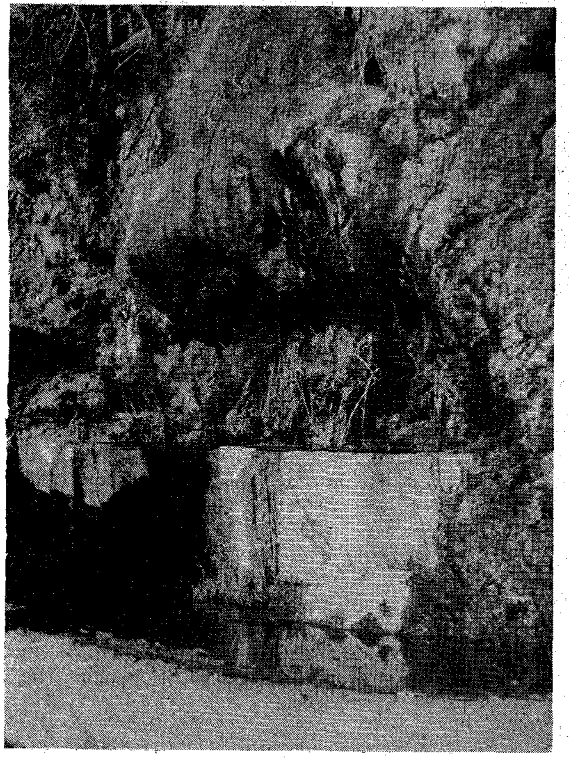
The sleeping man pulls a dusty grey blanket away from his face, grumbling to himself. "I told you—I knew you shouldn't have bought this here flivver. It's nothing but trouble. If it isn't limping on one lame leg, the damn thing is hot. Look at it—tied up with wire, one eye out, and almost every darn spring is broken."

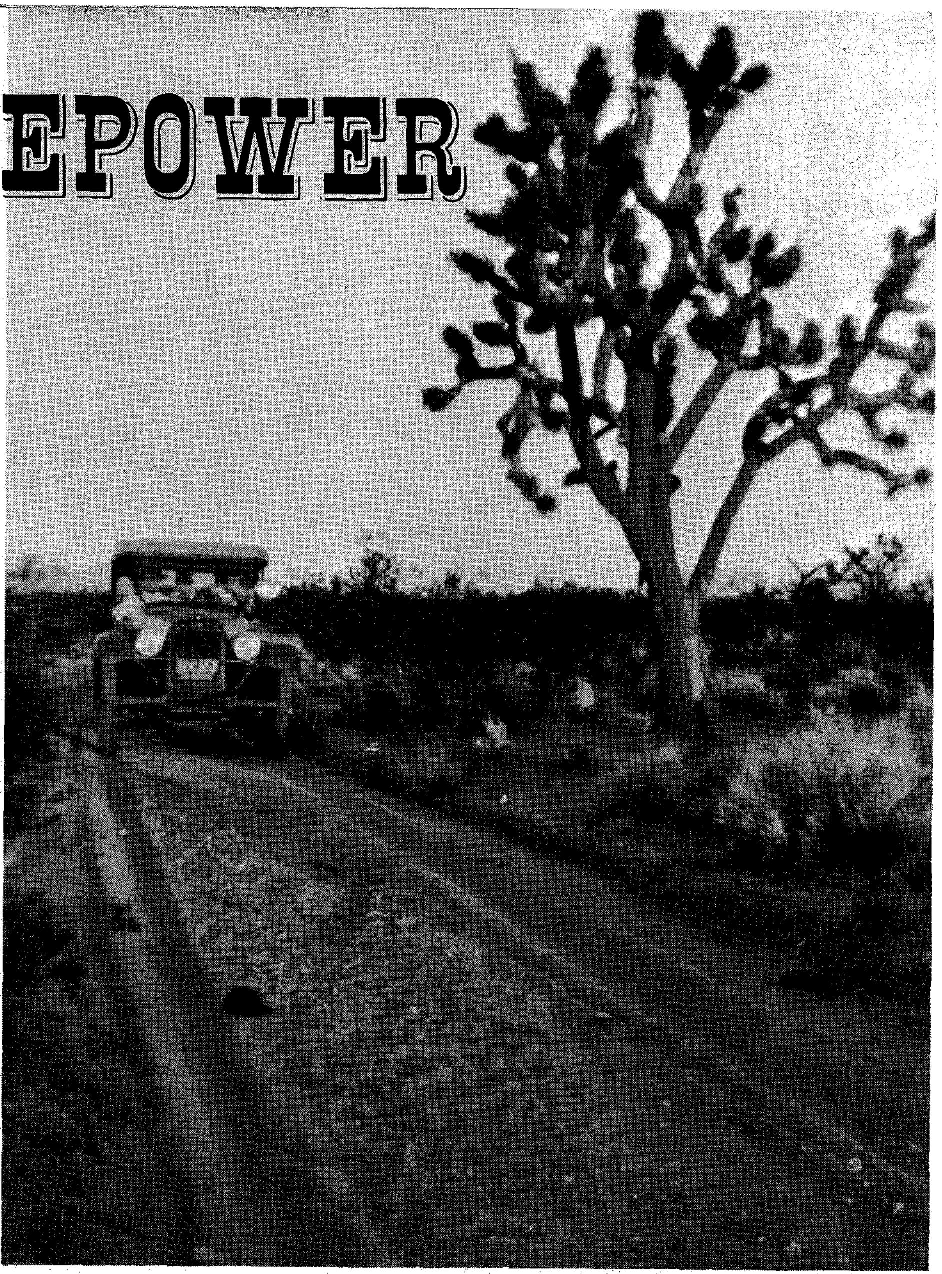
These were the exciting days of Nevada's here-today-gone-tomorrow mining camps. During the preceding twenty-odd years prospectors and mules had cooperated to find and locate scores of rich

TO HORSEPOWER

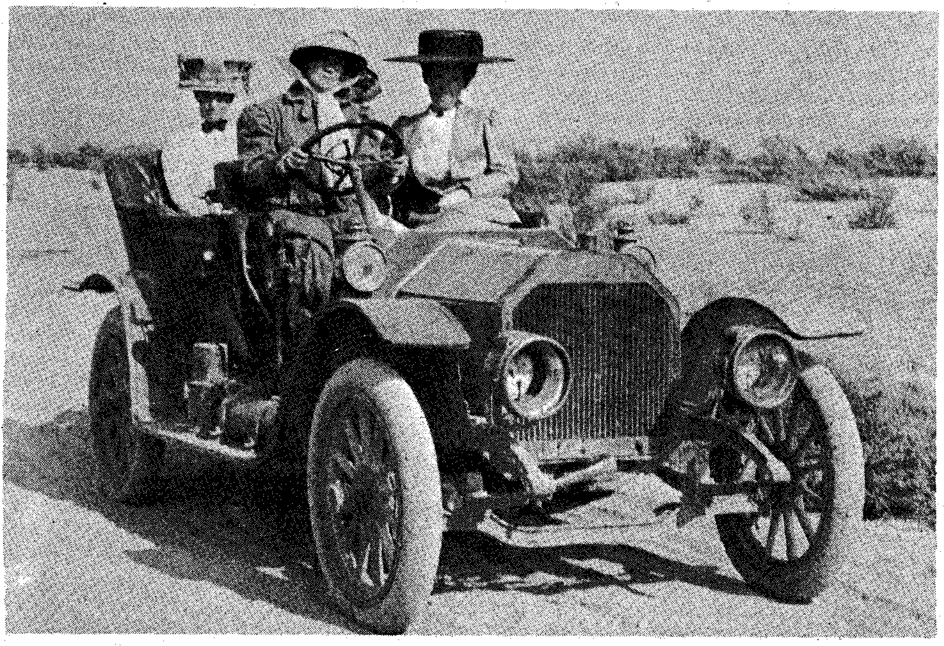
BY JOSEPH L. SIMAS

Photos Courtesy Author





The desert motorist traveled along roads that hardly deserved the name in this photograph (above) taken in 1923. Living in primarily a man's domain, ladies quickly jumped to the chance of learning to drive the motor car (below). Wearing bouffant skirts and wide colorful straw bonnets they soon took to the road.

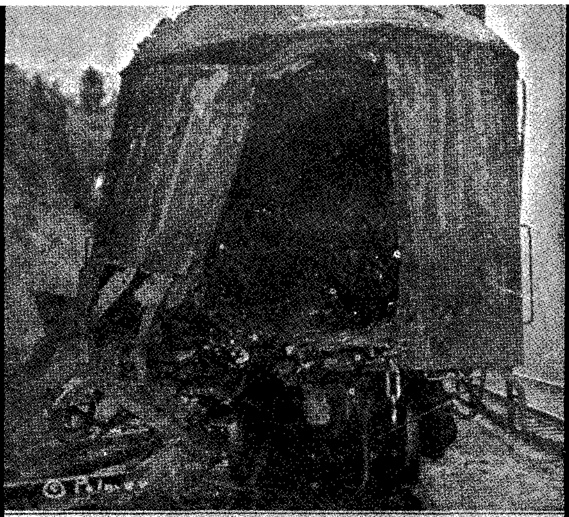


silver and gold camps, but this was the twentieth century and the automobile was beginning to make its way into Nevada's dunes and mountains. Where once only man and beast had trod, the new fortune seekers sped at twenty miles per hour.

As early as 1905 the motor car could be seen skirting along the rutted wagon roads from Tonapah to Goldfield, Beatty to Rhyolite, and from Las Vegas to Bullfrog. In their Overlands, Maxwells, Thomas Flyers, Oldsmobiles, Locomobiles and Pierce Arrows the motorists traveled roads that hardly deserved the name. For miles and miles the auto jerked and jogged, sputtered and choked as the drivers carved new roadways across the vast state. Over miles of soft sand, hard alkali beds, chuckholes, rock-strewn grades, dry creekbeds and steep inclines the motorist persevered—almost as helpless as the immigrants had been who crossed the state in 1849.

Although they traveled faster than burros and wagons, Tin Lizzies frequently were more of a headache than any stubborn pack mule. The motor heated up, the

(Continued on page 48)



MAIL CAR AFTER HOLDUP.
Where the postal clerk was cremated.

THE CASE OF THE SISKIYOU SLAYINGS

BY GARY WILLIAMS

Photos Courtesy Author

A CHILL Oregon drizzle greeted the sixty-one-year old man as the gates of Oregon State prison closed behind him. It was October 17, 1961 and Ray DeAutremont was leaving his gray home of bondage after nearly thirty-four years. Some 18,350 men had passed through the prison gates since Ray and his brothers, Roy and Hugh, were sentenced to life imprisonment in 1927.

With the capture and conviction of the three DeAutremont brothers an era of Americana came to a close. Train robbery had long held a special fascination. From the days of the James-Younger gang to the later colorful exploits of Wyoming's "White Masked Bandit," Bill Carlisle, who plagued the U.P. lines in dramatic headline fashion in the early years of this century, the American public had thrilled to accounts of these train-robbing desperadoes.

The closing episode for this type of outlawry was acted out in a bungled fashion and resulted in senseless mass murder. It began on October 11, 1923 in the Klamath Range of Oregon's Siskiyou Mountains, not far from the California border. At shortly past noon, the crack Southern Pacific Express pulled out of Ashland, Oregon, southbound, and began winding its way up through the mountains where at the summit a brief stop was made at the lonely Siskiyou Station. Inside the combination mail and baggage car. U.S. Postal Clerk Elvin E. Dougherty was sorting the mail which had been thrown on at Ashland.

The train had left Portland that morning on its regular run to San Francisco. It was on schedule and as the train continued through the high country towards Tunnel 13, a quarter of a mile ahead, there was not the slightest indication that it wasn't to reach its destination that day. Ironically, the S. P. train bore the same ill-omened number as the tunnel it now approached. En route it had slowed down according to regulations, which required that the flying air test be made. So at a reduced speed of six miles an hour it steamed into the north portal of Tunnel 13.

As the train moved into the bore it suddenly ground to a halt. The day coaches were crowded with passengers. They began to buzz with questions when approximately three minutes went by and the train still continued to remain at a stand-still in the dark tunnel. All at once a deafening explosion shook the cars and shattered all the windows, sending glass flying among the terrified passengers.

"What has happened?" they asked. "Has the locomotive exploded?"

J. O. Marrett, a conductor riding in one of the passenger coaches, had thought that Sid Bates, a veteran engineer on the line, was probably making some adjustment of the air required in the test, when the train first came to a stop.

"After the explosion, I obtained a fusee, and along with Herbert Micander and Coyle Johnson, started walking toward the front end of the train," Marrett related. "The tunnel up ahead was filling with fumes from the gas lights of the mail car, and there was a loud hissing of steam up near the engine. However, the tunnel was pitch dark and we could see nothing ahead of us."

The three men walked as far forward as they thought wise, and then Marrett and Micander turned back. Coyle Johnson, the brakeman, brushed past them and headed toward the front of the train. Engineer Sidney Bates and his young fireman, Marvin Seng, had been the first to know what was wrong. As the locomotive approached the southern end of the tunnel, they were suddenly jolted by the sight of two figures creeping toward them over the engine tender.

"All right," one of the intruders snapped, "stop this train and be quick about it!"

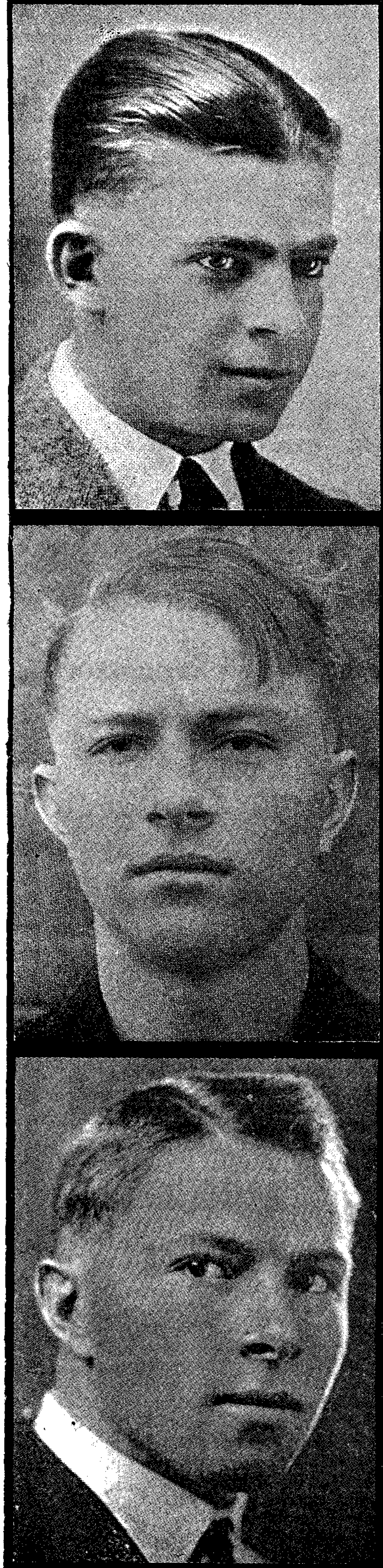
Bates wasn't about to argue, since the two men backed up their order with sawed-off shotguns. When the train finally came to a halt, the engine and tender were already out of the bore and the mail car was half out. Two baggage cars, four passenger coaches, and two sleepers remained in the tunnel.

The two gunmen ordered the trainmen out of the cab and compelled them to accompany them to a spot near the tunnel's entrance.

AT THIS POINT another man appeared on the scene. He came running down the tracks carrying an ominous-looking bundle from which several wires dangled. Without a word he ran directly to the mail car and planted the wires at the doorsill of the car. His work completed, he ran up the side of a bank, planted his apparatus firmly on the ground, and plunged down on the charger.

The violence of the explosion that followed no doubt surprised even the three bandits, who were obviously after the money and securities in the mail car. The blast shattered the entire front of the car and it was completely in flames. The bandit who appeared to be the spokesman for the determined trio yelled at Engineer Bates: "Get up in the cab and pull that damned car out of the tunnel!"

Bates obeyed without hesitation and, mounting his cab, worked laboriously at the throttle. "It was no good," he said. "The train would not budge an inch." It has been suggested that Bates did this deliberately. In any event, this triggered the bandit's fury and, leveling his shotgun, he blasted Sid Bates to death in his cab.



Top to bottom: Hugh, Roy, Ray DeAutremont.

--tragic result of the last great train robbery in the West

Coyle Johnson, the brakeman, came running out of the tunnel. One of the robbers got the drop on him and ordered him to cut off the mail car from the rest of the train. He immediately set to the task but try as he would the coupling was jammed and wouldn't work free.

Cursing loudly at realizing they were to go away empty-handed, the men suddenly turned their shotguns on Johnson and Marvin Seng, and murdered them in cold blood. The three bandits, turned wanton killers, fled on foot into the wild mountainous country. Their tally of victims, however, was four because the postal clerk Elvyn Dougherty, who was trapped inside the mail car, was burned to death. Fate had played an especially grim trick on him, for this was not his regular run. As a favor he had consented to take the place of another clerk who had gone hunting on that never-to-be-forgotten day.

The bandits were well away from the scene when conductor Marrett and a young medical student, who was a passenger on the train, came out of the tunnel to investigate the explosion. The two men were stunned by the sight of the three victims and the shattered mail car. Coyle Johnson, his stomach torn apart by the sawed-off shotgun blast at close range, appeared to yet be alive. The men did what they could for him, administering artificial respiration, but he soon succumbed to his wounds.

At first Marrett was not aware that a crime had been committed. He had supposed that the engine had blown up and that Bates and Seng were killed in the blast, and that Johnson, rushing through the gas-filled tunnel, had been overcome and died from the effects. As they looked at the blazing baggage car, they soon realized there was no hope for Elvyn Dougherty, trapped inside.

Using an emergency telephone near the tunnel entrance, Marrett phoned in the report of the tragedy to agents at the Ashland railroad station who put in hurried calls to local law enforcement officers and to Dan O'Connell, Chief Southern Pacific agent at his San Francisco office.

Postal Inspectors Hougen and Brunner were among the first to reach the scene and a search of the immediate area turned up a tramp who told of seeing two men in overalls board the train some distance from the north entrance to the tunnel.

BY THE TIME Dan O'Connell and other investigators arrived from the San Francisco office, several clues had been found. A speedy search along the tracks had turned up a .45 calibre Colt's revolver, and a DuPont blasting machine with a length of insulated wire running from it to the spot where the mail car had been blown up. Not far away the searchers found six foot-coverings made of gunny sacks and soaked with creosote, obviously to keep the bloodhounds off the trail. Three pack sacks lay near the foot pads, apparently discarded when the bandits were forced to flee without a cent to show for their bloody deed.

Before the day was out, hundreds of men heavily armed and working in posses, scoured the region. Bloodhounds were brought to the trail, and the government sent airplanes which flew above the rocky crags and thick growths of scrub pine at the top of the Siskiyous. A company of Oregon militia was hastily put into action to aid in searching

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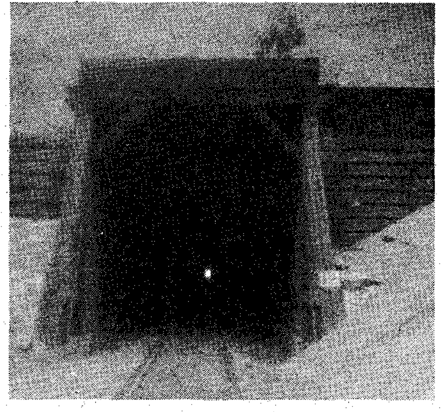
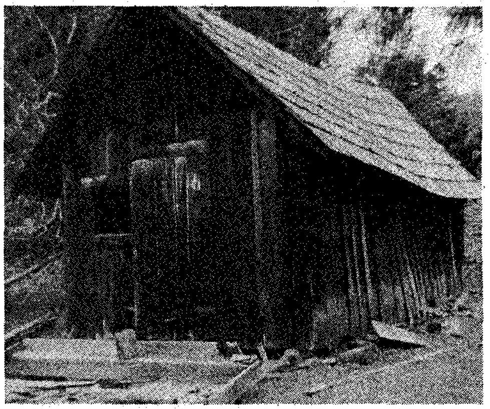
Southern portal of Tunnel 13 (left). It was here that the diastrous attempt at train robbery took place in 1923. Cabin (right) was allegedly where the brothers camped while making final plans for the train robbery.





the vast mountain regions for some trace of the killers.

Two campsites and a small cabin were discovered not far from the holdup scene, and they yielded considerable evidence. Much later it was revealed that the bandits had used the cabin for three days prior to the holdup attempt, while they were making final plans.

Inspectors found a black traveling bag with a Railway Express shipping tag pasted on it near the railroad tracks about a mile south of the entrance to Tunnel 13. The final discovery was a pair of greasy, blue denim overalls. Though it didn't appear so at the time, this last item was to be of great importance in identifying the criminals.

Several days passed as the manhunt increased, but though dozens of suspects were rounded up and questioned, all were eventually released. Detectives were sure that three men had taken part in the crime, but they had no descriptions to send out—for the only men who had gotten a good look at them were dead.

The overalls found near the tunnel had been examined thoroughly by various deputies and rail detectives, without providing any tangible evidence. Inspector O'Connell decided to send the overalls and other evidence to Edward Oscar Heinrich, a chemist on the staff of the University of California. Heinrich was considered a genius at scientific crime detection and had solved some important cases with next-to-nothing evidence to work on. He was soon to astonish everyone with his findings in the train robbery-murder case.

Several days went by. O'Connell had received no word from the scientist. The official report was brought in, during this time, that 20 sacks of regular mail and 150 pieces of registered mail had been destroyed in the mail car blast. As the days passed, the manhunters pressed all the harder in an effort to find some trace of the robbers, but all trails seemed to lead to a dead end.

O'Connell was in a pessimistic frame of mind when the call finally came from Edward Heinrich. His pessimism quickly turned to astonishment when the scientist told him: "One of the men you're looking for is a left-handed lumberjack who has worked in the Northwest recently. He is about twenty-six years old, has brown hair, weight about 165 pounds, and has a fair complexion. I believe he is about five feet eight inches tall and he's rather fastidious in his personal habits."

O'Connell couldn't believe his ears. This was much more than he had expected—even from the famed crime scientist.

Heinrich then explained his findings: "There are streaks of fresh pitch in the overalls. That could have gotten there only through contact with pine trees. This, of course, suggests that our man is a lumberjack. I found Douglas fir needles in the pockets. This places him in the Northwest. A few strands of hair on the overalls tells us his hair color and also determines his approximate age."

When O'Connell asked him to explain how he knew the man was left-handed, Heinrich said: "There are worn places on the right side of the overalls but none on the left; so, our man must have been standing with his right side against a tree while swinging his axe. This, of course, leads us to believe that he is left-handed."

"Well, it certainly looks as if you've pinned him down to about everything but his name," O'Connell stated—but a final

(Continued on page 46)

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... AND THERE AIN'T NO WAY

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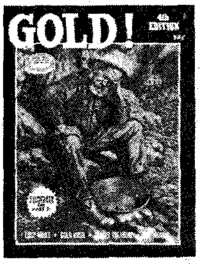
GOLD! #2

GOLD! #3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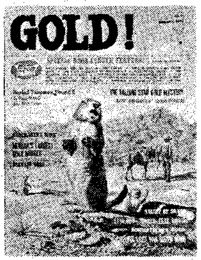
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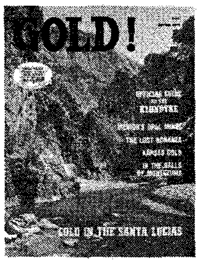
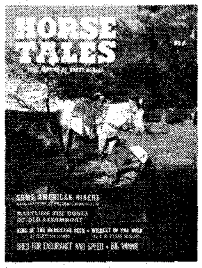

GOLD! #6

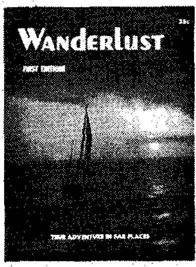
BADMAN #1

BADMAN #2

BADMAN #3

HORSE TALES #1


HORSE TALES #2


WANDERLUST #1

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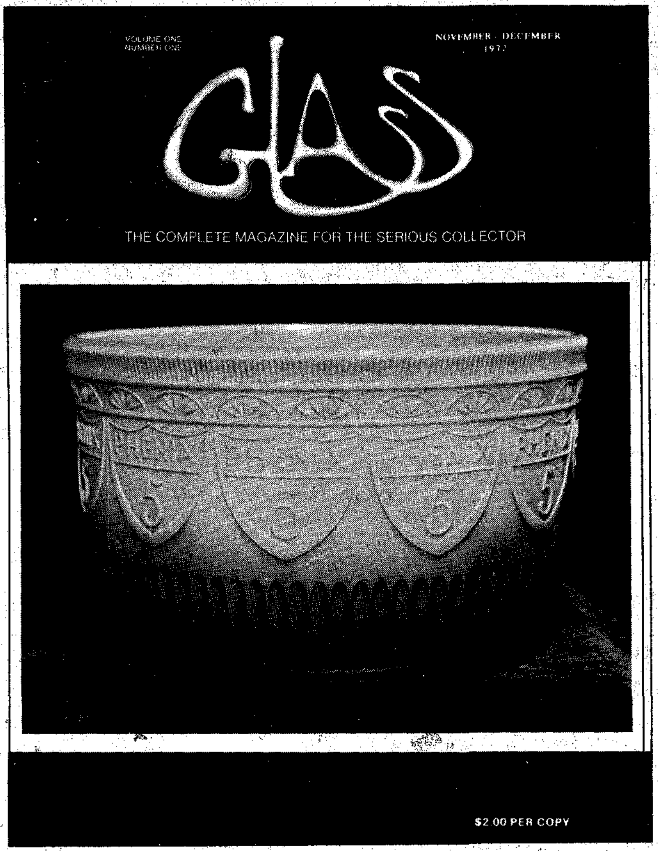

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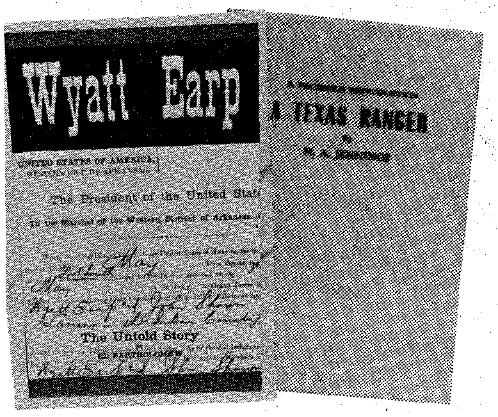

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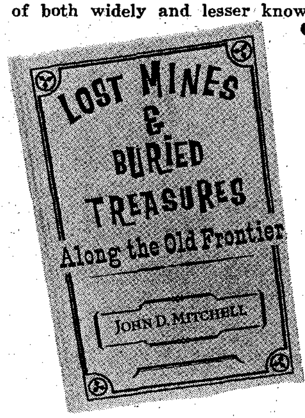

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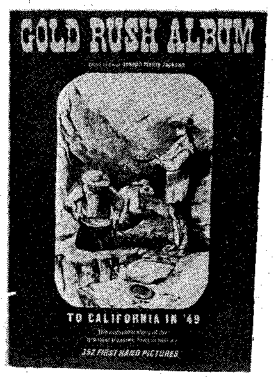

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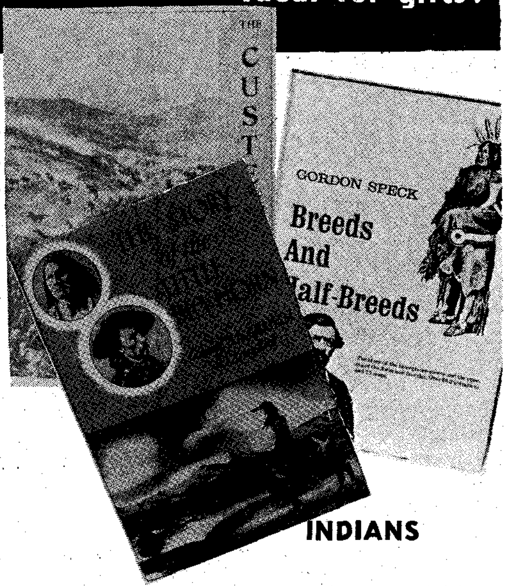

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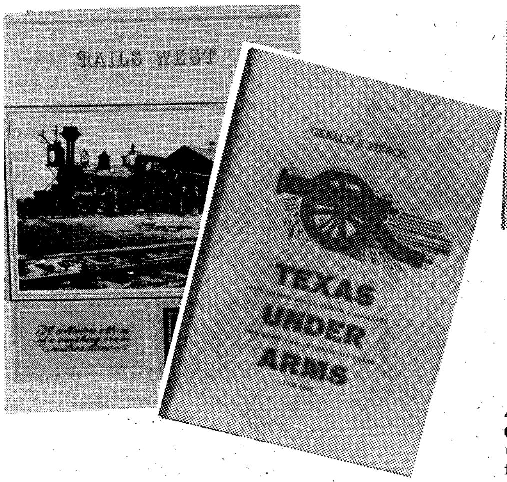

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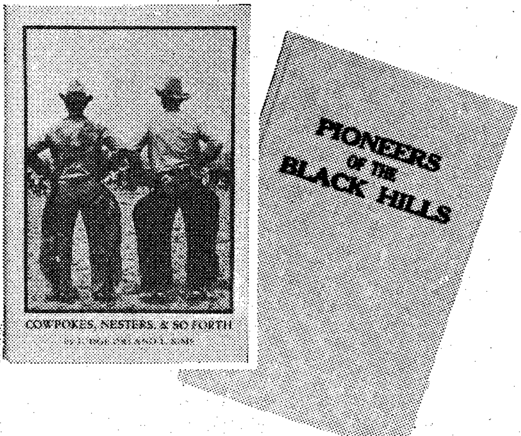

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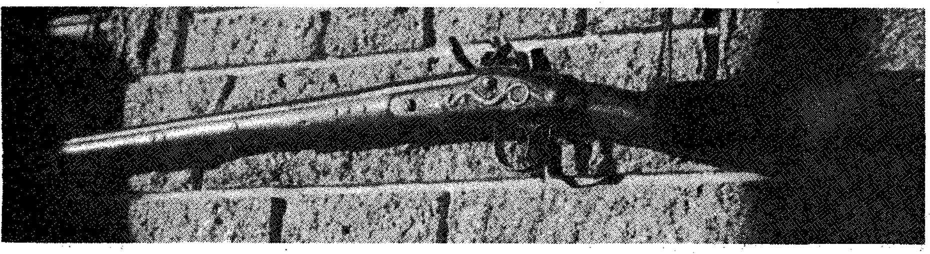
Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

1972 issue of FRONTIER TIMES. On page 21, the bottom picture purports to be a settler's outfit. Look again—it is a jerkline freight outfit of the 1890-1910 vintage. If you look close, the third wagon of each outfit has a metal chimney. This was where they slept. It was called a boar's nest—and it looked and smelled like one, too.—J. MacEwing, Upland, California 91786



Early Firearms

I was very much interested in your article about the Northwest Trade Gun. There's a piece of one at the Whitmas Museum at Walla Walla, Washington.

My father-in-law was a gunsmith. He made some fine muzzle-loaders, made the stock, drilled the barrel (reminiscent of the old Tennessee gunsmiths), made the trigger mechanism—really good ones. He also collected a few guns, some of which I have. They include a Northwest Trade Gun and a Charleville musket from the Revolutionary War period.

Anyway, the enclosed photos shows at least one.—George Robbins, 4812 - 19th Street S. E., Lacey, Washington 98503

Sterlingville

In the September issue of FRONTIER TIMES there was a very interesting article by M. L. Caya entitled "The Stolen Claim." It told the story of James Sterling and his ill-chosen partner and friends who were the cause of his never having mined or owned the rich Sterling Creek area outside Jacksonville, Oregon. The final paragraph of the article mentioned that many people on Sterling Creek Road believed that James Sterling returned East a rich man.

At the old site today there are 101 residents, and Sterlingville lives. Through stories, conversation, and a few books the unfortunate plight of James Sterling has been handed down to the present "claim jumpers" on Sterling Creek. We are able to piece the history of this little area together by visiting the little two-acre cemetery that is the resting place of people who came *after* James Sterling and his "friends"—names like Yaundes, Cantrell, Saltmarshes, and others who started the first school and general store.

A visit or telephone call to Al Nelson who lives on a mountaintop on Sterling Creek Road, and we can discover who, what, where, and when sixty-five years ago! For example, Al can tell you that Paup, Maulbee, Parks and himself put up the fence, metal parts, and gate around the cemetery. Or, he can tell you where houses were built or burned years ago. (He built some of these houses himself.) Mr. Nelson is accurate and honest in answering our endless questions. My favorite is the tale about the man who wished to move his gold into Jacksonville and avoid a couple of thieves who had been robbing people coming down from Sterlingville. He put his gold under, or in, some egg cartons in his wagons. Many of us heard the story and the amount of gold kept growing. We asked Al about it, and he nodded thoughtfully. Then we asked, "Was there really $20,000 in gold?" Somebody piped up with, "We heard it was $50,000 worth!" Al said, "It grows with the telling." He then explained it was a small amount and pointed out that the man's wagon and a single horse would have a time pulling twenty or fifty thousand dollars' worth of gold. We take a look at the size of some of our uphill and downhill pulls and have to agree.

Another favorite person here on Sterling Creek was the old trapper and fiddler, Leonard Hulse. He died last year and was laid to rest beside his parents and relatives in the Sterlingville Cemetery. The old trapper knew these mountains—and he trapped and hunted them about forty years. He and his father before him fiddled for dances at the Three Corners where a general store used to be. Like Al Nelson he was helpful, friendly, and well liked by everyone. He passed down stories he'd been told and was quick to explain the fine points of being a trapper, fiddler, or miner. He hosted many, many hoedowns here on Sterling Creek right up to the time of his death.

Many trappers, miners, or just working men lived here, loved the area, and lost their claims in much the same way James Sterling did. One man went on vacation and upon returning found his cabin had been pulled apart by tourists. It was beyond repair and was bulldozed under.

Yes, Sterlingville lives and it's a shame James Sterling couldn't have been in *his* cemetery instead of some unmarked place in Yreka. But no matter where he lies, perhaps he has come to know what happened to the area that belonged to him. From somewhere maybe he's seen or heard our appreciation of *his* land and how we all live in peace and harmony, under the circumstances, here on Sterling Creek Road at Sterlingville.—F. M. Peters, Rt. 2, Box 130, Sterling Creek Road, Jacksonville, Oregon 97530

Jacob Waltz

In the Territorial census of 186[illegible] Jacob Waltz is listed as residing in Yavapai County, Arizona. On the Great Register for Maricopa County, Arizona, 18[illegible], he listed again. Sometime between the years he supposedly worked at the Vulture Mine at Wickenberg, Arizona. I would greatly appreciate anybody who could clarify that he actually did work at the Vulture Mine and what years.—Brian Lickman, Box 861, Peoria, Arizona 85345

The Fruit of Hate

I thank you for the story, "Massacre," by William B. Secrest (November issue, 1972). Through such informative history we may be able to stop more atrocities such as the My Lai Massacre, and the Wounded Knee Massacre, December 29, 1890, just four days after Christmas.—Pat Malone, 232 Colfax Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah 84111

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Reader Remembers Nacimiento

Regarding the story "Gallina Mountain's Murder Mine" by Maurice Kildare in the July '72 FRONTIER TIMES, what struck my attention first were the photos of Alameda and Bernalillo, New Mexico. I was quite well acquainted with both.

In the story it stated the original name of Cuba was Nacimiento and that it was an old mining district. So first I would like to say that in July 1968 the "Earth Resources Corporation" took up extensive mining claims and developed a large copper operation, naming it the Nacimiento Mine. Full production started in June 1971 with a 200-ton mill, and further expansion has been made.

There used to be a nice little railroad up there. Branching off the Santa Fe Main Line at Bernalillo it went west up the Rio Salado, winding below the Santa Ana and Zia Indian Pueblos to San Ysidro, also mentioned in your story. At San Ysidro the line forked. The east fork turned north up the Jemez River, through the Jemez Indian Pueblo, and branched again into several logging spurs. The left fork went from San Ysidro to Cuba.

In the triangle formed today by New Mexico State Highways 4 and 44 is where the San Ysidro Railroad facilities were located. The last time I visited there ten years ago so very little was left lying around on the ground that a person would not be able to tell anything about it had he not known it was there.

It was quite by accident that I happened to hit the job on that line. It was early summer and the regular men had all suddenly "gone fishing." I was in Albuquerque at the time and just as suddenly I found myself a conductor on

(Continued on page [illegible])

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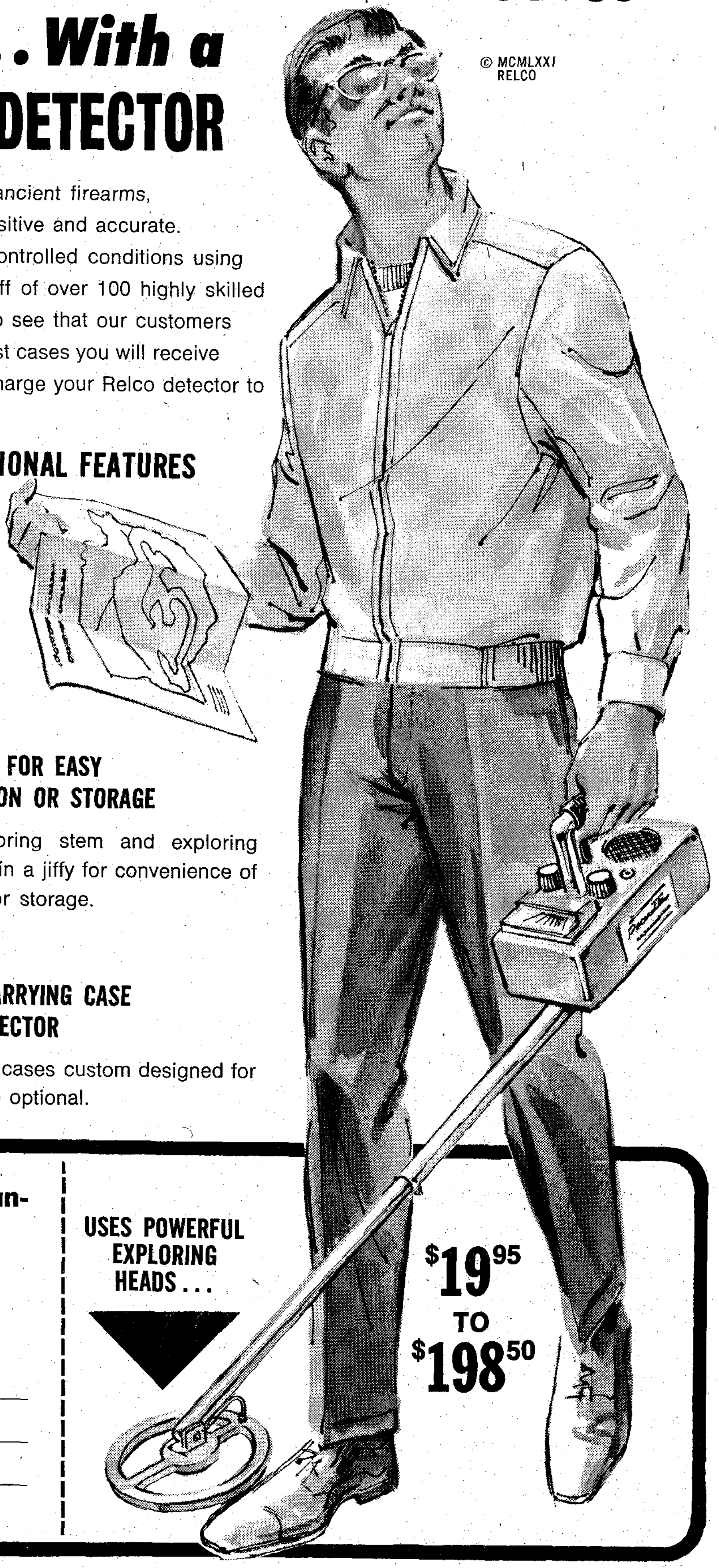

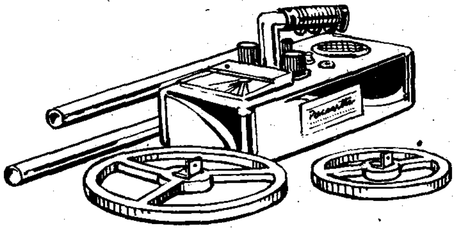

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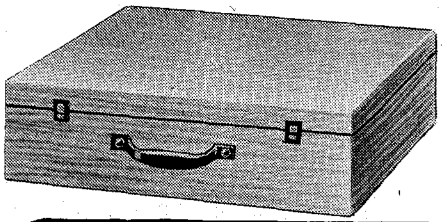

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Volume 3, #2 March 1969
Volume 4, #1 December 1969

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The Siskiyou Slayings

(Continued from page 40)

grand disclosure answered O'Connell's comment.

"I believe his name is Roy DeAutremont," Heinrich told the inspector. Without interruption Heinrich explained: "I discovered a little piece of faded yellow paper jammed down in the narrow pencil pocket of the overalls. There appeared to be no writing on it but under a microscope I detected some faint pen scratches. I brought them out under treatment in the laboratory."

He disclosed that it was a receipt for a registered letter mailed by Roy DeAutremont at Eugene, Oregon on September 14, 1923. It bore the number 236-L, and showed that $50.00 had been sent on that date to Hugh DeAutremont at Lakewood, New Mexico.

O'CONNELL started the wheels to rolling and sent a squad of detectives to Eugene, Oregon, where they located an elderly barber, Paul DeAutremont, who told them that he had three sons: Ray and Roy, twenty-six, who were twins, and Hugh, who was eighteen. From the elder DeAutremont the officers learned that Hugh had recently come north from Lakewood, New Mexico where he had graduated from high school the previous June. He had joined his brothers and all three had been working as lumberjacks near Silverton, Oregon. Roy, the officers learned, was left-handed. The postal inspectors took with them all of the brothers' clothing and personal effects.

At the University of California, Edward Heinrich continued to turn up valuable information. Only three digits had been legible on the gun that was found at the holdup scene, but Heinrich located the full set under the top strap of the revolver frame. The gun was traced to Seattle, and was found to have been sold to a man who signed his name William Elliott. Handwriting analysis revealed that this was none other than Roy DeAutremont. Officers traced the purchasing of some of the kitchen utensils found in the cabin in the Siskiyous to the DeAutremont brothers. The express tag on the bag found near the rail tracks showed that Roy DeAutremont had shipped the bag at Eugene on January 21, 1923 to himself at Portland.

This web of facts firmly pointed to the brothers as the trio who had committed the crime. The DeAutremonts, however, had disappeared. The federal government offered a reward of $6,000; the Southern Pacific offered $7,500; and the Railway Express offered $900.

The brothers were reported to have been seen in nearly every part of the country, and though each of these leads was checked out, the trail led nowhere. An unheard of number of circulars were printed and distributed in Spanish, German, French, Dutch, and Portugese. In all, some 2,265,000 were sent to many corners of the globe.

Directing the world-wide hunt was Dan O'Connell from his San Francisco office and Charles A. Riddiford, who was Chief Post Office Inspector with headquarters at Spokane, Washington. These determined men spent long hours running down tips and keeping the interest in the case in the minds of the general public. Someone, somewhere, would eventually recognize the badly wanted fugitives.

Months went by, then a year, two, and finally three years passed before the first break came. On June 2, 1926, Thomas Reynolds, a corporal in the army who had been stationed in the Philippines, walked into the office of the postal inspectors at San Francisco and told this story: "I'm stationed on Alcatraz Island Military Barracks, and one night I wandered into the Army Postoffice and began looking over some old wanted posters tacked up on the wall. All of a sudden I saw a familiar face. Under the name, Hugh DeAutremont, I recognized the picture as a man I once served with in Manila who called himself Jim Price."

On February 11, 1927 "James C. Price" was arrested in Manila, and he astonished officers when he readily admitted being the long-sought Hugh DeAutremont. He was brought to San Francisco on March 17 for interrogation. He insisted that he had no knowledge of the crime and that he did not know the whereabouts of his brothers. He was turned over to the State of Oregon and was taken to Jacksonville to stand trial on the charge of first degree murder. He was then twenty-three years old.

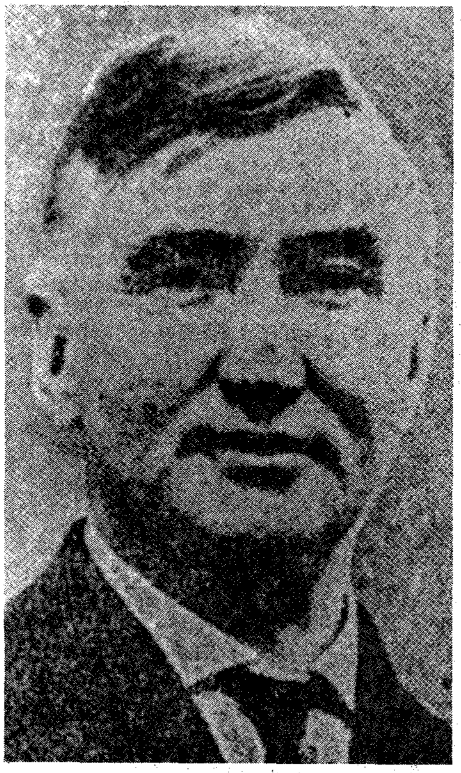
His capture was widely publicized and it helped to stir up new interest in the hunt for the two missing DeAutremonts. Radio stations broadcast daily descriptions of the twins, Ray and Roy, and an additional 75,000 "wanted" posters were distributed on them.

FAR AWAY in Portsmouth, Ohio an elderly crippled man, Albert Collingsworth, who was partially blind, read with interest an account of the Siskiyou holdup in the local newspaper. The old man became excited as he noticed that the pictures of the DeAutremont twins closely resembled two men with whom he had worked at Hanging Rock, who called themselves Clarence and Elmer Goodwin.

Collingsworth promptly related his suspicions to the Maynard Detective Agency who in turn notified the FBI. The "Goodwin" twins were arrested the following day, on June 8, in Steubenville, Ohio. Like their brother, they admitted their identity but stood fast in denying involvement in the crime. They were extradited to Jacksonville and arrived there the day before Hugh went on trial.

Hugh was not told of the capture of his brothers, but when his trial got underway in the old Jacksonville courthouse, many of his relatives were on hand. It was a sensational and bizarre drama. Professor Heinrich was the star witness for the State and sharp cross-examination couldn't discredit any of his findings.

The twins were lodged in the old jail immediately adjacent to the courthouse and it was said that during the last day of Hugh's trial, their voices



Charles A. Riddiford who, along with Dan O'Connell, directed the search for the three DeAutremont brothers.

drifted in through the open window. They were singing, "You'll Never Miss Your Mother Till She's Gone."

On June 21, 1927 the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. The jurors spared his life however. Upon learning this, Roy and Ray decided to plead guilty with the hope of also escaping the gallows. The guilty plea accomplished their purpose and the twins also received life sentences in the Oregon State Prison. Hugh then admitted his part in the holdup.

Hugh disclosed that he had enlisted in the army in Chicago after the robbery, under an assumed name, hoping that he could hide from the law in service overseas.

Roy DeAutremont, an outspoken optimist, stated that he had "thought up the robbery" and had generally led his brothers in the attempt. He said that they were embittered toward society for sending Ray to prison some years before. Ray DeAutremont had served a year in the reformatory at Monroe, Washington in 1919. He had been an enthusiastic worker for the I.W.W. and had held some sort of office for them. His activities with the "wobblies" gained him the sentence, the offense being syndicalism.

Ray filled in the story on the twins' prolonged escape from custody. He and Roy, before going to Hanging Rock, Ohio, and then Steubenville, had worked for some time in a major automobile plant in Detroit. Ray married a young woman named Hazel Sprouse (she was present in the courtroom when he was sentenced) and to change his appearance, he bleached his hair with peroxide. He even had a gold front tooth extracted, when he learned that it was mentioned in a wanted circular.

Thomas Reynolds, who had given officers the clue which led to Hugh's capture, was paid $5,300 of the total $15,000 reward money. Albert Collingsworth, who recognized the twins, received $1,700.

Charles A. Riddiford, often called the "sly old fox" in print, and who had directed much of the four-year manhunt for the brothers from his Spokane office, related: "It cost the United States Government, Southern Pacific, and American Express Company about a half-million dollars to bring them to justice."

The twins followed Hugh to the Salem prison, arriving there on June 24, 1927. They were undoubtedly the penitentiary's most famous occupants since Harry Tracy, who escaped from there in dramatic fashion in 1902—only to be cornered a few weeks later, and who rather than be captured, committed suicide.

Dan O'Connell, who led the hunt for the DeAutremonts, died on January 3, 1948 at the age of seventy-three. Besides his well-known work in the DeAutremont case, his diligent efforts were instrumental in the capture of Roy Gardner, a notorious train robber and escape artist, and many another desperado who plagued the Southern Pacific lines.

Nearly a third of a century passed by from the day the three brothers left the world of free men. Finally, on November 24, 1958, after serving over thirty years in the Salem prison, Hugh DeAutremont was granted a parole, the prison officials having endorsed this move with the statement that he was "a testament to reformation."

There were some die-hard Oregonians, however, who strongly protested his release. He walked out of the gates on January 9, 1959. In prison he had learned the printing trade and following his release, he got a job as a linotype operator in San Francisco. His new-found freedom was short-lived, however, for he died of cancer on March 30, less than three months after he rejoined society. Roy, who led the brothers down their path of destruction, was declared hopelessly insane and had been transferred to the criminal ward of the State Hospital.

Ray remained in the prison where he taught Spanish, French, and Latin in the prison school. He also became an accomplished painter and several of his landscapes won awards in State art exhibits.

On October 11, 1961, the anniversary date of the now legendary Siskiyou holdup, the parole board voted in his favor, and Ray was released on October 27, after nearly thirty-four years behind bars. He did not disclose where he was headed, but when asked how it felt to be free once again, he said: "I'm trying to think of something to say, but can't seem to think of anything that has not been said under similar circumstances better than I can say it . . . well, you can imagine how it feels, can't you?"

And so the books closed on one of the most notorious dramas in the history of the West.

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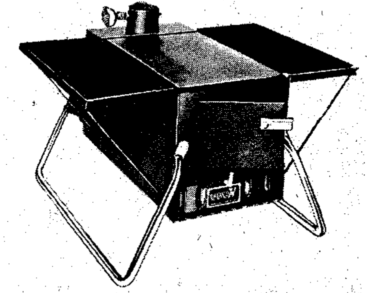

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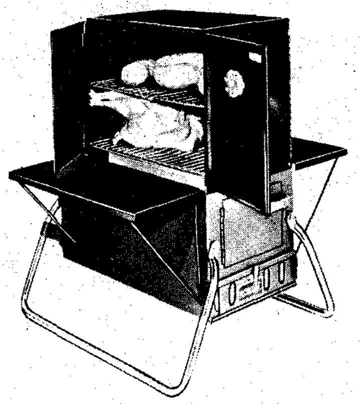

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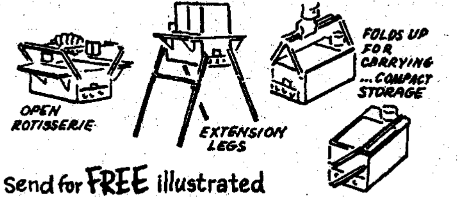
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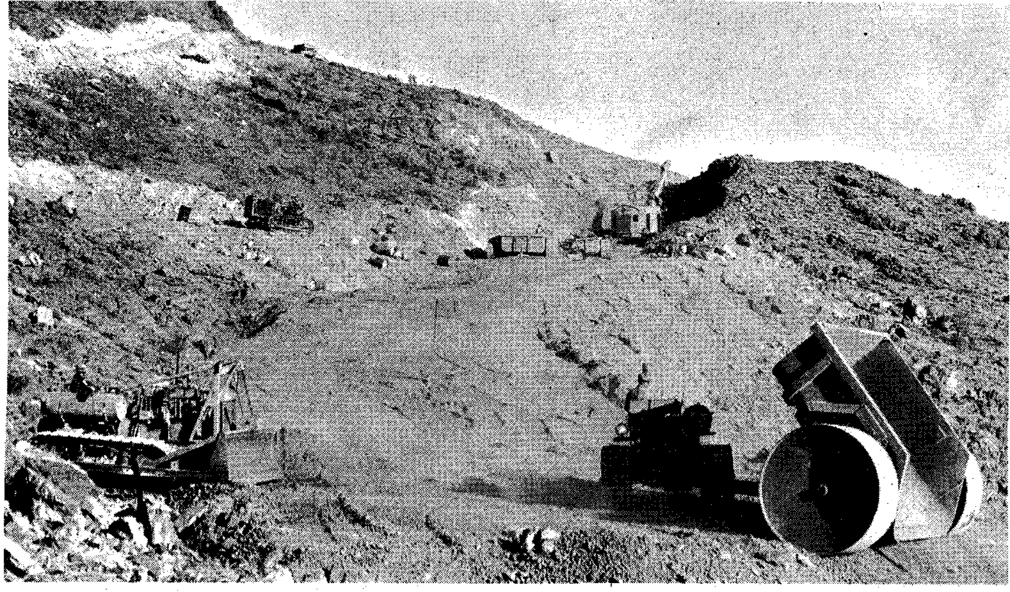
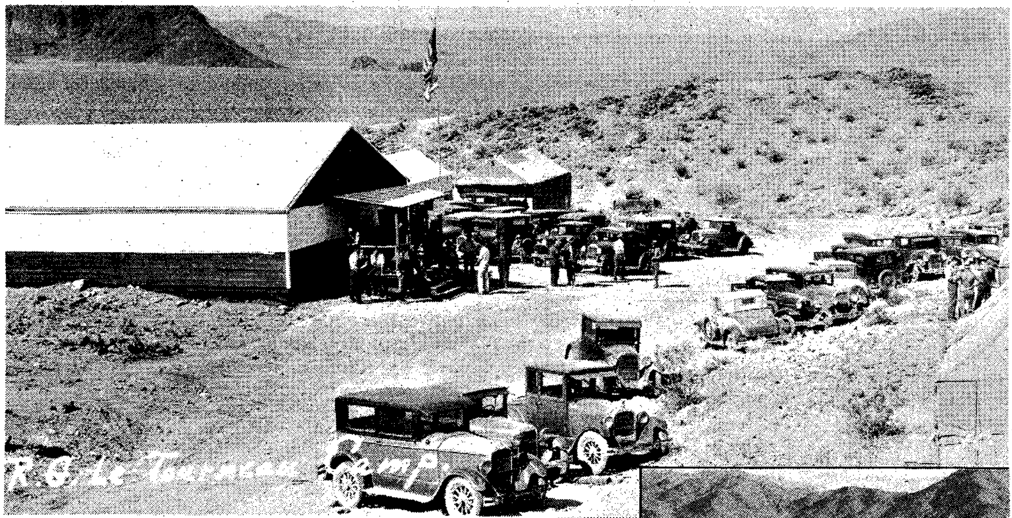
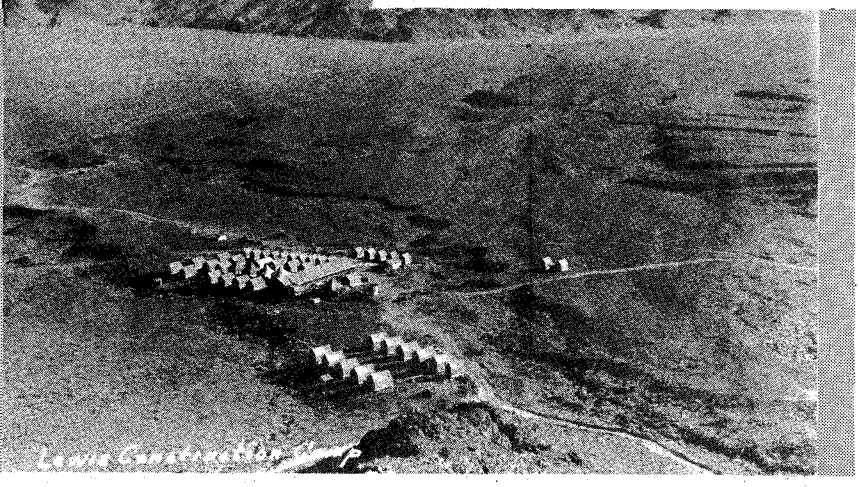






As late as 1931 Nevada had only a small hard surface highway system. Construction en route to the Hoover Dam site (top) and work camps of the highway builders; R. G. Le Tourneau main building closeup (middle) with inset showing whole camp, and bird's-eye view of the Lewis Construction camp (bottom).

From Mulepower To Horsepower

(Continued from page 37)

carburator jiggled out, axles broke, and tires blew. In fact, making a couple of dozen miles without a punctured tire was something to boast about.

The motorist learned quickly to control his temper, to carry spare parts and plenty of baling wire. Extra gasoline and extra water were necessary too. Provisions, mining equipment and cooking utensils were tied to the rear, on the hood and on running boards. The auto prospector had to be self-sufficient.

A GUNSHOT in 1906 gave the opening signal of the mineral entry of the Walker Lake Indian Reservation, just east of Hawthorne, Nevada. Scattered within the crowd of prospectors and mules, several autos could be seen steaming and smoking as their drivers awaited the exciting moment.

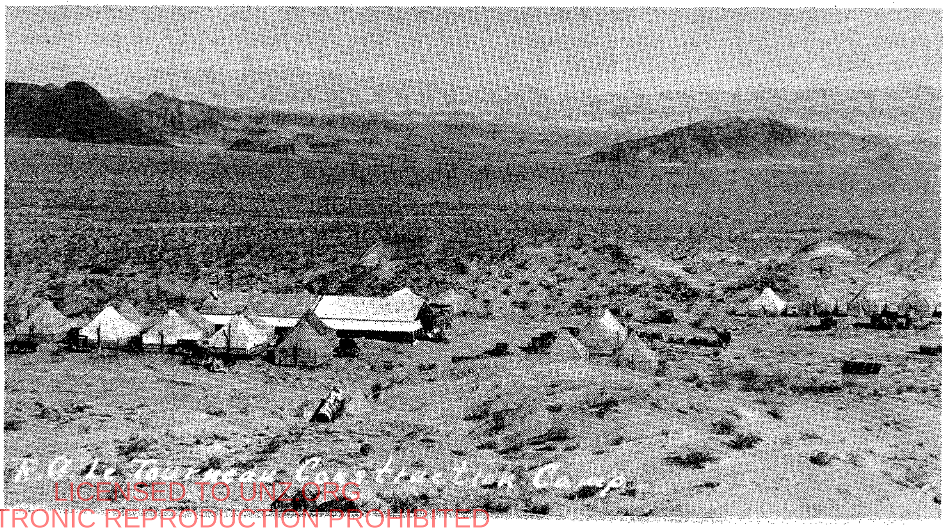
Realizing the unfair advantage of the auto over the mule, a few of the veteran prospectors grouped together and peppered the tires with lead, just to make sure everyone had a fair chance in the race.

As early as 1907 auto stages were running from railroad stations to the larger mining camps, transporting miners, promoters, eastern capitalists, and tradesmen. In Tonapah and Goldfield where the auto prospector was born, automobiles shared the roads with highwheeled freight wagons and buggies. At first they were objects of curiosity, an aid to prospecting, and a mark of success and prestige. Along Tonapah and Goldfield roads the once poor-and-in-need-of-a-grubstake prospector sped in his new "Gasoline Mule." He had found a rich claim and had leased it to a mining company, and he was going to let the whole town know it. On and on he went, blowing the horn!

The years between 1905 and 1918 were the years of excitement, hope and despair for Nevada. Mining camps appeared—and disappeared as rapidly. Well traveled roads fell in disuse. It didn't take long for nature's forces to take over and once again reclaim her soil.

In 1916 the Federal Road Act Bill was passed and Nevada was destined to receive better roads and a much needed face-lift. The Federal Government offered the state left-over war equipment and materials to help offset the enormous expense, because Nevada was underpopulated even with the mining booms. Carson Prison supplied the manpower for the hard tedious work on the roads. Eventually the embryo of a highway system emerged from the desert.

Automobiles, however, will never look as appropriate to Nevada's terrain as mules, horse-drawn rigs and stages.



No Questions Asked

(Continued from page 15)

of cards. It's a trick George learned from a tinhorn friend of his in Oklahoma." After a while Jake continued talking as he paced back and forth.

"We're dealin' you in on the trap we're settin', feller. Your job is to carry the mail tonight, hand over this sealed envelope to Dutch John, then get the hell out of the saloon. Put your horse up at Goslin's barn, then go straight to Goslin's house and stay there. Louis Goslin won't be home but the door will be open and you're to make yourself at home until Goslin shows up. Me'n George Hall will be there at Zortman but you won't see us on account we'll be layin' low to spring the bear trap on whoever picks up the reward envelope. That's all you need to know, feller."

It was sometime after dark when Jake called me into the office where he and George Hall were, and handed me the somewhat bulky envelope and told me to head for Zortman. As I rode along toward the mining camp and cowtown I kept wondering if by any odd chance I'd get into some sort of a tight before the night was over. It added up like 2 and 2 makes 4 that Jake and Hall had the big town marshal of Zortman in their plans and that would mean gun trouble. But I had it made to do as Jake told me to do—wait it out at Louis Goslin's house and keep out of circulation.

When I walked into the saloon, miners were lined up at Dutch John's bar elbow to elbow. So far as I could make out there wasn't a cowpuncher, white man or breed, in the house. Dutch John caught sight of me as I shouldered my way through the crowd and he came down the length of the bar to shake hands, his genial grin concealed by the drooping ends of a heavy mustache.

"Long time no see, young feller!" Dutch John's hearty welcome sounded in a German accent.

I handed him the bulky envelope and watched him turn to put it on the back bar. "See you later," I said to the broad back and went out through the swinging half-doors.

WHEN I put up my horse at the barn nobody took any notice of me in the moonlight and I made my way to Louis Goslin's log cabin a short distance up the street. The door was unlocked and a hastily scrawled note was on the table. "Make yourself welcome," it said. "Use the spare bedroom. Beer and grub in the icebox." I had known Louis Goslin since I was a six-year-old kid and his hospitality was something of a legend throughout the Little Rockies.

I got myself a cold beer and settled down in a big easy chair with a stack of magazines. Throughout the night I read and drank and smoked and dozed off, the hourly striking of the clock waking me up. When it came daybreak and still no sign of Louis Goslin I was in the throes of undecided sweat whether or not to go to the barn or remain in the house.

About that time Jake came in. I could

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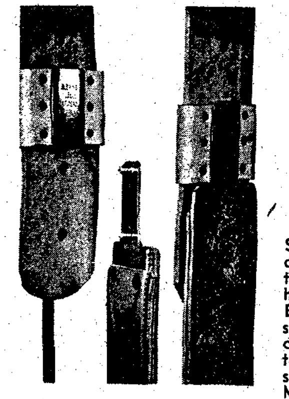

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tell by the quick way he walked that something had gone wrong with his plans to catch the horsethieves. Jake told me that nobody had showed up to claim the reward money I had left at Dutch John's, that they must have been tipped off or had got suspicious.

The reason Louis Goslin had not showed was because he and Charlie Whitcomb were taking gold bullion from their cyanide mill to the bank at Helena.

On the ride to the ranch Jake told me that Stock Inspector George Hall had been making some investigations on the q. t. and had a lot of circumstantial evidence but no positive proof as yet.

It was mid-morning when we got to the ranch to find one of Jim Thornhill's sons, the oldest one called Man, waiting at the barn. Man told us that while he was hunting for his own horses he had found Will's horse Faro at the Rock Creek line camp. He said that the horse had been on a picket line and had fought it until the rope had wound around one hind leg between hoof and fetlock, all but cutting off the foot. Man said that Long George Baker, the wolfer, was spending a few days at the line camp and he had helped Man doctor the wound with bacon grease and bandage it, and Baker said he'd have the leg cured in a few weeks and bring Faro into the ranch.

"Them lyin' s-o-bs," Jake spat out the words, "aimin' to collect $500 on a crippled horse they left behind for wolf bait, and the other horse long gone by now."

Jake got Dutch Henry on the phone and told him to hang onto the reward money. Then he phoned Sheriff Ike Neibaur the news about finding Faro and asked him to offer a reward for the safe return of the other horse Roulette, giving Ike a complete description of the horse.

Sheriff Ike Neibaur went so far as to have penny postcards printed and mailed to all law officers and ranchers in the surrounding cow country. The post card read:

> STOLEN
>
> **From Coburn Cattle Company ranch at Brookside, Blaine County, Montana, near the Little Rockies, a few days ago, a good well bred driving team. After the team had been stolen, and had gone south, they tried to picket the horses, and one of them had his leg nearly cut off with the rope, and they left him. The other horse's description is big, rangy bay, rather dark, standard bred, will go in 3 minutes to a light rig, branded—L on the left shoulder. $25 reward for information leading to recovery of the horse, and $150 for the arrest and conviction of party or parties stealing the horse. Arrest any party found with horse, and I will come after him with warrant. Wire any information to me at my Expense.**
>
> I. A. Niebaur
> Sheriff
>
> **Chinook Montana, Sept. 14, 1912.**

Inside of a few days the entire cow country was aware of the fact that the law and the Circle C outfit were playing for keeps and every other big cow outfit was right behind them.

A few days after the postcards had been mailed, Stock Inspector George Hall telephoned the ranch that it must have put fear into the horsethieves because everybody under suspicion was long gone, including Wes Ritchie. John Shoemaker had resigned as justice of the peace and had taken his departure.

Will's Roulette horse was picked up by some Circle C cowpunchers near Beauchamp Creek, sound and in good shape. From then on, as far as I know, the horse stealing-blackmail racket for reward money died a natural death. But whenever I rode fence and happened to meet the two old Indian police patrolling the reservation side, the mystery of the key gate was discussed at length with much sign language involved.

The Most Surprised Man In Texas

(Continued from page 21)

ing their hats and boots, two or three pistols, a deck of cards, and nearly $150 in cash, as well as their horses and saddles. Presently they stole a horse apiece and faded into the woods of Bastrop County.

Ensall was taken to Austin but soon broke jail. It looked as though he had been acting as a spy, and that his arrest and escape had both been prearranged. But he and Jim Herin were reportedly on the dodge together in Southwest Texas for quite some time after his disappearance from the Travis County jail. And during those first days of September 1887 the officers had secured valuable information from a number of other close sources.

In the Bosque County Jail at Meridian were a couple of notorious horse thieves, William Humphries and a fellow who called himself Tom Jones. Humphries had a great deal to say about the Flatonia robbery. His story was that the robbers had traveled in two groups. One party, on horseback, was headed by Cornett. The other bandits had been driven by Humphries in a covered wagon to within ten miles of Flatonia. They had then saddled the horses and ridden off to meet Cornett, Whitley, and the rest, returning in the morning with several thousand dollars. These disclosures led swiftly to the arrest of two men named John Cresswell and George Brown.

At about the same time John Kelly was taken in by Captain Bill Jones, sheriff of Gonzales County. "Kelly has squealed," Sheriff Jones tersely reported. The squeals brought about the arrest of Milt Day. Milt declared that he had not been in the Flatonia robbery. Kelly swore to the contrary, and at length. Events were crowding in on the gang.

IN October the sheriff of Johnson County heard that Ed Reeves was visiting some of his kin there. The trap for Reeves was badly set, but in breaking out of it he was seriously wounded. That night the sheriff came upon Reeves in a patch of timber. Reeves stood his ground and fought until he was wounded again. Next morning he was found, exhausted from loss of blood, lying in a creek bed. Spiritedly, if illogically, he offered to give the sheriff fifty dollars for killing him instead of putting him under lock and key at Cleburne.

Bud Powell was much luckier and much more elusive. He visited his family without meeting trouble on the way, then accompanied Brack Cornett to Mexico. One time it was reported that the pair were being held by Mexican officers, and a United States marshal was ordered to Mexico to serve the President's warrant. The report turned out to be false, but Powell fled to Arizona, then went north, keeping out of the official eye for the next four years. Cornett foolishly declined to leave his regular haunts in South Texas.

During these months Bill Whitley's gang of four was continually shuttling back and forth between Texas and the Indian Territory. Some thought that Whitley and Barber were involved in the hold-up of a Katy train just north of Atoka, in the Choctaw Nation, near the close of 1887.

It is certain that they badly wanted to get Ed Reeves out of jail. One evening, when they saw that the sheriff was attending a late session of court, the band rode into Cleburne and up to the building which housed both the jail and the sheriff's residence. The prisoners had been left in charge of the sheriff's wife and a housemaid. In vain the outlaws, claiming to be officers who were under orders from the sheriff, tried to cajole their way inside.

"Sheriff'll be awful mad if you don't let us in," said one, chidingly.

"Yes, but he'd be a lot madder if I did let you in," was the reply.

The outlaws huffed and puffed, but the door remained locked and barred against them.

Shortly afterward, in January 1888, the gang started for Temple to hold up the train in which Reeves was being taken to San Antonio. Authorities had purposely given out the date and time of departure to encourage just such a sortie. Reeves was placed in a special car attached to a trainful of sheriffs, deputies, railroad detectives, and hired guards, all of them heavily armed. Unfortunately for this elaborte scheme to wipe out the gang, a sheriff who was not asked to join the party set out to grab some credit for himself by intercepting the outlaws as they were riding across country to meet the train. The gang easily threw off the sheriff and his posse, but of course abandoned their plans to pull Reeves off the train.

Much was happening behind the scenes. In San Antonio a federal grand jury was about to issue an indictment for mail robbery at Flatonia against John Cresswell and George Brown when the Governor, for reasons which are anything but clear, made violent objection to the proceedings. Their cases were dropped. Kelly and Day, whose guilt seems plain, escaped being tried for the Flatonia affair, probably because Day joined Kelly in making a trade with the law. Both were taken to Harris County for trial on the lesser charge of horse theft. Ed Reeves was not so fortunate. On the understanding that he would be treated leniently, he made a detailed confession and pleaded guilty in federal court. Later he changed his plea to not guilty, was convicted, and received a life term in the federal penitentiary at Detroit, Michigan. Much of the confession was published in the press, but it is clear that certain names and facts were either withheld by Reeves or suppressed by officers.

Hardly a week after Reeves made his first appearance in the San Antonio federal court, the news broke that Brack Cornett—alias Bill McGinty, alias Bill Bradley, alias "Captain Dick"—had been killed by a prominent ranchman who was also a deputy sheriff of Frio County. The man was Alfred Y. Allee, who had known Brack Cornett for years and who, at least once, had visited the gang at their hideout on Newt Butler's range.

Allee seems to have been one of those men who leave little room for moderate or impartial feelings. He inspired great trust and loyalty from some men; others regarded him with great fear or great loathing. His record included two killings, both of which resulted in acquittals. No one in his right mind ever doubted that Allee was a very, very dangerous man. There was an interesting, and eventually significant, link between Allee and Will Jacobs, the man who reportedly left the Cornett-Whitley gang just before the Flatonia robbery. Jacobs had once helped clear Allee of guilt in a shooting affray by implicating himself in the affair. After this it was likely that Allee felt an obligation to Jacobs.

Near the end of 1887, Jacobs met Cornett somewhere in Southwest Texas. Cornett was not to know, of course, that Jacobs and Allee had come to an arrangement with Governor Ross. Jacobs had been given two assurances. First, that charges against him would be dropped if he could get rid of Brack Cornett; and second, the rewards offered by the state and the railroad and express companies would be paid for the delivery of Cornett dead or alive. Jacobs and Allee could oblige. Early in February Jacobs and Cornett turned up on the Allee ranch near Pearsall, Texas. On the morning of the 12th "Captain Dick" was approached from behind as he knelt by a fire. Sensing danger, he whirled about, drawing his gun. Quick as he was, he stood no chance. He was shot three times from close range, with instant and fatal effect. The shooting was done by either Allee or Jacobs, or by both of them. Allee's story as he told it in Pearsall a few days later, included no mention of Jacobs. Bits of the truth leaked out during the months which followed, but it was never revealed if any reward money actually got as far as Allee and Jacobs. When Jacobs "surrendered," no charge was ever laid against him.

THE GANG was by no means finished by the removal of Cornett. Just a few days after he had been laid under the soil, four men tethered their horses

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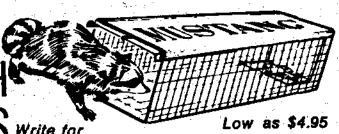

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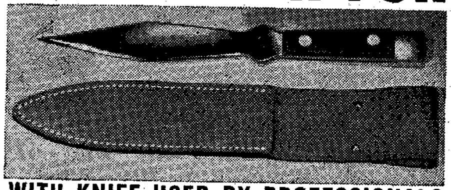

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near the bank at Cisco, Eastland County. One of them entered, requesting the cashier to change a bill. The other three followed and one of them drew a pistol.

"This is the sort of change we want," he told the cashier.

The treasurer and a customer were quickly covered and guarded along with the cashier while one of the gang depleted the vault and cash drawer. When the bank had been cleared of its last dollar, the bandits ordered their prisoners to accompany them through the back door and to climb over a high fence into an alley. One who was slow to obey was knocked to his knees. The robbers then clambered over another fence to reach their horses, and galloped through the snow-flecked streets. About two hundred yards from the bank one or two of them drew their guns and began shooting in the air, while the others brandished the sacks stuffed with loot. Bank officials conservatively reckoned their loss at something between five and six thousand dollars.

There was a lot of scurrying about by various posses, but the only bad moment for the gang came a couple of nights after the robbery when one of the horses ran into a fence and threw its rider. The next morning the horse, with two rifles strapped beside the saddle, was found by a posse. Ownership was soon traced to Whitley, and the other three bandits were identified as Barber, Queen, and Foster (alias Stephens). Shortly before the robbery the gang had stopped at the house of Barber's sister who lived near Cisco.

All four of the bandits got to a hideout in the Indian Territory without further incident, but word of their whereabouts reached a number of lawmen in Texas, and a posse raided the place. The outlaws had been warned of their approach, however, and had left a few hours earlier.

Whitley and Barber fled to Lampasas County, Texas, but people there were on the watch for them and they had to pull out in a hurry. For some days after that, posses gave them no rest. The constant running chafed Whitley, who wanted to ease up and ambush the pursuers. Eventually he got Barber to agree to join him in making a stand—but when the time grew near, Barber retreated as he always did. This marked the parting of the ways for Whitley and Barber, to the loss of both of them. Whitley's fearlessness and Barber's slipperiness made a formidable combination. Neither man would be as effective without the other.

Barber was chased across East Texas and into Louisiana, where the pursuit died. He worked his way back to the Indian Territory and sought out Queen and Stephens. In mid-June five men held up the Katy at Verdigris tank in the Creek Nation. The engineer, as it happened, was the one who had been held up near Atoka a few months earlier, and at least one of the bandits seemed to recognize him from the previous encounter.

The Verdigris robbery was a clumsy piece of work. The robbers killed a passenger, Ben Tarver, and wounded two other men. In the express car they were confronted by something new in their experience—a through safe which could be opened only at terminal points. They ransacked the small way safe but—at least according to the express company—there was no money in it. The messenger was relieved of his gold watch and a few dollars in cash.

It was established that the gang, including Barber, Queen, and Stephens, had planned the robbery at the house of one Alexander Lewis. Sometime later Lewis was arrested. He was convicted of the murder of Tarver, sentenced to hang, granted a new trial by the Supreme Court, and finally was acquitted in May 1893—almost five years after the holdup.

WHILE Barber and the others were being hunted in the Territory, Whitley was brushing the dust off the plans, abandoned a year earlier, to rob the bank at Fredericksburg, Texas.

On July 2 two men rode into Fredericksburg, held up the bank staff and customers, and seized all the money in sight—said to be only about $300. As the robbers were leaving the bank someone opened fire on them from an upper window. Neither man was hit but the noise alerted the townspeople and a posse was organized within fifteen minutes. The Fredericksburg men exchanged bullets with the outlaws a few miles out of town, but that was as close as they came to catching them.

Whitley's flight took him back to the country south of San Antonio, where he began looking for men to join him in a train robbery. All this time he was unknowingly setting himself up as a target.

"He should have been warned by the fate of Cornett," someone commented later, "but he wasn't."

John T. Rankin, United States marshal for the Southern District of Texas, devised the plan to eliminate Whitley. It was generally similar to the one Governor Ross had used to do away with Brack Cornett. Rankin was relying heavily upon the cooperation of two men who were about the closest allies and confidants the gang ever had.

From the beginning, Eli and Will Harrell had sheltered the outlaws, carried messages for them, and run errands for them. They had been paid for these services out of the loot from various robberies.

A week or two after the death of Cornett, Will Harrell was jailed in San Antonio on a charge of harboring the gang. He was let out on his promise to keep Marshal Rankin fully informed on the movements of the outlaws. His brother Eli was also brought into the plot. The story put out for public consumption was merely that Will Harrell has been released on bond to await the action of the grand jury, but throughout that summer of 1888 the Harrells were exchanging coded letters and telegrams with the marshal.

The essence of the arrangement was that the Harrells were to keep Whitley in the planning of a train robbery and were then to advise Rankin of the time and place selected for the attempt. The marshal would see to it that the train was thoroughly guarded. It was expected that

Whitley himself would be the first robber to step into the express car. As soon as he showed at the door he was to be killed.

In due course the Harrells sent word to Rankin that the gang had decided to strike Southern Pacific train No. 19—the one which had fallen upon such hard times at Flatonia. The hold-up was set for Saturday evening, September 22, and the place chosen was Harwood in northern Gonzales County.

When No. 19 pulled out of San Antonio at 4:25 p.m. on the 22nd, Rankin himself was in command of the reception party. With him in the express car were Deputy Marshal William Van Riper and Jay Kelly, a railroad detective. As an added precaution, Rankin split his forces by placing Deputy Marshal Duval "Bud" West and J. G. McNeill in the combination mail and baggage car. Although the express messenger and mail clerk must have had a pretty good idea of what was in store, apparently the rest of the train's crew did not. The passengers, except perhaps for a San Antonio reporter who was aboard, were no wiser.

At about 7:20 p.m. the train reached Harwood. The officers were prepared for the whole gang to move in here but so far as they could see, absolutely nothing happened.

Whitley and one of his recruits had slipped, unnoticed, onto the platform of the leading car. The bandits ordered Engineer Dan Toomey to stop the train about two miles east of Harwood. Whitley guarded Toomey while the other robber took Fireman Groser to uncouple the first car from the rest of the train. The outlaw seemingly did not realize that the main objective, the express safe, was in the second car. Thus, when the locomotive moved on, Marshal Rankin and his companions were left stranded along with four carloads of passengers. What the robbers had taken possession of was the combination baggage and mail car, with West and McNeill riding with the mail clerk in the rear section.

The locomotive and car came to a second standstill at the foot of a heavily timbered slope where the rest of the gang had been waiting. Two of the bandits, with torches flaring, sprang into the baggage department. Soon, having found little or nothing of value, they started battering down the partition which divided the car.

They were called out by one of their companions, who had noticed that the side door to the mail section was open. "Jump in there and rifle the mailbags," Whitley told two of his men. Again, contrary to the expectations of the officers, Whitley himself stood back some yards from the train while others of the gang nudged Engineer Toomey toward he open door.

The engineer did not identify himself to the occupants of the darkened car. Outside, what little light remained n the sky was lost in the overhanging branches. As Toomey began to climb into he car, West let go the first barrel of his shotgun. Toomey reeled back, wounded in the face and shoulder.

Whitley then forced Fireman Groser to perform the same trick as Toomey. West promptly directed his second shot at Groser but missed.

Alarmed and angry, the bandits ducked behind an improvised wall of ties, shooting rapidly but wildly, and making threats to burn the car. The defenders stood firm and fought back. After several minutes of this some of the robbers lost their nerve and ran, followed by their cursing companions. From the point of view of everyone concerned, the whole episode had been a miserable flop.

WHITLEY should have suspected that treachery was afoot—yet, incredibly, he accompanied Will Harrell to the latter's home near Floresville, in Wilson County. Harrell, en route, slipped another message through to Rankin. The marshal, with Deputies Van Riper, West, and Eugene Ysidrio, arrived at the Harrell place first and waited in a tiny back room. Harrell's wife was sent to the house of a neighbor, but a discreet (or frightened) colored helper was allowed to remain on the premises.

It was 8:30 on Tuesday evening, just seventy-two hours after the hold-up, when Whitley and Harrell entered the front room. As Harrell moved across the room to light the lamp Whitley sat down on a chair, laying his rifle on one of the two beds. A few moments later Rankin stepped into the open doorway with his shotgun pointed at Whitley's head, scarcely a yard away.

"Be quiet; throw up your hands," snapped Rankin.

The violence of the next few seconds was told in pictorial detail and with considerable melodramatic effect by a San Antonio newspaperman who heard the posse's story.

"Like a flash the entrapped scoundrel was on his feet. In another instant his six-shooter was out and he had fired. So inconceivably quick were his actions that the report of his pistol and Rankin's gun was simultaneous. His bullet flattened in the wall above the Marshal's head. He (Whitley) was struck in the face by three buckshot and was severely powder burned. He staggered toward the bed, squatted and fired again. Rankin responded, riddling his hat with buckshot. By this time Whitley was partly under the bed, rolling in his death agony, and the officers had crowded into the room and were working their weapons for all they were worth. The dead criminal when approached lay at full length on the floor in the space between the bed and the wall, with his feet to the foe and his cocked revolver held above his shoulder. . . . An idea of the firing may be gathered from the statement that the beds and bedding were absolutely ruined." When Mrs. Harrell arrived, Marshal Rankin reached into his pocket and reimbursed her for damage to the furniture.

Whitley's body was placed on exhibition in San Antonio and viewed by hundreds. Later it was shipped to his widow in Lampasas County.

Only one of Whitley's companions in the Harwood hold-up, Sam Neff, was vigorously prosecuted. He found himself in the middle of a fierce tug of war between state and federal authorities. Will Harrell weighed in on the side of the

(Continued on page 69)

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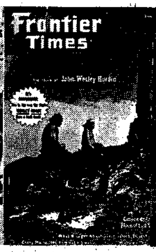
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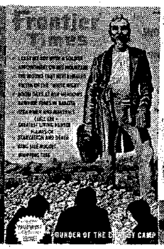
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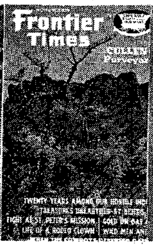
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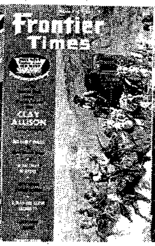
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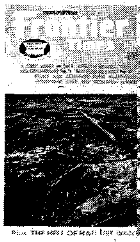
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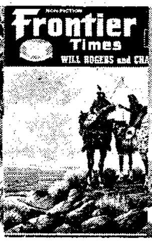
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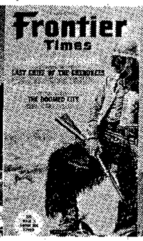
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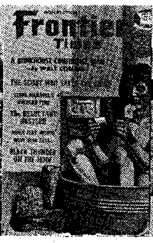
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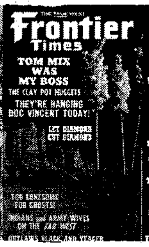
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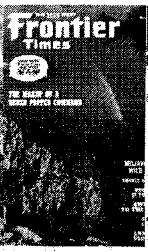
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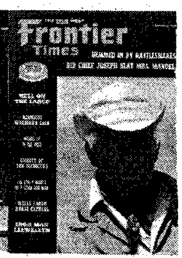
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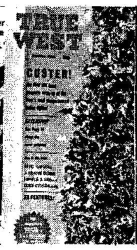
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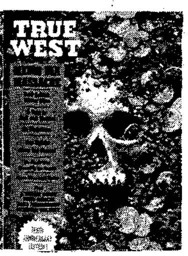
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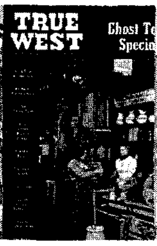
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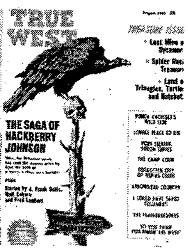
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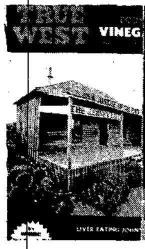
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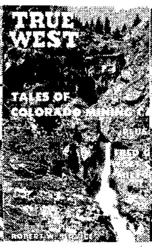
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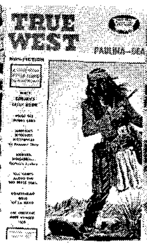
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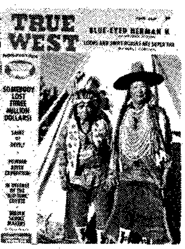
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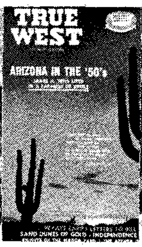
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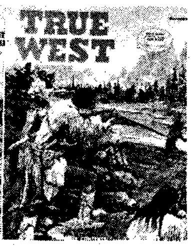
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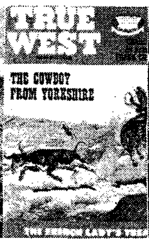
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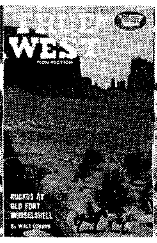
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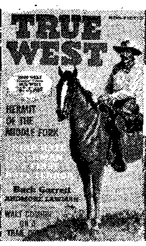
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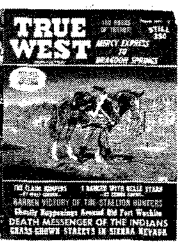
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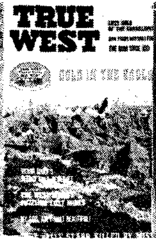
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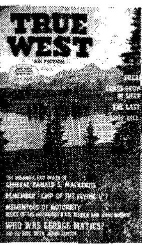
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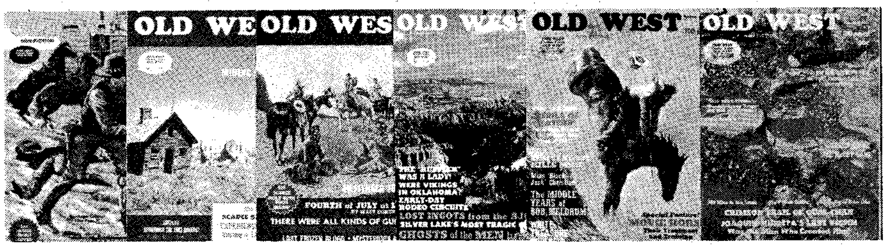

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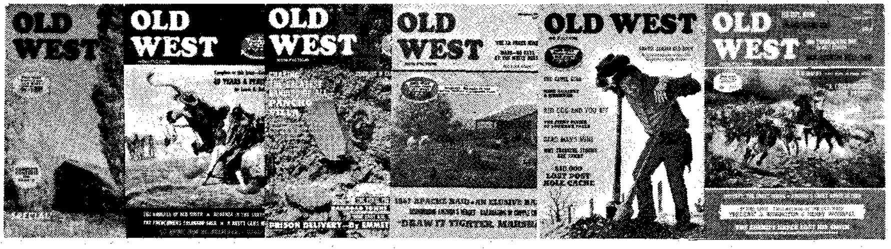

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Saga Of Russian Pete

(Continued from page 24)

while cleaning out the milk barn waste Luckily, though, the sick cow seemed t digest the dynamite caps, but for a whil everyone stood alert as she chewed he cud, apprehensive of what could happen We also stepped wide of cow chips, fres or otherwise, for months afterward.

LIKE MOST big men, Rusko was alway gentle with the stock. While he feare horses, he nevertheless was kind to them A city hunter who owned a deeded homestead up above our ranch often drov through our property on his way to hi homestead cabin. He drove an old bugg with a horse that had a balk streak i him nobody could ever understand o cure.

I was with Rusko one time as we wer coming down through the hills afte tracking some stray calves. The cit hunter, Mr. Moobey, and his horse ha stalled in a mud puddle on the excus for a road that led up to the Moobe homestead. Moobey had been trying t get a little cooperation from the anima for over an hour; he was splattered a over with mud and evidently had lost hi temper entirely. He had a club as bi around as his arm and was beating th balked horse over the hindquarters whe Rusko and I came down the trail. Th Russian took one look at the goings-o and, running up to Moobey, grabbed th big club and broke it over his knee. The glaring at the surprised homesteade he did his best to express his contemp for such behavior.

Rusko stayed away from all car games in the bunkhouse. As far as know, his only diversion was playing th "goosla." The goosla was a one-strin tin can fiddle he had manufactured himself. It consisted of a square syrup tir one-gallon size, with a banjo-like handl extending out the can's one end. For th single string it had a horse hair dea with old pine pitch for resin. The bo was made out of a bent branch. (Undoubtedly he had tried to duplicate th old Yugoslavian gusle.)

Rusko would sit by the hour in hi corner of the bunkhouse and softly pla his tin can fiddle. Although the tone wa not exactly melodious, it did have homey pitch to it. In his low bass voic he would croon the old country fol songs.

In the winter time one relief to th monotony of ranch work during the lonesome snow season was the Saturda night dance at Spokane Bridge, abou four miles from our ranch. Dances wer held above the blacksmith shop and stables of old Pat Lermon, and were attended by most every homesteader an ranch hand within a ten-mile radius.

At our ranch the mid-winter routin was to hitch up our big bob sled immediately after the supper meal an start out for the bridge. The route included various other ranch stops t pick up the crowd. Rusko was always th sentinel who remained at the home ranc while the rest of us attended the dance.

Our system was that, on any particula Saturday night when all the boys woul be washing up and shaving up to atten the dance, the two hands who had drawn short straws had to cook the evening meal and wash the dishes while the rest were sprucing up. On one particular night, I and another young cowhand pulled short straws. Losing out meant that instead of riding with the bobsled crew we would have to take our saddle horses over the hill trail and shortcut into Spokane Bridge. The disadvantage was that riding over horseback not only took the press out of your pants but usually made you arrive so late that most of the female dance cards were pretty well filled up.

Old Russian Pete saw my concern that night and he said to me, "I help you cook." So, between Rusko, the other short-straw cowhand, and myself, we dished up a supper of pork chops and some hashbrown potatoes that Rusko had prepared. He warned me, however, "You no eat potatoes. You leave."

What I didn't know was that Pete had spiked the potatoes with so much garlic hat you could smell our crew when they ame through the dance hall door—there sure wasn't any rush to be their dancing partners! The other young cowhand and had the time of our lives that night.

EVERY FALL we had a hundred or so head of prime fat steers ready for market, and getting the herd into the E. H. Stanton Packing Plant, now the Armour Plant at Spokane, had become more nd more of a problem. In the old days we merely herded them down the county oad with a few riders on each flank, but hose days were gone forever. Acre tracts ad sprung up the entire distance between Spokane and Liberty Lake. The old ounty road we once used was now the paved Appleway.

One year our old Texas foreman, Sam, olved the problem in a unique way. We ad a range bull—a big, mean-looking, eavy-boned Durham—that we had raised rom a calf and had gentled until he was ke a house dog. He carried a nose ring ust in case, but even on the open range e was approachable by any of the hands. He seemed to know members of the crew nd allowed himself to be caught in open country as easy as a pet pup. "Old Diamond" was Rusko's pet.

The last fall I was at the ranch—that was just before World War I—we had n exceptionally large number of steers o take to market. Old Sam figured that ld Diamond had served his purpose on ur range. Young heifers were coming in n the range that were blood relatives of iamond and there was danger of inreeding. The idea hit Sam to let Old iamond lead the herd to market. This ay we could take the back trails around he many acre tracts that were now erving as sort of a barricade along the xteen miles to the packing plant.

We loaded a heavy wagon with some aled alfalfa, and tagging behind the agon was Old Diamond with Rusko ading him by a rope to his nose ring. he bull seemed to appreciate his importance to the drive and acted like a eteran. We had no trouble at all between he ranch and the packing plant except r an occasional automobile honking its orn, trying to go through the herd. Old Diamond kicked the headlight off one car.

When we arrived at the packing plant the stockyard buyer started taking us through the maze of gates. The hundred or so head trailed Old Diamond like so many sheep. When they came to the scale gate fence I jumped on the bull's back, which was what we did out in the open range, and rode him through onto the scales and into the corrals.

The packing plant's foreman looked in amazement at Old Diamond, who was a vicious looking animal despite his gentle nature. "Is that bull really that gentle?" he asked.

When we said we rode him all the time coming back from range pasture when he went on his wild chases, the foreman gate-shunted Diamond into a smaller corral space of his own. Later, we heard why. Diamond became the "Judas" critter that led other cattle up the slaughter chutes. He was then shunted off to the side to return to his corral.

We always stopped at a little farm corral a couple of miles from the packing plant and unloaded our baled hay to let the herd eat and take on a little water. I don't think we ever fooled anybody because the packing plant scales foreman used to always kid us youngsters about how much water he was paying for at the then going twelve dollars a hundred range steer price.

One end of our ranch bordered the Coeur d'Alene Indian Reservation, and during huckleberry season Dad used to allow the Indians to camp on Kalez Creek at the edge of our east section line. One of the huckleberry pickers who showed up each year was Talush, a good-looking quarter-breed Indian girl whose folks had a 160-acre homestead claim up on Mica Ridge.

Indians have their own way of picking huckleberries. They slope a blanket from a frame at about a 30-degree angle and then snip off the entire huckleberry bush, shake the berries from the branches, and allow them to roll to the bottom of the blanket. The leaves catch onto the blanket and ever so often the blanket and its frame was turned over to allow the leaves to drop to the ground. An Indian will out-pick any three whites with this blanket method.

It wasn't long after Talush began coming down to the lakeshore in the evenings that we realized that Rusko had fallen in love.

I left for the service in World War I and I was gone five years. During that time my dad sold the entire ranch and our old-time crew hands scattered to the winds.

One summer after the war I was in Seattle, walking up 1st Avenue, and stopped to look at a gun shop window. While I was standing there, a huge individual came up alongside me and looking down at me very soberly, "Das you, Jay?"

It was old Rusko—Russian Pete. "You drinkin' man now?" he asked me.

"Ya, I take a snort once in a while," I answered.

We went into a nearby tavern where Rusko informed me he married Talush after the ranch sale and was now working in Seattle as a gardener on a private

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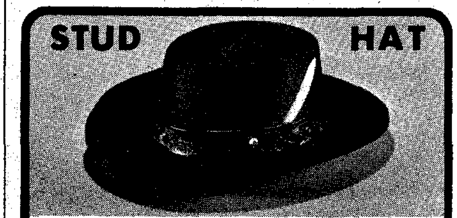

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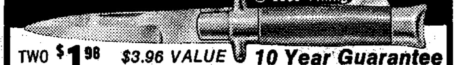

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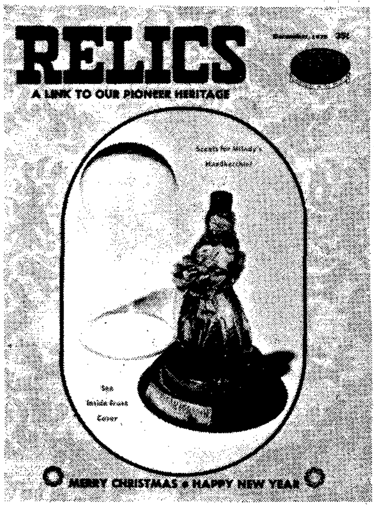
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estate near Lake Washington. He told me he and Talush had a family of two boys and a girl. Though I never got to see those lads, if they grew up to anything like their father in size, some lucky university should have some excellent football material.

Sheriff Dickinson's Long, Long Trail

(Continued from page 9)

had. After passing the mill they returned a few days later. Those two were the only wagons coming through the forest since ranchers hauled in winter supplies that early fall.

Taking out on horseback and dry camping at night, Dickinson found an old campsite on a seldom traveled road at Cedar Glade. Ground sign revealed that burros and several people, including a woman by the shoe marks, had been there at least two days.

On leaving there and entering the Johnson cattle range, the wagons had quit the road. Trace of them was finally lost in the thick mats of pine needles covering the ground between close growing trees. But the trail pointed generally towards JD Dam. Stymied once more, Dickinson settled down trying to think it out. What would the suspects have done after leaving the forest?

On November 20 he received a letter from Phoenix signed "J. P. Strahan" requesting information about a friend, Henry Thomas. Thomas was a young man who spent some time each year in the Salt River Valley town for his health and was twenty-one years old. The past fall he had become acquainted with an old man who claimed to have a gold mine near Prescott. So good was his story that Thomas grubstaked him. Then deciding to go along on his own account, Thomas said that he would be back by November 1.

Strahan was asked to come to Flagstaff. As Dickinson described the dead man, Strahan paled. "I'm afraid that is Henry," he said uneasily. Then Strahan said he could be sure by his teeth.

Strahan was a merchant with whom Thomas had become well acquainted du ing his Phoenix sojourns. He knew abou the teeth because he had examined a aching one for Thomas before he left fo Prescott. One front tooth hooked ove another; one molar contained a larg cavity; another a smaller cavity; and front tooth was missing.

Taking an undertaker along, Dickinso conducted Strahan to JD Dam. Becau of recently fallen snow they could n get all the way to the site in a car, they hiked in. The body was dug up an Strahan examined the teeth, with th undertaker as witness. No longer was th identity of the dead man in doubt. Th remains were those of young Thomas.

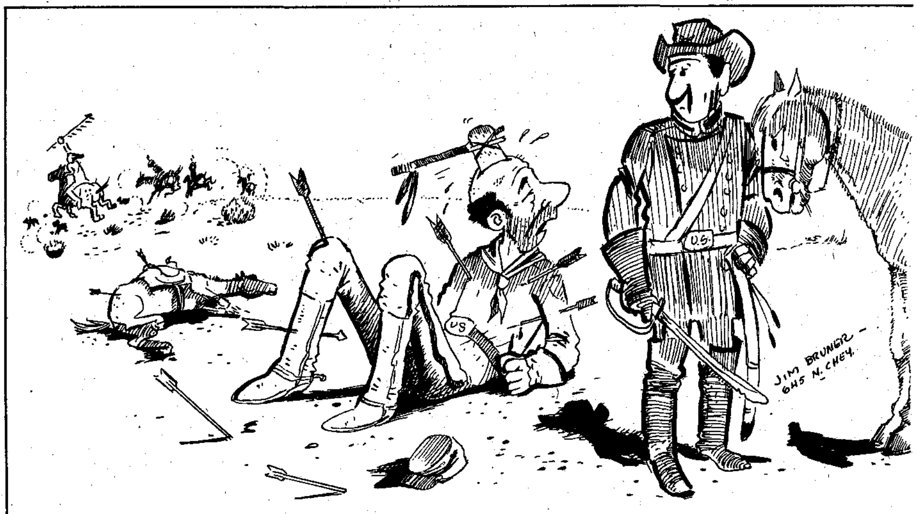
The body was removed to Willian and the boy's father, C. E. Thomas, wa wired in Ohio. A few days later he al identified the remains as those of h son.

Strahan did not know the prospect whom Thomas grubstaked. The youn man also paid for a team of burros an an old, light spring wagon. Quite o viously the real evidence would be fou in Phoenix. Dickinson was accompani there by Wilson. Neither man could ha guessed that they were embarking on jaunt that would consume another tho sand miles of travel.

FROM STRAHAN was obtained a li of all the people Thomas had know The first one to be interviewed requir a trip to Wickenburg where Thoma nineteen-year-old fiancee taught scho Thomas had written her about the pro pecting trip and later had also mail her a letter from Jerome.

Pat McGovern, a livery stable owne had sold Thomas a .45-caliber Winche ter rifle having an octagon barrel, an also a piece of canvas with one corn missing. When he told Dickinson th Thomas carried much more than $100 his pocket the sheriff exclaimed, "No we have a motive for his murde Money!"

Keeping doggedly on the scene it w learned from a blacksmith, Bill Selle that Thomas paid him $5 for repairi a spring wagon. It was painted bla and had red wheels. With Thomas at t time had been a middle-aged ma



"Dammit—you always arrive on time in the movies!"

squinty-eyed and bearded. When the agon was repaired a team of burros as hitched up, and they drove off. omething about the description of the ew suspect bothered Dickinson. Feeling at he should know him, he still could ot come up with a name.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. McGuill had been ell acquainted with Thomas. From them e borrowed a .32 caliber Colt six-gun, ith a holster and cartridge belt. Mrs. cGuill had also given him two pieces f rope to tie a bedroll together. Both ad been cut from a longer length and he remnant matched perfectly the pieces ound with the body.

Thomas wrapped three new blankets n a tarpaulin bought from McGuill. They aw in his possession an open-faced, gold adies pin-on watch. The back was covered with scroll work.

A picture of the victim was received rom Thomas' father, and after several ays of investigation in the Salt River alley Dickinson and Wilson began a ng trail following the black wagon.

Forty miles from Phoenix at New iver on the Agua Fria, beside the agon and stage road, they hit pay dirt. he picture was recognized as a young an in the company of a middle-aged, earded, squint-eyed man in a black agon who had been there early in ctober.

eriff W. G. Dickinson (right) and Charley urray, railroad special officer.

At Cordes, thirty miles on north, the ack wagon occupants were recognized ain. At this point they had been joined a man, a woman and a small boy in second burro-drawn wagon. It was inted white and had the word "White" inted in black letters on both sides. formerly had been a White Sewing achine salesman's wagon.

At the town of Mayer a butcher shop ner identified Thomas as having made rchases of fresh meat on Sunday, tober 10. The two wagons were still gether, moving on after camping overght. The butcher saw them the next y on the road to Dewey.

At Dewey Dickinson and Wilson faced a quandary. One part of the old road turned west to Prescott, the other toward Jerome. They concluded to try Jerome because of the letter Thomas mailed there. The wagons were traced to the copper mining town and then to the village of Puntenny. From that point it was only a short distance before Dickinson lost track of the wagon in the forest.

Pulling out, Dickinson and Wilson proceeded to Prescott. Witnesses were located who recalled seeing both wagons together in Williamson Valley, headed over the stage and freighting road toward Kingman. No further trace was found so Dickinson and Wilson returned to Prescott, then north to what became the Old Trails Highway and then Highway 66; from there they turned west to Kingman.

Sheriff Lane was brought up to date on the new evidence. Calls were made on places where pawn was taken and used goods bought. In a secondhand store an open-faced ladies gold watch and a rusted .45-60 caliber Winchester having an octagon barrel had been sold. They were later identified as having belonged to Thomas.

The secondhand store owner described the same middle-aged, squinty-eyed man moving north out of Phoenix. The next day a man of similar description was traced west to Goldroads and Oatman. With him were a one-armed woman and a boy. This was confusing and Wilson deduced that the two wagons and men had been together until Kingman, where they split up.

Questions led investigators to an individual who had bought a pair of big brown burros from a man who said his name was "Jasper." He had refused to sell the wagon. The buyer had then hauled the wagon, its contents and the family west to the Colorado River, where they had been left at a hut owned by Noomela, a Mojave.

The three lawmen proceeded on west to the Indian's hut. At first he refused to talk, but when it was all explained to him he unfastened the cartridge belt and holstered gun from around his waist, handing it over. It was the weaponry Thomas had borrowed from McGuill.

The Indian then led them around the hut to the wagon. He had received it for ferrying the family and their goods across the river to the California side.

HASTENING on to Needles Sheriff Dickinson picked up a local officer named Bennett. They drove down a meandering river road to a hog ranch, fifteen miles below Needles. The car could go no farther.

When the rancher, Herb Ford, was questioned he began chuckling. "They're camped below here in a cove. Name is Willis Azbill, not Jasper."

Dickinson was startled for he had known Azbill as a shiftless character around Williams. He asked Ford if he could be sure. "I've knowed them worthless brothers for many years—over in

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New Mexico even before we all come this way."

Pieces of the puzzle fell into place for Dickinson. Willis, a paroled convict, resembled Henry enough to be a twin. Dickinson, Wilson and Bennett set out hiking to the cove. A deserted camp lay in it. The family possessions were still there, most of them loaded on a large log raft tied to the pebbly shore. There was no sign of the Azbills.

The three men spread out, Dickinson going downstream through the brush. About thirty minutes later he returned to the camp. The raft was gone! Yelling for Wilson and Bennett he heard nothing in reply and started running along the river side.

Breaking through a thicket of willows Dickinson came onto a prospector with a boat drawn up on the beach. The sheriff identified himself quickly and obtained use of the craft. Dickinson set off downstream, but as the boat hit the center current he realized instantly that the trip would be risky. The motor was from an old car and much too heavy for the light boat.

As he passed the cove Wilson and Bennett appeared, waving their arms and motioning downstream. Around the next bend Dickinson came abruptly onto the Azbills and the raft. The deck-boarded logs contained a pile of fence posts in the stern. The center was piled with equipment and supplies. The man steering the slow-moving raft was easily recognizable as Willis Azbill.

He was ordered to pull over to the Arizona side. Instead of complying Azbill poled the unwieldy raft faster. The boy on his father's orders began dropping the posts into the water. Then his one-armed mother started helping him.

Although desperately trying to avoid them, Dickinson saw it couldn't be done. One post end smashed a hole in the boat's bow. Not wanting to endanger the lives of the woman and boy by shooting at Azbill, Dickinson tried harder to miss the bobbing posts and then crashed violently into two. The boat flipped over and sank.

The sheriff was not a very good swimmer. He floundered along until he managed to grab a hold on the raft logs. Almost at once the woman brought a pole smashing down on his hands. Stunned by pain Dickinson fell off, catching a side blow on the head.

Going under completely, he found himself trapped under the raft that had grounded one corner on a hidden sand bar. In sheer desperation and holding his breath he pulled himself along under the raft to the other side.

As his head cleared water he saw Azbill, his wife and son standing with their backs to him, watching for his reappearance in the muddy stream. Azbill held a shotgun, and abruptly blasted a load of buckshot at Dickinson's hat bobbing along on the surface.

While their attention was diverted, Dickinson hurled himself upward and aboard. Scrambling to his feet he drew the thonged gun from his belt holster.

"Throws up your hands, Willis!" he ordered.

It apparently didn't occur to Azbill that immersion in the water might have rendered the six-gun useless, or at least he didn't take a chance. Up went his hands, and the shotgun clattered to the deck planks.

There was no further resistance. On orders Azbill worked the raft free and poled over to the Arizona shore. With the gun held on him, Azbill stepped on the beach with raft rope in hand, securing it to a willow tree. The woman and boy followed in gloomy silence.

"Where's Henry and his wife?" Dickinson asked.

The woman replied quickly, "They wrecked their wagon after leaving us and she was killed." Then just as quickly she added that they had received a letter from him in Oatman in which he said he was heading for Yuma to pick cotton.

Her fast conversation was to help Azbill in a last desperate move to escape. Approaching Dickinson close he suddenly hurled his body at the sheriff's knees. Although hit hard, the heavy sheriff did not go down.

Azbill came scrambling up holding a large rock. Dickinson fired a warning shot into the ground at his feet. The Colt .45 had not been rendered useless after all.

THE AZBILLS were marched along the river trail. On clearing the timber opposite their camp on the other side of the Colorado, Dickinson fired two signal shots in the air. The crashes brought Wilson and Bennett into view and they were directed by signs to drive around to the Arizona side.

Taking his prisoners on to Topock, Dickinson settled down to wait for help.

"What you 'resting me for, Mr. Dickinson?" Azbill wanted to know.

"You savvy why. Where did you dispose of the rest of Thomas' stuff?"

"Dunno what you're talking about."

When Wilson joined Dickinson the prisoners were secured and a search made of the raft's contents. More of Thomas' property and other evidence of his murder was found.

Azbill was jailed in Flagstaff. His wife and son were released from custody. Two days later a report was received that Henry Azbill had been recognized at Gila Bend in southern Arizona.

Jumping into his automobile Dickinson raced south. But racing in those days was 25 to 40 miles an hour at best and only a creep on the wagon roads distinctive of old Arizona.

Disappointment awaited him at Gila Bend. Local officers helped search the area, but no suspect could be found. Disgusted with his failure, Dickinson set out for Yuma on the California border. Two hours later he pulled into a small roadside store. A county officer stood questioning two men and a woman sitting on the spring seat of a burro-drawn wagon.

As Dickinson came up the officer turned towards him. "The elderly couple are Mr. and Mrs. Barnstable. I have been asking them about Henry Azbill. They haven't seen him on the road."

Chuckling amusedly Dickinson commanded, "Step down, Henry!" Then to the bewildered officer, "This is Henry Azbill."

Soon Henry Azbill joined his brother in the county jail at Flagstaff. Interrogated by the shrewd County Attorney Wilson, the brothers gave rambling accounts of their travels for the previous two months. They could not, however, account for five days—November 12 to 17. Those missing days covered the period of taking Thomas from the forest camp to the JD Dam to murder him, and their flight from the scene.

The brothers claimed ownership of the property identified as Thomas'. They gave the names of places where it was allegedly bought, which proved untrue. While awaiting trial a number of hard-cases arrived in Flagstaff professing to be witnesses for the Azbills. Threats were made against Wilson who was personally prosecuting the case. He brushed off warnings of sudden death. Then threats of killing or kidnapping members of his family reached him.

This apprehension hanging over the Wilson family came to a head one dark night. Mrs. Wilson and a son, Charles, Jr., were walking near the Emerson School bridge on Rio de Flag. Several roughly dressed men and a woman suddenly leaped out from under the bridge and ran toward them.

Grabbing her small son Mrs. Wilson sped for the nearest lighted home screaming. Her cries brought men from dwellings and the attackers took sudden flight.

Wilson worked up his facts expertly had all the Thomas property identified and placed the brothers on the scene of the murder. He went to trial with overwhelming evidence. Following a trial lasting thirteen days the Azbill brothers were convicted of first degree homicide June 12, 1916. The jury was out less than fifteen minutes.

They were sentenced to be hanged, but delays ensued with various appeals to higher courts. Finally they were again sentenced to die at the state penitentiary at Florence, February 17, 1917.

Before the execution date arrived the State Legislature abolished capital punishment (later restored). The state supreme court then resentenced the Azbill brothers to life imprisonment.

On June 18, 1920, the brothers escaped and were never apprehended.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION required by the Act o Congress, October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39 United States Code. FRONTIER TIMES, publishe bimonthly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publicatio and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher, Joe Austell Small, P.O. Box 3338, Austin Texas 78764. Editor: Pat Wagner, P.O. Box 3338 Austin, Texas 78764. Managing Editor: None Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704; Joe Auste Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copie printed during last twelve months: 240,421; las single issue: 210,000. Average number of sale during last twelve months through dealers an carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 99,960 last single issue: 94,761. Average mail subscriptions during last twelve months: 32,340; las single issue: 32,493. Average total paid circulatio during last twelve months: 132,300; last singl issue: 127,254. Average free distribution durin last twelve months: 500; last single issue: 500 Average copies distributed during last twelv months to news agents but not sold: 106,621; las single issue: 81,246. Average total distributio last twelve months: 239,421; last single issue 209,000. Average number during last twelv months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoile after printing: 1,000; last single issue: 1,000 (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 29, 1972.

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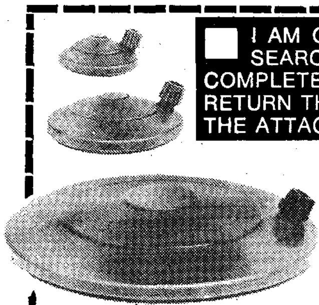

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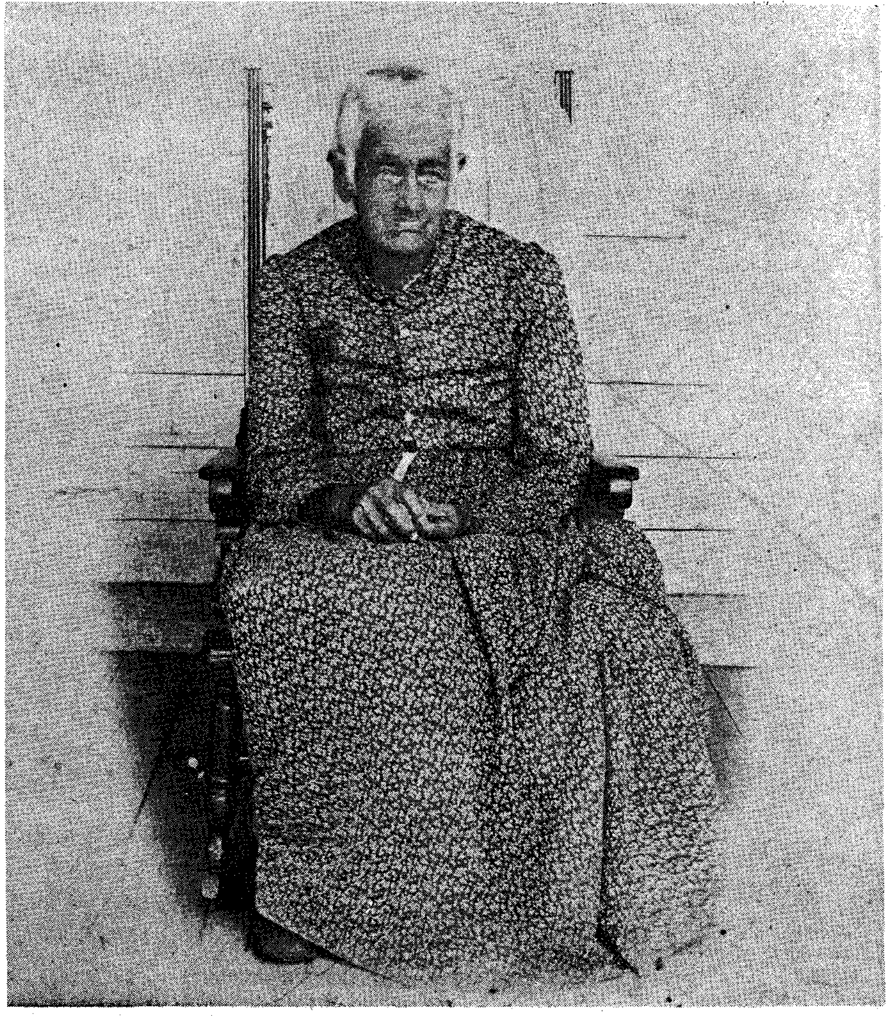


Sallie Albertson, wife of Chief Isaac Albertson and half-sister of Rhoda.

Chickasaw Rhoda

(Continued from page 17)

and as soon as it is done you and your husband must go with the family and find a new home." The old man sighed. "I will not be able to make the trip. I am too weak."

"No, Father, that's not true!" Rhoda protested. "I won't go without you!"

"The trails are rough and long. It will be hard enough for young, strong people. No, I will stay behind; there's not much time left for me."

Deep in her heart Rhoda knew that her father was speaking the truth. He had been past middle age when she was born, and now he was very old. Death settled the argument, claiming James Gunn before the migration began.

Rhoda was to lose her husband too. She was unsuccessful in her attempt to convince Oke-lah-na of the uselessness of trying to fight the white encroachments on their land, and he disappeared one day with a small band of warriors, never to return.

With a heavy heart the Indian girl left her home and the fresh grave of her beloved father, bade goodbye to a few loved ones who refused to give up their land, and joined her relatives at Horn Lake, south of present-day Memphis. Cyrus Harris, the son of Rhoda's half-sister Elizabeth, was later to become the first Governor of the Chickasaws. "On November 1st, 1837," he wrote, "we left for Memphis to join a party of Chickasaws, going overland to the Indian Territory."

The federal government took the responsibility of the move, but Rhoda's family had good horses and were well prepared for traveling, although any such trip across the crude trails was hazardous and uncomfortable. Rhoda trotted her sturdy Indian pony up and down the trail helping mothers with small children and trying to encourage the weary although her own heart was lonely and sad.

When they reached the rich valley of the Boggy River the Cyrus Harris family decided to settle there and asked Rhoda to remain with them, but she went on with other members of her family to the Red River where a kinsman, Ben F. Colbert, was building a ferry.

There is some disagreement in the records as to this period in Rhoda's life. It is known that she was married for a short time to Samuel Colbert, who was perhaps a cousin, and that they had a daughter Susan who married and went to Arkansas and was "lost to them."

Some say that Rhoda did not come west with the first group of Indians. This is based on a statement made by her half-sister Sallie who married Chief Isaac Albertson and settled two miles north of the Colbert ferry. "I put a little gold ring on me sista's finger, and when I see her, five years later, she still have it on."

RHODA'S next husband was Joseph Bevard Potts, a white man who was related to the founder of Pottsboro, Texas. They built a home a few miles from Colbert Station, which was on the Texas road, also called the Butterfield Road

The Chickasaws were a proud people and brought with them from Mississipp many things that added a warm, loving touch to their homes in a raw, new country. In their yards they planted the small, yellow briar roses, lilacs, honeysuckle and other shrubs and vines, many of which can still be found in that area today, descendants of the sprouts brough and put in the earth so many years ago

Rhoda and Joseph Potts were the parents of four children: Sallie, Mary Taylor, and Joseph, Jr. In an accoun written by Cyrus Harris and sent to Harry Warren, Mississippi historian, i was stated that only two boys were born of this marriage. Possibly the two girl were overlooked because Mary died a a young bride and Sallie lived most o her life with her aunt Sallie Albertson.

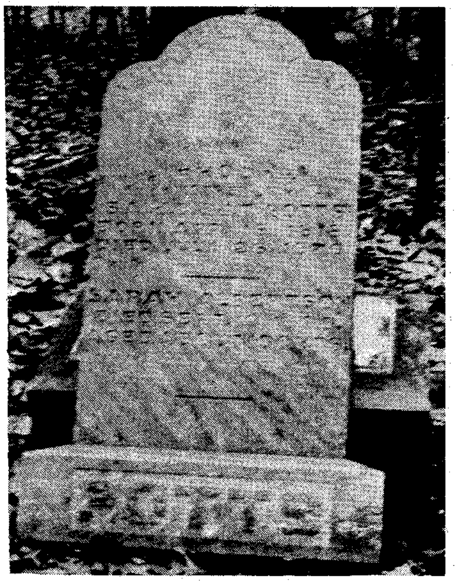
While the children were still quite young, their father died in a strang way. His health had never been good; i is thought that he may have suffere from malaria, a common malady in thos days. On a visit to Governor Harris i 1862 Joseph discovered a package o white powder among the medical supplies. Thinking it to be quinine, whic was very hard to obtain, he took som of it. The powder was strychnine.

Rhoda, Mary and the two boys, with the help of a few slaves who were stil with them, carried on as best they could Times had never been easy for the Chickasaws, in their new home. Although th valleys of the Washita and Boggy, a well as the Red to the south, were ric and promising and wild game was abundant, the new settlers found themselve in the position of being a buffer betwee the Choctaws and the so-called "wil tribes" to the west. In addition, the are offered excellent hiding places for criminals and fugitives from justice fror bordering states. Between raids from th hostile tribes on the west and constan pilfering from desperadoes, their stoc became badly depleted and at times the lived in fear for their very lives.

As if matters were not deplorabl enough, the Civil War was declared and with tears in his eyes, Cyrus Harris saw young Chickasaw braves leaving hom to join the Confederate forces. This wa the first time the tribe had ever take up arms against the United States.

Rhoda was a tower of strength amon her people in those dark days. Sti straight and strong in spite of adversity she rode about from farm to farm, ministering to those who needed help an offering encouragement to the wear and dispirited. She apparently had n fear, for in at least one instance she returned to Mississippi on a visit, ridin horseback and taking only one Negro servant with her.

TIME PASSED, the war ended, and th young men began coming back t their homes—or what was left of then Two brothers, Dan and John Collin



ravestone of Rhoda and her sister, Sallie lbertson, in the old Love Cemetery east f Colbert, Oklahoma.

rifted west from Princeton, Kentucky nd stopped for a while among the hickasaws. Soon Rhoda was giving her ermission for Sallie to marry Daniel ollins and for Mary to marry John. Sal- e and Daniel lived with Aunt Sallie Al- ertson while John and Mary moved in ith Rhoda, who welcomed having a an in the house again. They all pitched and repaired the farm, building up hat had been destroyed during the war ears.

Tragedy, however, never seemed far way from Rhoda. When Mary's first ild was born, the young mother died. pparently she had known beforehand at all was not well, for she had asked er sister Sallie to take the child and are for it if anything should happen to er.

"Surely, you're not going to take the ild away from me!" Rhoda cried in ismay.

"No, Mother," Sallie answered gently. Daniel and I want all of you to come d live with us. You have carried the ad of the family too long, and we ant to look after you."

So, the entire Potts family—the two oys who were almost grown now, and e tiny baby Ben, went to live in the g Albertson house. Daniel had added south-half to the structure, and also ur rooms to the rear and a porch across e front. To match the large, stone fire- ace at the north end, he built a twin it at the south end of the house.

The house was something of a show ace, with much walnut from the nearby oods being used in the building. A wind- g staircase of wide pine boards with nd-polished rails went from the lower vel to the one above. It was said that aves worked for two years gathering one and logs for the original structure hich was supposed to have been built 1844. (Members of the family have vned and lived in this same house all rough the years, although it has been modeled many times.)

This was to be Chickasaw Rhoda's home until her death from a sudden and short illness in 1876. She was loved and honored by her people, and rode many miles to help those who were sick and in need. Although her beauty faded as she grew older, this remarkable woman remained straight and proud of stature until the end. She had all the attributes common to her tribe—good looks, bravery, and a fighting spirit against life and its adversities. She was a legend in her time, and many persons today trace their lineage back to her with pride. Yet, on her gravestone in old, overgrown Love Cemetery, the epitaph simply states: "Farewell, dear Mother, get thy rest."

The Delaware County Fight

(Continued from page 35)

Forced to give up on retaining the records at Grove, the commissioners approved the move to New Jay and leased Creekmore's building for five years. The "Delaware County War" was beginning to brew in the green hills of the Cherokees.

WHEN Governor Cruse learned that the records had been moved to New Jay he was furious. He immediately instructed Frank Canton to take the state militia to Delaware County and to "move those records to the proper courthouse erected in Old Jay by the will of the people."

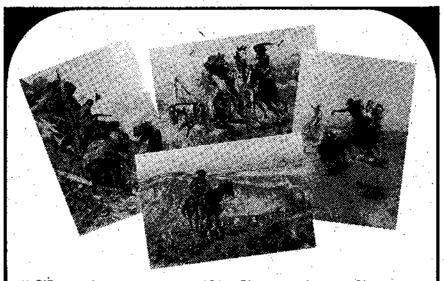
"The militia is coming! The militia is coming!" It rang through the hills and hollows and echoed from valley to valley, from cabin to cabin. Men grabbed squirrel rifles or shotguns and headed for Old Jay, aroused to a fighting pitch. They meant to see that those records were moved to Old Jay and kept there.

The militia came. On the cold winter morning that saw the transfer of records, Canton was overheard to remark quietly to his men, "One false move here and we have massacre on our hands."

The order from Canton was explicit: "Start moving the records by sun-up on January 5." And by sun-up on that January morning eighteen wagonloads of legal documents were ready to roll. For the distance of the half-mile between the two townsites the first sheriff of Delaware County, George Hogan, along with his deputies guarded the rutted road.

Those county commissioners were a hard-headed lot. At their first meeting after the moving of the records they once more ordered Sheriff Hogan to return those records to the fireproof building in New Jay. Hogan flatly refused.

All through 1912 there was an uneasy quiet in Delaware County like the vacuum that precedes a storm. The matter was being considered in the courts. On November 5, the ruling went against Old Jay. Judge Pitchford, district court judge, was ordered to authorize the county commissioners to "lease suitable temporary quarters." The county commissioners met—and leased the Creekmore building for five years. Sheriff



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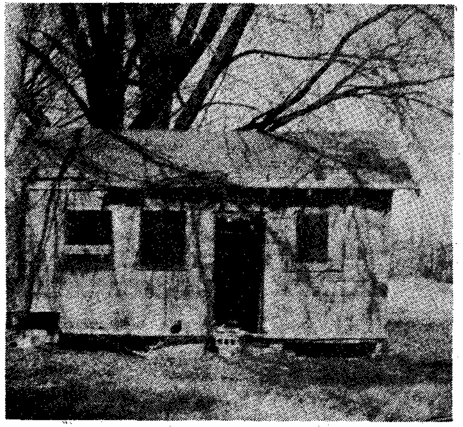
George Hogan resigned in disgust and Deputy Thompson was appointed to fill out the rest of his term.

During the time between the moving of the records to old Jay and the order to move them back again, a ditch—a real battle trench—had appeared between the two towns, right down the survey line running east and west. The residents of Old Jay openly declared their intention of remaining the county seat. Barricades went up all along the trench. Women kept close to their homes; children were kept out of school on any pretext; and men did not walk abroad at night without being sure their identity was known.

When the acting sheriff, with guns in plain sight and his deputies similarly armed, approached the line between the two towns, he was on his way to see that the records were moved back to Creekmore's town. He was met on the line by the Old Jay militia. Aroused citizens had actually organized a militia for the protection of the courthouse. A full-blood, Sam Boney, was elected captain.



Typical pioneer shack in Delaware County, Oklahoma.

Sheriff Thompson was turned back at the barricaded trench on December 9, 1912. There was now openly declared war between the two towns and between the residents of Old Jay and the sheriff of Delaware County.

Henry Stewart, an old-timer who died in 1970 at age ninety-seven told me, "I've drove cattle up through Baxter Springs, Kansas when there was war with the settlers, but I never knew a tighter situation than when the Jay militia was sitting in that trench watching for the least movement out there in the night."

MARY WASHBOURNE, the widow of Jay for whom the old town was named, remembered it this way. "My mother ran a boarding house here in Jay. The Indian agent, Mr. W. C. Foults, was boarding with her. We were all sitting around after supper that night just enjoying the fire as it was so cold and blustery outside, when we heard a quick burst of gunfire. All of us rushed out on the porch to find out what was going on. All we could see were the flashes of the guns down the length of the trench. The air was full of the smell of gunpowder. The firing stopped all of a sudden and there was such an unearthly quiet I could hear the pounding of my own heart. I, like every other woman with a man in that trench, prayed that her man was unhurt. None was, thank goodness."

Hattie Keith, wife of Claud Keith who was county treasurer during the thirties, remembers, "I was just a very little girl but when the firing started I remember Mama grabbed the big old camel-backed trunk and dragged it across a corner of the room away from the trench. She took piles of quilts and stacked them on top of the trunk and all around the walls behind me. She put me down in the middle of this padded protection and there I sat during the battle."

It was on December 15, 1912 that the shots from the trenches brought the Washbournes to the front porch, the eyes of all straining into the darkness.

It is estimated by those who were there that over five hundred shots were fired by the Jay militia on that dark night.

When dawn broke cold and murky the casualties amounted to one dead mule. This mule, it is assumed, wandered into the woods near the trench and it was the noise he made that brought on the gunfire.

At the next commissioners' meeting after the "battle" that harassed body pledged to leave the seat of government in Old Jay.

JUST a little over four months later the frame courthouse in Old Jay burned to the ground. A short time afterward Creekmore's "fireproof" concrete building was gutted by fire. It stands today, trumpet vines creeping up its decaying sides and through its glassless windows.

A new one-story stone building was quickly erected to replace the frame building in Old Jay. This stone building served the county until 1932, when a second story was added. Then on February 21, 1941 this building, too, was heavily damaged by fire. The present courthouse was completed in January 1942.

I lived in Jay during the building of the second story, and watched the building burn in 1941. I also listened to the mutterings of the old men who were very definite in their opinion that it was "the work of some of that Creekmore bunch." Even now the residents of Old Jay will tell you, "If you want to get a different story about the battle for the courthouse just go over to Creekmore's town."

"Wretched Webb"

(Continued from page 29)

leased. Next they turned up in Muskogee but somewhere along the line they escaped again.

The Chicago *Times* correspondent, who described Webb as a "regular type of a western bully, a big burly, coarse fellow, well fitted mentally and physically for the villainous part he took in the horrible affair," had a field day with Hoodoo Brown whom he described as a rather remarkable character.

"He has been in the western wilds for many years," he wrote, "and for a long time was one of the worst class of low gamblers. A recital of the many terrible affairs with which he has been connected in this country would make a whole book of horribles. When he came here [to Las Vegas] there was a great bustle and excitement with building houses and the railroads, and the roughs and gamblers being the only idle ones, had things pretty much their own way, and elected him justice of the peace and coroner. He conducted his business in a fearless manner, and rather won the admiration of the citizens, though they always mistrusted him.

"The novel way in which he always opened court contains a little grim humor and illustrates about how law reigned here a few months ago. He would seat himself and say: 'Myself and partner will now open court,' pointing to a large double-barrelled Winchester lying against the desk at his side.

"He is a tall, thin man, has light hair, small mustache, and a rakish look which is a terrible give-away, and one would at once set him down as a desperate character and a man to beware of."

Back in Las Vegas a grand jury wa in session. Within six days an indictmen was brought against Webb. He was tried found guilty of murder and sentenced t be hanged on Friday, April 9. "From a officer to a felon's cell, from a felon' cell to the gallows in thirty days, is th neatness and dispatch with which judg and jury are determined business of tha character shall hence forth be done i this territory," reported a corresponden of the Chicago paper.

WEBB'S FRIENDS in Dodge City apparently could not accept the fac that their former companion was murderer. A paper was circulated aroun town on March 9 which read: "We, th undersigned friends and sympathizers o John J. Webb, recently tried for an convicted of murder in the first degre at Las Vegas, New Mexico, believing i his innocence and desiring to . . . aid th said John J. Webb in procuring lega talent for his defence, agree to give th amount set opposite our names for suc purpose." Four prominent citizens o Dodge led the list with donations of $2 each. Mike W. Sutton and his law partner, Edward F. Colborn, gave as a fir while James H. "Dog" Kelley and W. B Masterson gave as individuals. Amon others giving substantial amounts wer Chalk Beeson, and W. H. Harris, partner in the Long Branch Saloon; George M Hoover, former mayor and wholesal liquor dealer; Prairie Dog Dave Morrow Richard W. Evans; Neil Brown; Wrigh Beverley & Co. (which gave an additional $20); Nate Hudson and Charle E. Bassett. Altogether forty-two name appeared on the list. The next mornin Mike Sutton, who was then Ford Count attorney, boarded the westbound Sant Fe passenger train for Las Vegas. Th purpose of the visit was to arrange fo a new trial.

The plea was unsuccessful and Judge L. Bradford Prince confirmed the death sentence. An argument was then made for an appeal to the Supreme Court which was granted. A stay of execution was ordered until the action of the high court was made known. This virtually gave Webb an additional year of life.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, April 2, 1880, two men went to the jail in Las Vegas to see Webb. One of them, John Allen, demanded the keys from the guard, Antonio Lino, but was refused. Allen promptly shot and killed Lino, took the keys and threw them to Webb. The report of the pistol brought additional guards, however, and the plot was discovered before Webb could make good his escape. Allen and his companion, none other than Dave Rudabaugh, dashed out of town and into the friendly hills.

The Dodge City *Times* of April 17, 1880 reported that "Rudabaugh has up to date killed three of the Mexican jurors who found Webb guilty, and has sworn to 'exhaust the panel' before he quits. He is still at large."

Rudabaugh remained at large well into autumn. As time passed, Webb was taken for granted and the jail ceased to become a place of interest and concern—to everyone except Rudabaugh and Allen, hat is. From time to time they would pass wire, keys, files and other materials nto Webb's cell which he shared with six other prisoners. Then, on the night of November 9, 1880, almost under the noses of sleeping Pablo Domingues and his guards, they picked locks, cut ankle shackles and fled into the darkness.

Silently they threaded their way through the city streets to the outskirts of town, on the old Santa Fe Trail. There they found horses waiting for them and n a short time they were riding to the camp of Dave Rudabaugh. "Before daybreak they were trooping over the prairies en route to a more genial clime than any of them ever hoped to find in Montezuma," the Dodge City *Times* stated on November 20.

Just a month after his escape Webb was accidentally captured by Sheriff Pat Garrett of Lincoln County who was realy looking for Rudabaugh and his gang. The arrest was made in Bosque Grande at the house of Dan Dedrick where Rudabaugh was supposed to be hiding. When the sheriff's posse of fourteen men arrived they secreted themselves until daylight. As dawn broke two men stepped rom the house and were immediately urrounded. Neither, however was Rudabaugh. Instead the posse had John Joshua Webb and George Davis, a mule thief who had escaped with him the previous November.

Ten days later Webb and Davis were aken back to Las Vegas by Garrett and en special officers. A reporter for the *Optic* was able to interview Webb who aid that he "regretted his return to Las Vegas, but that it cannot be helped and must be borne with fortitude."

Webb had planned to go directly to Mexico after his escape but his horse went lame. He claimed he did not know what happened to Rudabaugh and the

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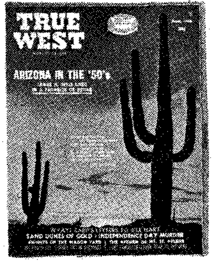
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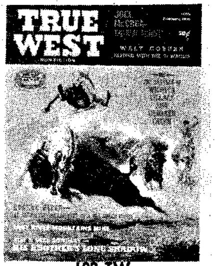
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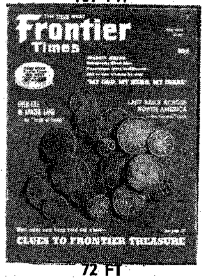
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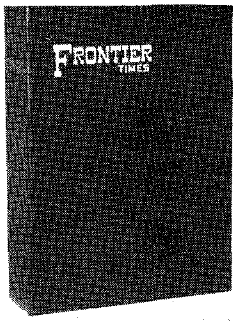

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others who had arranged his escape. He also said "with considerable earnestness that he is just as well satisfied in jail as dodging and hiding around the country all the time under the fearful suspense he was put to. . . ." Webb still hoped that the Supreme Court would reverse the death sentence.

DAVE RUDABAUGH and his gang continued at large and active, but their freedom was short-lived, for two days before Christmas, 1880, Pat Garrett captured them all. Garrett had been hot on their heels for some time and in a previous encounter had killed Tom O'Folliard. Now, on the twenty-third, the sixteen-man posse killed Charlie Bowdre and captured Rudabaugh, Billy Wilson, Tom Pickett and Billy the Kid. The capture was made at Los Portales on the extreme northern edge of Lincoln County. Garrett took the Kid and Wilson on to Santa Fe, leaving Rudabaugh and Pickett at Las Vegas. Webb was once more reunited with his old friend, but this time behind bars.

In the meantime Webb's friends had sought to have his case appealed to the Supreme Court of New Mexico. The hearing was granted but the court was asked only to decide whether a new trial should be held, not to judge Webb's guilt. After sufficient deliberation over the validity of the Las Vegas trial the high court ruled against Webb, denying him a rehearing. On February 5, 1881, Acting Governor W. G. Ritch signed a warrant for Webb's execution, setting the date as February 25 and the place as Las Vegas.

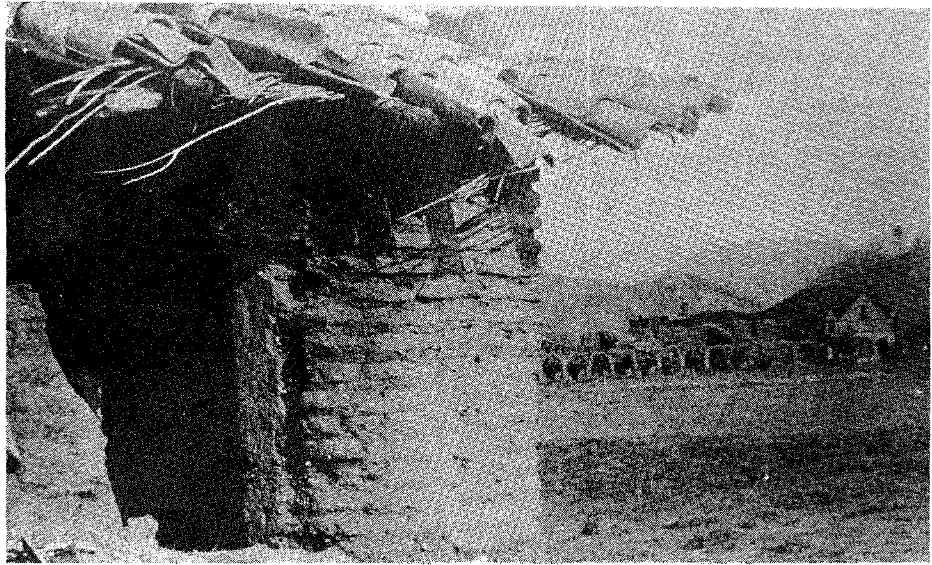
Webb's friends continued their fight for his life, circulating throughout the Kansas legislature and asking the men to intercede with Governor Lew Wallace in having the sentence changed to one of life imprisonment rather than death. Just before the execution date Wallace granted a postponement of the execution in order to study the appeals and the case more thoroughly. Then, on March 10, 1881 it was announced that he had granted a commutation to life imprisonment.

Again the name of John Joshua Webb faded from the public's attention. His fate was guaranteed; his history was no longer of interest—for a while, that is.

Webb was held in the San Miguel County jail earning points for an eventual pardon. Other prisoners drifted in and out on various charges, but one who drifted in and did not leave was Webb's old friend, Dave Rudabaugh. Under the sentence of death for complicity in the death of Antonio Lino, Rudabaugh had appealed to the Supreme Court and his case was to be heard probably in January 1882.

Besides these two old comrades nine other prisoners occupied the two adjoining cells as November passed and Christmas time approached. On the night of December 2, 1881, using a case knife and a pick without a handle, some of the prisoner's made a small hole in the two-foot thick stone wall separating the two cells, and the eleven men congregated together. Seven of them, including Ruda-

(Continued on page 68)



Remains of San Antonio de Padua, the third of Padre Junipero Serra's chain of missions and founded July 14, 1771, can be seen to the right of the crumbling adobe. It was from this mission that a small party of Indians and a lone soldier were said to have carried $50,000 in Spanish gold bound for a galleon anchored in Willow Creek harbor.

The Goldseekers' Cave of Horror

(Continued from page 11)

ed, "I have never heard of any special significance attributed to the horses raised at Mission San Antonio."

OTHER THEORIES as to what took place on that sloping Santa Lucia peak are as interesting as they are varied. There has been talk of the cave's being an early mine, worked by the Indians and discovered by Spanish soldiers. Legends of the Mission period tell of one such mine—sometimes called "The Lost Padre Mine"—which was stumbled upon by soldiers from the early Spanish stronghold of Monterey seventy miles to the north.

The soldiers are said to have forced the Indians into continuing their work in the mine, and when finally relieved of their military duties in California they sealed the Indians in the mine, hoping to keep its location a secret.

Gold has been and still is mined in the Santa Lucia Mountains—not far from the Cave of Death. Approximately seven miles inland, the Los Burros Mining District was formed in 1875. An estimated $250,000 was taken out of this Monterey mother lode before the turn of the century. At the height of the Los Burros boom the small community of Manchester arose on a flat in the center of the district. Today it is only a ghost, often referred to as the Lost City of the Santa Lucias.

Because of the gold activity at neighboring Los Burros, and with Indians known to have worked mines in the area, stories connecting the mysterious death cave to the quest for treasure take on added meaning. It is possible that the Indians had found gold and were jumped by eager prospectors. Prospectors swarmed the hills approximately a century ago, as evidenced by the 2,000 claims recorded in the Los Burros district. Perhaps the Indians managed to kill one of their attackers, and his body was thrown into the cave with the others as an expedient form of burial.

Still another interesting observation is that a ship may have stopped at Willow Creek for water, with a small band of Indians being spotted on shore. The tale concludes with the over-eager crew chasing the natives up the lonely Pacific peak, managing to kill an unfortunate few and in turn losing one of their own in the lopsided struggle.

One of the most imaginative theories as to what may have happened on that fateful day concerns a famous early explorer, Don Gasper de Portola. In his search for the elusive bay of Monterey, Portola and his band of weary followers marched up the California coast from the distant harbor of San Diego.

Upon reaching the rugged coastal Santa Lucia Mountains, in the area of what is today southern Monterey County, Portola and his party spent considerable time in road building. After finally struggling up a steep ridge and viewing a chain of high mountains "without an end to be seen" they realized continuing north along the coast would be almost an impossibility. At this point they decided to head inland where they eventually came upon the Salinas Valley and followed the Salinas River back to the coast.

Adding a little spice to the story is the contention that the Portola expedition had a brief but bloody skirmish with hostile coastal Indians. It was this show of force along with the rugged Santa Lucia peaks that influenced Portola to move inland. Unfortunately for the supporters of this long forgotten drama, the Portola expedition took place in 1769—not 1869.

Perhaps as the Santa Lucia massacre becomes better known a clue will be found that will solve the mystery. Until that day, one final note to the curious—the site of California's Cave of Death is in the Los Padres National Forest, and Forest Service officials remind us that "unauthorized archaeological digs in the Los Padres Forest are not permitted."

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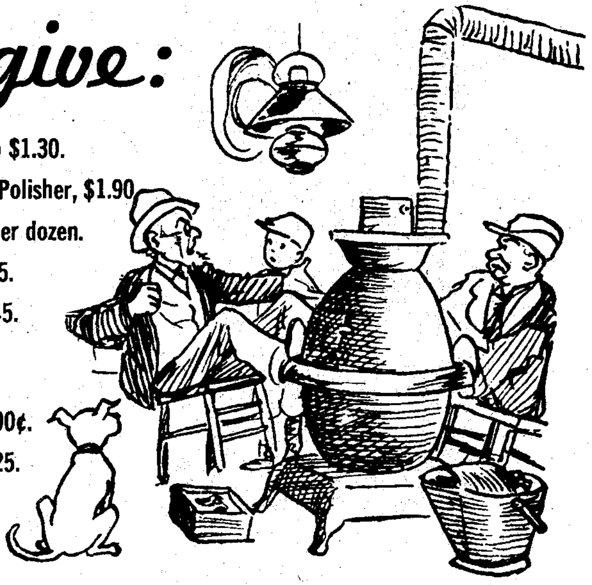

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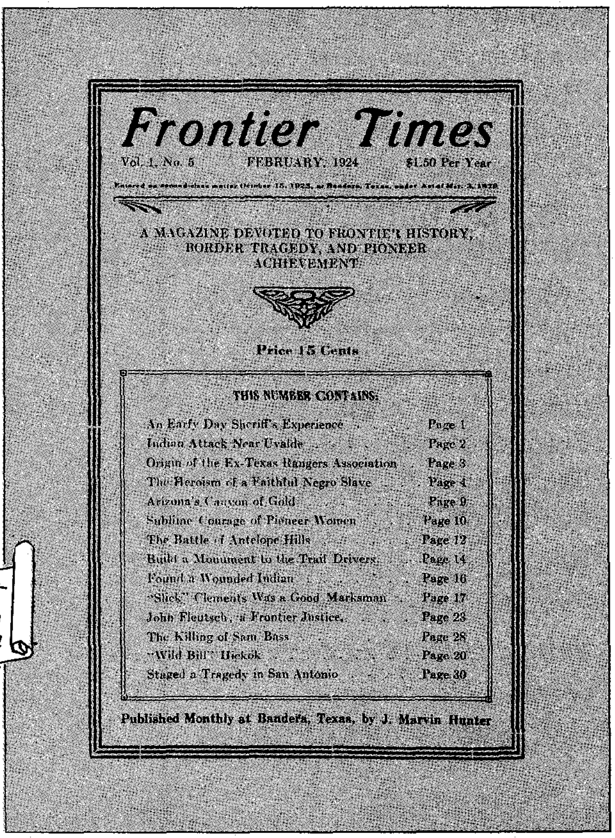

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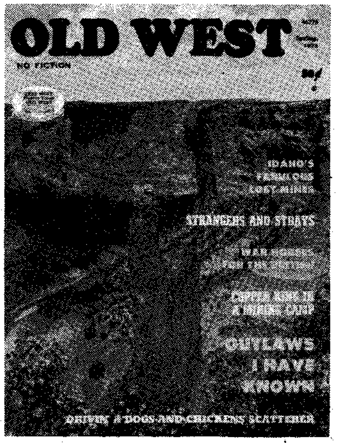

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Timber Wolves In Colorado

(Continued from page 32)

cass, if and when he found one, but most of his traps were either set alongside trails, baited, or right in the trail. Traps at the side of the trail were set with a certain kind of scented bait; traps right in the trails were handled differently. He would have a piece of dry wood about two feet long and six inches in diameter laid across the trail, with a trap on either side, so the wolf would get into one or the other when stepping over.

"It is very important to fasten the traps to something with a give to it, like the end of a tree limb or bush, since the wolf makes a leap in the air as the trap springs, and should the trap be anchored to anything solid there is every chance of him getting out," he said.

When there was snow on the ground, he would wire his traps to light-weight chunks of wood, so the trapped animal could be tracked down wherever he went. This often prevented the animal from chewing off his trapped foot when it became numb, especially if there was no give to the trap.

"In running a trap line there are many very essential things to be considered, such as clean odorless traps, and clean wearing apparel. Handle traps with gloves that have been greased with some kind of animal fat, and don't smoke near the traps, as that smoke clings to the weeds and brush. Keep your boots well greased too. Wolves have a wonderful sense of smell, and one just can't be too careful."

This trapper evidently did a good job cleaning out the wolves from the Williams Fork section of Routt County, since no one reported hearing any howling, or finding any dead animals, after he left for his home at Rifle.

THE WINTER before that trapper came in, a storm one night left several feet of snow on the ground. The next day found me on my way to Craig with a mail pouch tied behind my saddle, breaking the trail since no one had gone ahead of me. My horse knew the dirt road well and never got off of it even once, although the road was narrow on those steep grades. I just gave the horse his head and had no trouble. Bucking that snow was rough going and he never got out of a walk.

Darkness overtook me when I still had several miles to go before reaching Pagoda on my return trip. When within about a mile of Pagoda, I got quite a scare. Timber wolves were yapping behind me and to my left. I had either run into a bunch of them, or they were following my sweaty horse, whose odor could have attracted them.

My nerves were on end, knowing that I could not open the wide heavy gate leading down to the post office without getting off the horse. Some of them seemed to be within a couple of hundred yards of me—just too close for comfort. Had I had a gun, I could have fired a shot to scare them away; but that is something I never carried in delivering the mail. It was too dark to see any of them, but the next morning I rode up to the gate and saw their tracks, which showed they had come near. Probably I was at the post office by then.

Mr. Kelly said he doubted they would have attacked me or the horse, since I was mounted. Had I been alone they might have. I told him, "There has to be a first time!"

At that time of the year all ranchers had their cattle in off the range, and were feeding them in corrals. So with no cattle to feed on, and the deer having gone for the winter to a lower altitude, the wolves would get pretty hungry with only snowshoe rabbits to live on.

Some months after the trapper left Williams Forks, I saddled a little half-broke bronco that I had bought from Mr. Kelly and rode over to Craig, then on to Steamboat Springs. From there, I went over the Continental Divide's Rabbit Ears Pass that has an altitude of 9,680 feet, and down to Georgetown where I sold my horse and saddle and caught a train for Denver.

After leaving Pagoda I never saw the trapper or heard of him again.

"Wretched Webb"

(Continued from page 66)

baugh and Webb, decided to cut through the outer stone wall and escape.

Spreading their mattresses on the floor beneath their work they commenced cutting away the mortar between the stones. As the bits and pieces fell down they bounced noiselessly on the soft padding, giving no hint to the four sleeping guards that anything was amiss.

At last a hole seven by nineteen inches had been cut through the wall. It was one in the morning and the moon was shining brightly. Goodman, the smallest of the prisoners, decided he could pass himself through the little opening, but it was a tough squeeze. The remainder afraid to waste more time in cutting a larger hole, decided to remove their clothing to enable their heavier frames to pass through the small tunnel. All seven of those who wanted escape made it through the passage without awakening a jailer, even Rudabaugh who was wearing leg and wrist irons. Once outside, they donned their clothing once more and disappeared into the night. It was not until seven the next morning when the guards prepared to feed the prisoners, that the escape was noticed By then it was much too late and no trace of the convicts was found.

JUST EXACTLY what happened to Webb and Rudabaugh in the next few weeks is not entirely known. In 1882 Rudabaugh apparently tried to ambush Wyatt Earp in Arizona, and by 1885 he was in Mexico where a short time later he was beheaded in the town of Parra and his head skewered on a pike as a grim warning to others of his kind.

Webb went to Arkansas where he changed his name and sought hones work on the railroad. There, in April he succumbed to that dread frontier disease—smallpox. His identity wa known in Arkansas, and a merchant of Red Hill, Missouri wrote of Webb's death to the mayor of Dodge City. The letter was reprinted in the Dodge City *Times* of April 20, 1882:

"Dear Sir:—John J. Webb is dead. He died on the 12th inst., of small pox in Winslow, Arkansas. He was there working for J. D. Scott & Co., on the St. L. & S. F. R. R. He had the best of attention and care, but there came a very sudden change in the weather and I suppose he caught cold, and he died very suddenly. He was going under the name of Sam King, after he came here. I supposed you would like to hear from him. You can tell his friends of his death. —J. A. SCOTT."

Why Webb decided to escape that last time when a pardon was apparently on its way is not known. Had he stayed in jail he most surely would have not died of smallpox and perhaps by spring he would have been a free man anyway.

There is the possibility that he was a completely free man anyway, his death being merely a guise to permit him a safe and later rebirth. Less than a year later the Dodge City *Times*, January 18, 1883, reported this speculative item which had been printed originally in a Raton newspaper:

"A Las Vegas man is authority for the statement that J. J. Webb, the escaped murderer, supposed to have died of smallpox in Arkansas, was recently seen in company with Dave Rudabaugh at El Paso. They claim to be heading for Arizona where they were to join Mysterious Dave.

"Probably the spirit of Webb was flitting across the mirage, which gave rise to the rumor," commented the editor of the *Times*.

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The author holds two degrees from The University of Texas and is a former instructor in history at Stephen F. Austin, Nacogdoches, Texas.

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The Most Surprised Man in Texas

(Continued from page 53)

state by having Neff charged with the theft of one of the Harrell horses before the Harwood affair.

Two months after Whitley's death, Barber, Queen, and Stephens ran into a posse in the Cherokee Nation. Queen stopped to shoot it out and died. The other two escaped. In the summer of 1889 they were located in Arkansas. Barber again got away, but was cornered and killed in the Indian Territory some weeks later. Stephens, who was captured in Arkansas, was returned to Texas and sent up for ten years for his part in the Cisco bank robbery.

Bud Powell had settled in as foreman of a ranch near Boulder City, between Helena and Butte, Montana. He was about to marry the rancher's daughter when his whereabouts were reported to Marshal Paul Fricke, Rankin's successor. Fricke collected Powell and returned him to San Antonio.

Public opinion was strongly on Bud's side. He was praised as one of the stoutest pillars of his local church and a model of integrity. He was reproved only because he had made a "foolish" confession to the officers. When, after several months of waiting, his case came up for trial, Bud pleaded guilty and received a short prison sentence.

Eli Harrell vanished soon after Whitley's death. Alfred Allee and John Rankin, the peace officers who had been credited with the killing of Cornett and Whitley, were each to live for only a few years more before they, in their turn, were slain by peace officers. In Laredo, in the summer of 1896, Allee quarreled with City Marshal Barthelow and was stabbed to death. Rankin's fatal encounter was with a San Antonio city policeman, James Grizzard.

It seems that too much was made of the Cornett-Whitley gang, and of many other outlaws, it should be remembered that in those days an event like a train robbery could cause great excitement among rural or rangeland communities. And to rob a bank was to reach the peak of criminal audacity—something which has long ceased to be true. The officers who had to run the bandits down could not risk conforming to the niceties demanded by many of the newspapers in the large cities, or even by some of their political opponents locally. They could shirk their duty (some did) or they could fulfill it by ruthless application. There was little room for compromise. The outlaws, even the worst, knew the odds and accepted them; precious few ever whined or bleated about the "injustice of Society." They might seek popular admiration by posing as enemies of the rich, but that was about as far as it ever went. The events and attitudes of a century ago—sixty years ago, even—seem, now, like a world away.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 25)

tucky by a Unitarian minister. (Their issue, 1866-1885, all born in New York City, go in this order: Joseph Preston, Jr.; Austin Peay; George Neill; William Lee (my grandfather); and Mildred Eliza. Where did this family live between 1866 and 1885? When and where did Great-grandfather die? Might they have lived with Peachey Speed Peay, my great-grandmother's cousin Austin Peay's widow, with whom she was living when she married my great-grandfather? My great-grandmother's death certificate states she moved to New Jersey in 1885. Family tradition is that my grandfather moved to New Jersey from the south when he was twenty-one years of age in 1885.

I am also seeking data concerning George Peay's mother, Mildred "Millie" Turner Peay. Widow Peay went from Virginia just after her husband Austin died in 1796 in Caroline County, Virginia. She settled near O'Bannon, about a mile from Harrod's Creek (just outside Louisville, Kentucky) with her large family and supposedly died there.—Mrs. William H. Eckert, 126 Lyndale Drive, Rome, New York 13440

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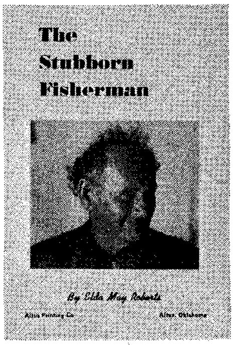

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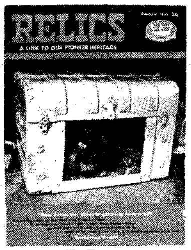

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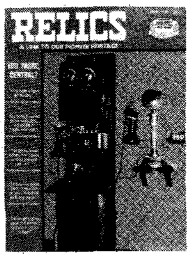

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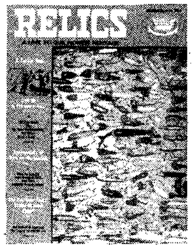

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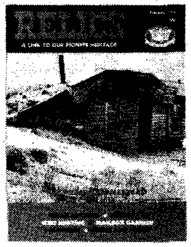

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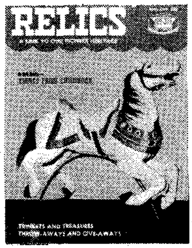

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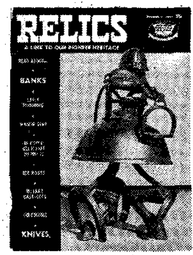

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Frontier Post

(Continued from page 44)

the Jemez Springs lumber train. The engineer didn't know any more about the line than I did but we felt our way along and made a successful trip back to Bernalillo in one day. After three days we were old hands.

I am sorry to say that I never got to work the Cuba branch. Being a short time seasonal job I was held on the Jemez Log and Lumber job. However, I will say that somewhere up the Rio Salado is a ghost train. There was a very bad washout and an eastbound train from the Cuba Mines went into it—engine, cars, and all. To my knowledge it was never recovered. So somewhere at the bottom of the river in the vicinity of La Ventana lies the ghost train of the Nacimiento Mountains. I place it as 1928 or '29. The last of this railroad was taken up about 1944-45.—Leo E. Broadstreet, Box 605, Central, New Mexico 88026

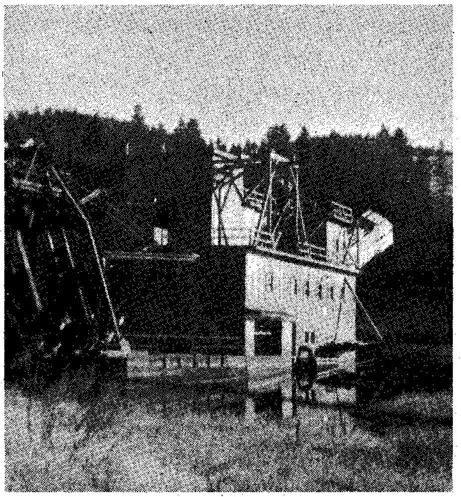
Helpful Reader from Montana

I would like to write anyone or give information to someone about this part of the country. I will try and answer all mail. I live in a valley all by myself in a big trailer house where it is very pretty. The hunting and fishing is pretty good in season. I do get lonesome at times. Until my wife passed away we lived in Fredericksburg, Texas where she was raised. I was raised in Montana.—Joe Lachman, Huson, Montana 59846

The Indian Wars

I am a subscriber and thoroughly enjoy your publications. I like stories on Cavalry—Indian wars, particularly in the Wyoming, Montana, Dakotas area.

As a student of Western Americana, particularly the military campaigns, I would very much like to communicate with other readers of similar interests. I have a modest library of non-fiction books on this subject and would be most happy to swap notes with other "white-eyes" and "red-skins."—Thomas L. Murray, 6304 Pinehill Road, Columbia, South Carolina 29206



Old Montana Gold Dredge

Am sending a picture of a big dredge we found between Jefferson City and Butte, Montana. It is on a pond there. It was used during the gold days, and is still in working order. We wondered if anyone knew the story on it. Didn't get a chance to go through it as it was locked up.—Mrs. James Crouch, 129 2nd Avenue N.W., Cut Bank, Montana 59427

Horsehead Crossing

As a constant reader of your periodicals I enjoy nearly all of the stories. In your September 1972 FRONTIER TIMES the Anderson article on Horsehead Crossing and the claim that the state marker is in the wrong location was of special interest to me.

The State Centennial Commission of 1936 sent the marker by truck to me with instructions to have it placed at Horsehead Crossing. My father and brother were both familiar with the location. I was not. So I got my brother to show the men on the truck where the location was. I assume it was erected at that place.

Upon hearing that the marker's location was in the wrong place, I had William Cope go out to its location. As a boy he had crossed at Horsehead in 1900. Upon his return he verified its location. All the State Land Office maps show the location to be on the river in Section 44, in Block 9, H & GN Survey, Pecos County. My Volume I of my book *Never Again* on page 149 also shows that as the location relative to the Comanche War Trail.

The fact that the wagons were found stuck deep in the mud would indicate that it was not the sound footing of approach banks at Horsehead Crossing.—Clayton W. Williams, P.O. Box 546, Fort Stockton, Texas 79735

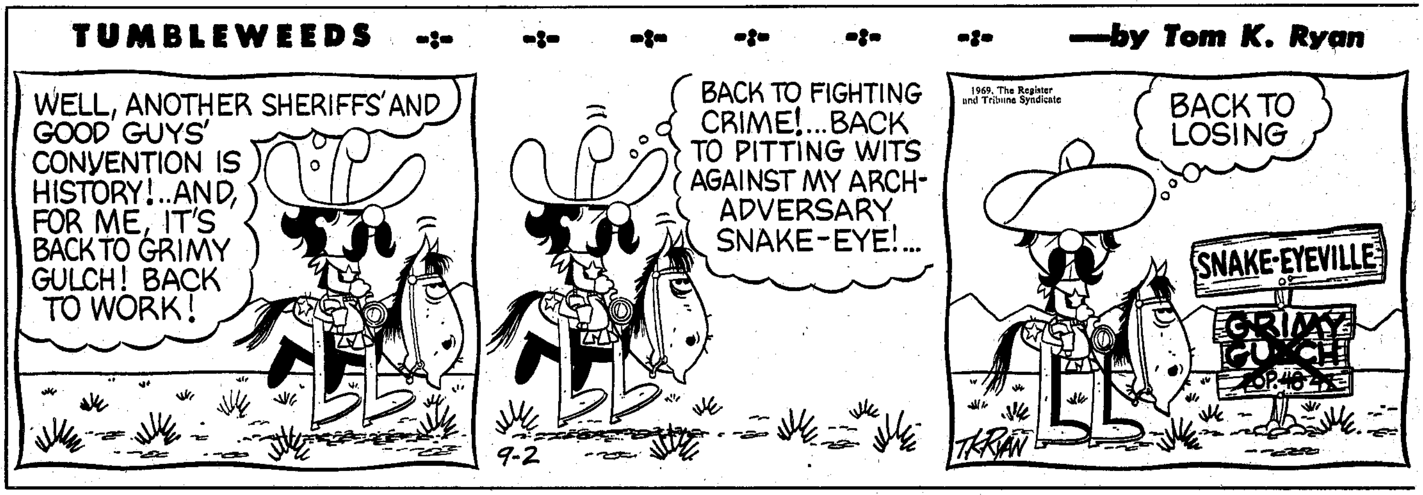
Author's reply: My location of the crossing was first made after having flown in my plane along the route of the old Butterfield Trail and up and down the Comanche Trail on many different occasions and under varying light conditions and seasons of the year.

These old trails after all these years are very difficult to follow using ground reconnaissance only, and with the many more recent roads (within the past 75-80 years) crossing and recrossing the original Butterfield Trail. The Horsehead Crossing location could very easily have been mislocated. There is no indication that I could see of any of the very old trails ever having crossed where the Historical Marker is located.

The wagon I mentioned was found in the bed of the river in an area of occasional quicksand. The crossing where the wagon was found is adjacent to a gravel bar of sorts in the river bed and it did and would still afford a reasonably good crossing except under certain water levels.

The crossing left something to be desired, but it was the best in this area of the river. I made careful surveys from the ground and the air of the old trails converging on the river from Castle Gap, from the north and south as the Comanche war parties and their ancestors used the crossing, and from the west as the southern route of the Butterfield approached the river after the northern segment was abandoned for the more protected southern route.

I hope that I can meet Mr. Williams sometime as he is most sincere in his beliefs as to the crossing, just as I am. I am sure our interests are very similar.—Eugene R. Anderson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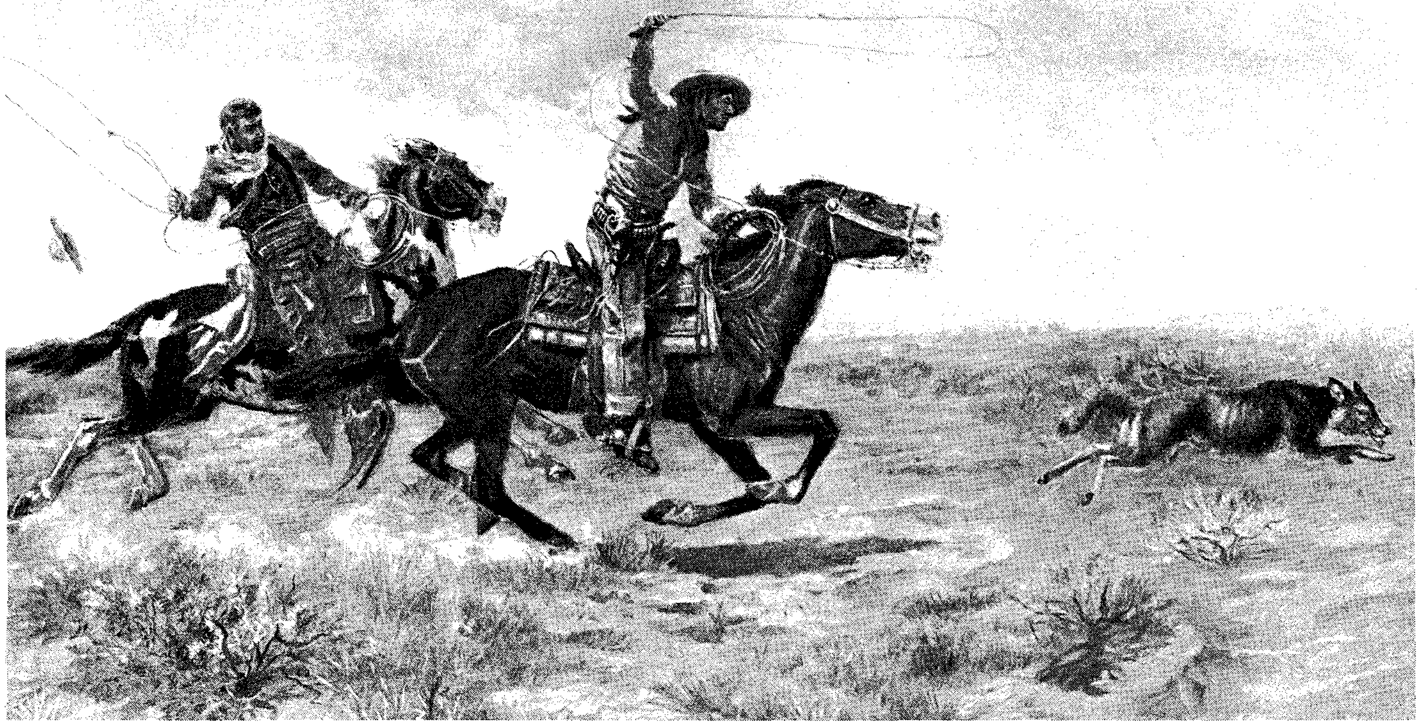

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—A Nobleman of the Plains, 9x12
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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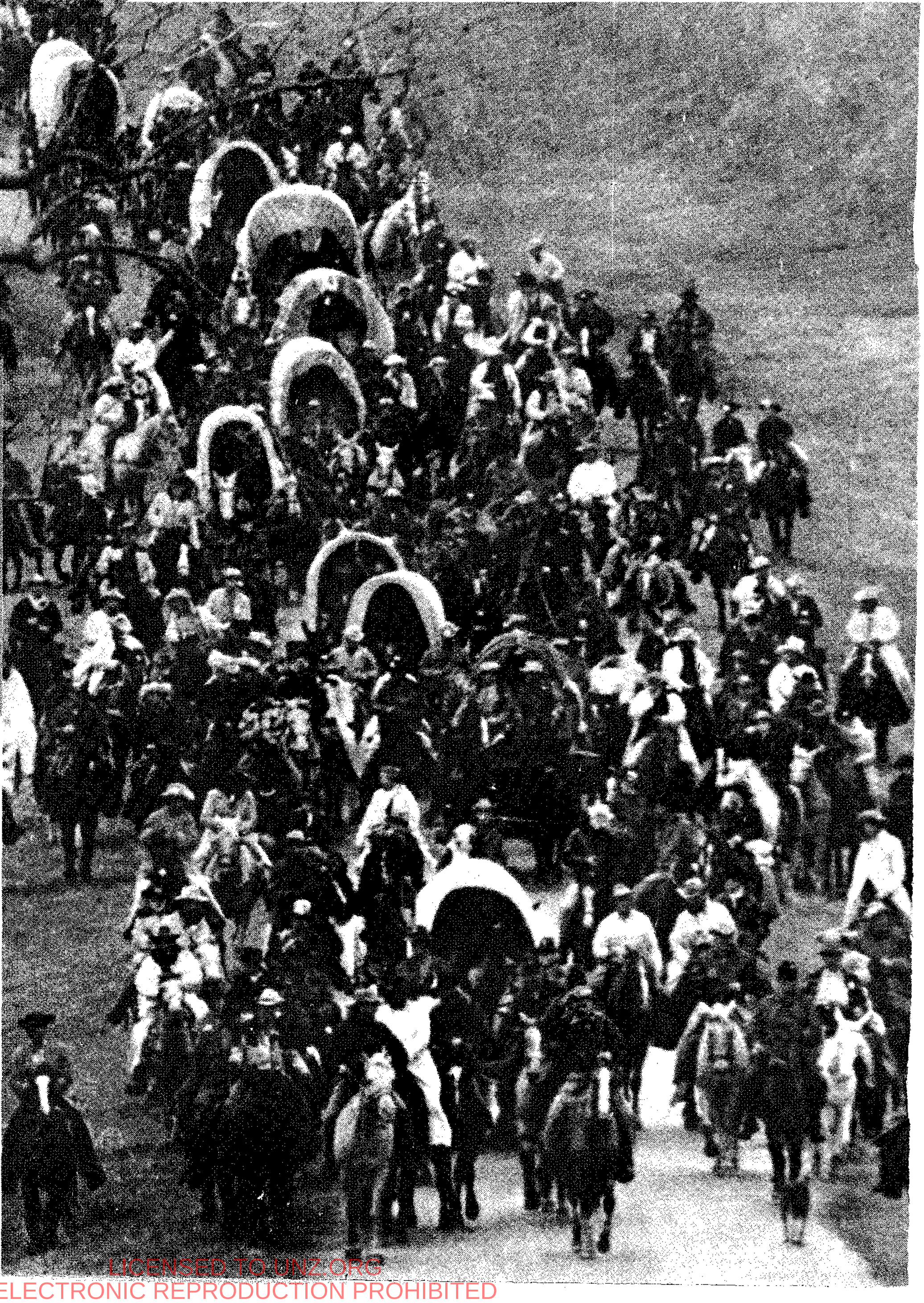

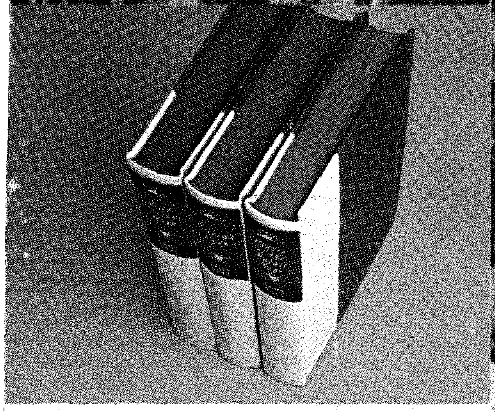

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